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# ON SUMMER SEAS

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(INCLUDING THE MEDITERRANEAN, THE ÆGEAN, THE  
IONIAN, THE ADRIATIC, AND THE EUXINE, AND  
A VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE.)

BY

MRS. SCOTT-STEVENSON,

AUTHOR OF

"OUR HOME IN CYPRUS," "OUR RIDE THROUGH ASIA MINOR," ETC.

"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."—*English.*

"It's no the world we live in,  
But the folks that's in't that mak me sick."—*Scotch.*

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1883.

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Bungay:

CLAY AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

AS I HAVE MY OTHERS,

TO MY HUSBAND,

**Captain Andrew Scott-Stebenson,**

FORTY-SECOND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS ("THE BLACK WATCH"),

COMMISSIONER OF KYRENIA, CYPRUS,

PARTLY AS AN EXPRESSION OF MY LOVE

AND PARTLY FOR

THE PLEASURE OF CONNECTING MY EFFORTS WITH HIS NAME.



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A MAP  
to illustrate  
"ON SUMMER SEAS"

By M.P. Scott Stevenson.

# ON SUMMER SEAS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### LARNACA TO SMYRNA.

Waiting for the steamer—Nearly disappointed—The voyage to Rhodes—View of the island from the harbour—The island itself and its antiquities—The “White Sea” (the Ægean) and its classical landmarks—Patmos and the cave of St. John—The Icarian Sea—Samos—Our fellow-passengers—Scio—The scene of the terrible earthquake of 1880—From Scio to Smyrna.

OUR party consisted of my mother, Mrs. Herbert-Stepney, my cousin Esmé, my baby Sybil, Marie the maid, “Andrew and I,” and two bachelor friends. We had all spent the winter in “our home in Cyprus,” and now, on April 12th, 1882, were waiting in Larnaca for the arrival of the Austrian-Lloyd steamer to take us to Smyrna, and on “through summer seas” to Venice.

The day passed, but our ship never came. On the afternoon of the next day, however, it was signalled, and getting all our luggage stowed away into a couple of boats, we only waited the return of the agents to go on board. To our dismay they informed us that a colossal party of “Cook’s



travellers" had taken all the accommodation of the first and second class, and that there was not a vacant berth! To miss this boat meant staying another fortnight in Larnaca, and anything was better than that; so it was settled that Andrew and I should go on board with a letter from the agents, and do our best to persuade the captain to make room for us.

The steward, to whom we first applied—an Italian, as the stewards on these steamers invariably are, and very much disposed to be insolent, as they too often are—either could or would do nothing to help us. I appealed to the captain. He was courtesy itself; but what was to be done? His boat had accommodation for only fifty-two first-class passengers, and one hundred and eight were on board. But the more strongly did he represent the impossibility of taking us, the more strongly did I represent the necessity of our coming. At last I burst into tears—so Andrew says—and this ended it. The good-natured captain was vanquished, and after another long argument with the steward, it was arranged that the end of the saloon should be screened off with a curtain for us ladies, and that Andrew should be allowed to sleep as best he could on the dinner-table.

I remained on deck while Andrew fetched the rest of our party. Great was their dismay when they saw the confusion amongst the passengers, and the accommodation we were to have for the following days, but all agreed that "proceed" we must.

I don't remember much of the voyage, for the sea was



so rough that none of us ladies left our sofa-beds. The chief steward revenged himself by being as disagreeable as he could, refusing even to give us a basin to wash in, and taking a particular pleasure in flourishing the steaming dishes of fried fish and Irish stew in our prostrate faces every time he passed the corner where we lay. Nor were we the only sufferers from his airs. There were three English ladies on board who did not belong to Mr. Cook's party. One night a heavy sea forced open their port-hole, and deluged their mattresses. The steward declined to change the bedding, so they appealed to my husband for help. He, seeing that expostulation was vain, carried all the wet things into the saloon, and, despite the noisy remonstrances of the steward, helped them to fresh mattresses and blankets which he discovered in a locker behind us.

We arrived at Rhodes on the morning of the second day after leaving Larnaca, and now we were really on Summer Seas. All traces of the storm had disappeared :

“Calm as a slumbering babe  
Tremendous ocean lies,”

as we anchor at the mouth of the ancient harbour, in full view of the numberless windmills which seem to revolve eternally before you, and are the first objects that strike a stranger on arriving.

While waiting for *pratique*, we had ample time to study the view. Somebody has compared the town of Rhodes to a crown, and, in the grouping of its buildings and streets, it seems from a distance to form one composition, the several

parts of which, balancing each other, have the design of a single edifice. The several tiers of streets, all built of faced stone, with here and there a slender minaret piercing the sky, and the Mussulman school (built on the Church of St. John) crowning the summit, the whole encompassed by a wall with massive towers and battlements, give a stately appearance which makes the simile of a crown no very far-fetched idea.

Our captain told us that the steamer would only remain here four hours, so we determined to lose no time in seeing as much as we could of the Isle of Hliousa, *l'ami du soleil*, as Mr. Biliotti calls it. In crossing the semicircular harbour we naturally looked out for the spot where the "Colossus" might have stood. I had an idea that it spanned the entrance, and that vessels sailed in and out between its brazen feet; but if one realizes that the height was only 105 feet, that idea is soon dispelled. Mr. Newton, C.B., of the British Museum, thinks that the remains of the pedestal may still be seen at the extremity of the mole, on which stands the tower of St. Nicolas.

We landed beneath the grand old archway of St. Catherine, now called the Bazaar gate. Above it is a square tower containing a small chapel dedicated to St. George, whose adventures are copied from the deeds of the young knight Deodato de Gozon. This young champion, disregarding the interdiction of the Grand Master, Elyon de Villanova, vanquished in single combat a dragon (or crocodile, as the monster is generally called by the old historians) that was

playing terrible havoc among the women and children in the island. For this act of disobedience he was stripped of his habit by the stern Superior, in spite of the acclamations of the grateful islanders ; but discipline having been thus satisfied, he was afterwards not only restored to the Order, but amply rewarded.

We passed under the highly-ornamented archway and were conducted to a gigantic mediæval building, usually called the "Hospital of the Knights," but which is now used as a barrack. Andrew sent his card up to the Colonel, and received permission to go over the building. It seems clean and tidily kept ; some of the rooms have wide open fire-places, and the roofs are supported on beams of wood with handsomely-carved mouldings of cables and leaves.

On leaving the barrack, we entered the famous street of the Knights, the "*Strada dei Cavalieri*." Only five of the eight Pories, or Auberges, among which the Knights were distributed according to the eight languages of the Order, can still be distinguished, chiefly by the finely-carved marble scutcheons and armorial bearings on the walls. This street is most disappointing. Far from being fine or imposing, it is long and narrow, consisting of a row of houses only two storeys in height, looking as if all the upper parts had been knocked off, and giving any trace of human habitation only in the rude Turkish jalousies of broken lattice-work, which, projecting from the windows, cast long shadows over the sculptured façades and ornamental doorways, now defaced almost beyond recognition by time and man. No sound of

traffic broke the stillness ; no Vandal hand has set itself to the work of "restoration," or disturbed the forsaken appearance of the scene. It looks, in fact, as if the Templars' armed tread was the last to which the marble pavement had resounded ; the only echoes which broke the stillness were the echoes of the past.

Further on our guide led us to the remains of the Grand Master's palace, now used as a jail. The prisoners employ themselves by carving wooden boxes and cigarette-cases into the shapes of birds and fishes, which are sent on board the ships and sold to passengers and tourists. Some of them are most ingeniously made, and we all bought souvenirs of the island.

A good bird's-eye view of the town may be got from a mound of rubbish near St. George's gate. The harbour is defended by a massive wall, fortified at certain distances by towers. Another line of wall, commencing at St. Catherine's gate and terminating at the Amboise entrance, divides the quarter known as "Castello" (the hospital), the Auberges, and the Grand Master's palace, from the rest of the town. Lastly, the entire city is inclosed in a complete circle, of fortifications of great strength and solidity, and surrounded by ditches of immense depth and width. The most interesting spot, in an historical view, was the scene of Sultan Suleiman's exploits, close to St. John's gate. It was here, in the famous siege of 1525, that he displayed such prodigies of valour, when after twice assailing the wall, he at last succeeded in mounting the breach, and

was only dislodged when the Grand Master himself, at the head of a chosen body of knights, regained possession of the ramparts, and hurled the assailants back into the fosse.

One can still distinguish amongst the *débris* and rubbish quantities of stone shot and shell embedded in the walls. Even some of the guns are still there ; and till quite lately a curious one was shown from which a ball passed so close to Suleiman as to scorch his head. The Turks punished it by filling it up, and sticking niggers' heads in bronze all over it.

The mosque that most interested us was the one called after the Moslem hero. The entrance is well worth studying, with its exquisitely-carved lintels and lovely marble columns, having casques, crossed swords, lutes, mandolines, and flowers carved in relief all over them. I confess to feeling more interested in the beautiful workmanship of this doorway than in the ugly remains of the famous "Street."

Before returning to the Custom House, where we had left our boat, we turned up a lane to visit an old curiosity shop, in which, however, there was nothing worth buying. The contents consisted of Etruscan vases, and spurious plates, jugs and tiles of so-called Rhodian ware. All the real native ware of this kind has long ago been bought up ; I was told that Captain Hammond, when in command of the "Torch," got the last to be had on the island. The Rhodes or Lindos ware is well known ; some of it is very beautiful, with the pigment so thickly laid on as almost to stand out in relief on



the surface of the piece. The usual pattern consists of sprays of pink hyacinths and tulips with leaves tied together at the stem, and spreading over the entire surface in graceful lines. The border is sometimes in blue or black scroll-work. All the specimens we saw in Rhodes were imitations, with the exception of the centre of a plate, with a pretty pattern in blue hyacinths, which was worth buying for the sake of the colouring.

Rhodes is said to be one of the healthiest islands in the Levant. The heat of the sun is tempered by the sea breezes and cool winds from the Caramanian mountains, while the plane and olive trees growing on natural terraces almost to the verge of the shore, make riding and walking amongst the little bays and inlets a never-failing pleasure. The hedges are shaded with judas and hawthorn trees, and even thus early in the season the air was laden with the perfume of orange-flowers and roses.

We were all sorry to return to our disagreeable quarters on the "Ettore;" but the fine weather and the run on land had raised our spirits, and we determined to make the best of our discomforts during the remainder of our stay on board. The Austrian-Lloyd is the most conservative of old companies, and I must also say the slowest; we never went faster than seven or eight knots an hour, so had plenty of time to look about us and study the scenery of the islands that surrounded us.

From Rhodes we entered the "White Sea," as the Turks call the *Ægean*, framed in countless headlands and islands,

which are ever in view to give confidence to the sailor in the smallest craft. We were amongst the Sporades, which all belong to Turkey, separated on the south by the Carpathian Sea, from the Cyclades, or circle of Greek islands. Throughout the day our voyage was surpassingly lovely, our course constantly changing as we glided through the exquisitely blue sea, examining the thousand differences that exist between one island and another. Away to our right lay the Gulf of Makri, on the Caramanian coast, a lovely spot, surrounded by tiers of rock-cut stones. Then came Cape Alupo (the sign of the dog), beyond which is Symi, now the abode of a few hundred sponge-fishers. It possesses one of the deepest harbours in the world, at the entrance of which is an islet solely inhabited by lepers and their goats. This disease is common amongst some of the poorer islands, owing to the bad and highly-salted food the people eat; as a set-off, however, to the lepers, Symi is also famous as the birthplace of Nireus, the handsomest Greek at Troy after Achilles.

We passed to the north of Telos, and came close to Nisyro, a small round mass of rock rising about 2000 feet from the sea, once ruled by Queen Artemisia, and celebrated for its warm springs, its wine, and its millstones. Opposite is the lofty Triopian promontory, the most eastern point of Cape Krio, a well-known sea-mark for navigators of the Archipelago, and a difficult spot to double in bad weather. Just behind the headland lies Cnidus, formerly a Dorian city, famous for its shrine of Venus and her statue by Praxiteles. It was here that Mr. Newton excavated and carried off the

seated figure with the veiled head of Demeter the mother of Proserpine. He also discovered three miles to the south of the point the enormous lion with glass eyes, the dazzling rays of which were said to light the way for sailors who passed near the coast. The pyramid which it originally surmounted is still visible from the sea.

Nothing could exceed the beauty of the opposite coast of Anatolia. The shores of Lycia and Caria are much broken by bays and headlands which form a magnificent jagged skyline sweeping round towards the south, where the vast snow-capped mountains above the seven famous capes come into view. The water near the coast is said to be of a deeper and brighter blue than any other in the world, and the savage wildness of the scenery changes at times into varieties of luxuriant and many-shaded woodland and meadow nooks.

Our steamer passed close to the rock of Raklia, on which there is a light, and on steaming round the corner, the atmosphere was so bright and delicate that we had a distinct view of Halicarnassus, now the modern town of Boudroum, above which stands the fortress that the Turks wrested from the Knights of St. John. Here again Mr. Newton made excavations, and discovered the remains of another of the seven wonders of the world, the tomb which Queen Artemisia built in honour of her husband Mausolus.

From Raklia we passed between the islands of Stampalia and Kos. The former consists of two rocky masses united in the centre by a narrow isthmus, and possesses, as with Kos, a fine mediæval castle. It is celebrated for the number of its



churches, and a curious fact connected with it is that no venomous reptile will live on the island: even if imported in firewood or by chance they die immediately. Kos is a long narrow island, and one of the most picturesque of the Sporades. In olden times it was famed as the birthplace of Apelles and Hippocrates; its modern, and more certain, reputation is derived from its raisins and lettuces. It is traversed by a mountainous ridge interrupted opposite to Nisyros as if by some natural convulsion, which makes the latter island appear as though flung out of the mountain-chain into the sea, so completely does its general formation correspond with the Kos range. Hence the ancients declared that Nisyros was broken off from Kos by Neptune, to hurl against the giant Polybotes.

There is no twilight in these seas; but as we approached Kalimnos the rippled waters blushed like an immense bed of tumbled rose-leaves in the light of the setting sun. Already a greyish-blue shadow was settling down over everything; but we still were able to make out Queen Artemisia's island, and feel how her name is ever before one among these islands. The present inhabitants are all sponge-fishermen, and during the summer months their little crafts are found all over the southern Mediterranean.

We passed Leros in the night, whose people are still held in ill repute by their neighbours, and many another spot famous in history or graced by legend. But their glory is of the past; and in the present desolation and decay of these denuded shores it is hard to realize that they were once the homes of

heroes, the theatres of world-renowned exploits, and seats of wealth, luxury, and power. Nature seems to have exhausted herself in these regions, and one cannot but feel amid all the enchantment of the past that one is travelling through a land in which both the people and nature are dead and gone.

At daylight next morning we were all on deck to get a glimpse of Patmos. Solemnly the huge mass of black and barren rock rose from the sapphire sea which surrounded it in lapping waves of indescribable blue. The scenery is wild and weird, and has an awful solemn beauty of its own, unlike most of the *Ægean* islands I have seen. Its height is crowned by the celebrated monastery of St. John, founded in the eleventh century, and looking with its towers and battlements like a fortress of the Middle Ages. About 700 feet above the sea a cave is shown to strangers, where St. John is supposed to have lived, and where his "spiritual eyes" beheld "the great city, the New Jerusalem." The monks even point out a fissure in the rock through which they say the Apostle heard the "voice of heaven like the sound of a trumpet." The present population bear as bad a name as their neighbours of Leros, though the male inhabitants are mostly monks and fishermen. Curiously enough a quaint old traveller nearly three hundred years ago describes the monks of Patmos in much the same way as I have heard them lately spoken of: "Ignorant of letters, studious for their bellies, and ignominiously lazy, unless some few that give themselves to navigation and become indifferent good pilots."

Beyond Patmos we were in the *Icarian Sea*, so called from

the island of Icaria between which and Samos we were passing. The legend of Icarus, son of Dædalus, is well known, and only worth alluding to as we were passing over the very sea wherein he ended his ill-judged aerial voyage. Baby Sybil was much interested in the story ; how, wishing to escape from Crete, where he had angered Minos, he made wings for himself out of feathers, and fastened them on with wax ; but, flying too near the sun, the heat melted the wax, and the unfortunate Icarus fell into the sea, close to this island.

Samos, with its vine-clad hills, is famous for the amber-coloured Samian wine with a luscious taste like muscatel. It was evidently much appreciated by Antony and his dusky Cleopatra, for here they established their court of love and luxury. It was formerly the centre of Ionic art and culture, and is still one of the principal islands of the Ægean Sea. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow strait, less than a mile in width, and we had a clear view of the coast of Ionia, with a rocky range of mountains rising above Scala Nova. We even fancied we could distinguish the site of Miletus, now, like Ephesus, a fever-stricken place, whose vast theatre is the only remains of the capital of the Ionic Confederacy.

From Samos to Scio we crossed a wide expanse of sea—a sea like molten metal, and with other surroundings it had been a voyage for poets and lotus-eaters. We had by this time got accustomed to the want of sheets and tubs, and the surliness of the steward, and had even made acquaintance

with some of our fellow-passengers, who, as I said before, nearly all belonged to one of "Cook's personally-conducted parties." It was the first time that we had come across a regular party of them, and I must own that they afforded us much amusement. They consisted of English, Germans, and Americans. One of the latter, an old Yankee Colonel, took a great fancy to my husband, always addressing him as "Sonny" or "Sonny boy," quite a new form of appellation for the stalwart Commissioner of Kyrenia, who is known by a very different name amongst the Turks.\* It was the same old gentleman, who, seeing me on deck for the first time, looking at pictures with my little daughter, asked Andrew who I was?

He replied, "That's my wife."

"Oh! she's only a gurl," said our friend.

It got known on board that I wrote books, and the Americans used to come up to me and say they were proud to make my acquaintance, and hoped I would visit them when I went to America. Then they would produce their cards, and in return beg me to write down the titles of my books, and put my signature below them! One of them always went about in the uniform of an officer in the U.S. army, and completed his get-up by wearing a Turkish fez. Our particular friend could not "stand" his compatriot, and every time he passed would audibly whisper to us:

\* They call Andrew "Sheitân Pasha." But it is only fair to say they mean it in a complimentary sense, to signify his (to them) extraordinary vigour, and power of body and mind.

"I guess *he* ought to be well booted."

Of course there was the Moody and Sankey man amongst them, who went about reading his Bible to the different groups, no matter how unprepared they were to hear it. Another passenger made himself objectionable by always sitting on the papers ; while a shrewd Yankee made himself at least conspicuous by eternally disputing the steward's charge of three francs for a bottle of Trieste beer. Then there was the facetious boy, who used to do rude things behind persons' backs, and then turn round and wink at *us*. My mother was the only one who encouraged that boy ; but she said the drollery of his expression was so irresistible she could not refrain from laughing. On the whole we had a very pleasant voyage ; and now that the actual discomforts are forgotten, Andrew and I look back on it as a very cheery memory.

The terrible earthquake of 1880 was fresh in all our minds as we approached Scio. All the villages along the south-east coast appeared to be in ruins, and the bare, serrated, perpendicular ridge of mountains that rise above the coast, dispelled all our ideas of the beauty and fertility of the island. We dropped anchor opposite Castro, the capital town, and were all much struck by its Italian look as it lay nestling prettily below the hills that may be called the backbone of the island. It stretches along the bay for upwards of a mile. Good three-storeyed houses are built close to the water's-edge, their red roofs and green shutters contrasting prettily with the orange and almond gardens ; and the whole scene is



gayer and brighter than might be expected in a place which had recently suffered such a terrible catastrophe.

A little green island, with a lighthouse on it, bars the way into the harbour. We landed near a square fort which was built on a mole extending some way into the sea, and terminated by an old mediæval tower. The people seemed full of life and gaiety, and to have forgotten all about the misery of two years ago. Nor could we trace any signs of the earthquake about the houses on the shore, which are substantial and well-built, with a look of solidity about them which is rare in the Levant. They are mostly occupied by traders in mastic, and the harbour was full of ships laden with demijohns, encased in wickerwork, ready to export the same commodity—a kind of sweet, colourless spirit of the flavour of turpentine, which, when mixed with water, takes the appearance of milk. The lower parts of the hills are covered with orchards, where the *Pistacia lentiscus* is cultivated, from which the gum mastic is procured. The Turkish and Levantine ladies chew it in its raw state, and you may see quantities of it sold in the bazaars of Smyrna and Constantinople.

In order to get at the ruins we had to leave the Marina Street, and walk about half-way up the slope of the hill, and there we came upon the first signs of the earthquake. The houses were almost all roofless, their walls bulging out or fallen in, and rent from top to bottom with great fissures and cracks. Doors had fallen off their hinges, gratings were twisted and wrenched awry, piles of rubbish encum-

bered the streets, forcing us to make long *détours* on our way upwards. It was indeed a pitiable sight. Some of the houses had all their fronts thrown down, and stood exposed to the day, so that we could see the papered rooms and cracked fireplaces, and the remains of the homely furniture, the crumbling ruins being in too precarious a state for it to be removed. On cleared spaces small wooden huts had been erected, with English marks upon them, and above the town, amongst the fruit gardens, quite a village of these huts had sprung up; but oh! the terrible filth around them! All the washing and cooking and slaughtering was done in the open, and the slops and refuse thrown within a foot of the doorways. We passed amongst them with our handkerchiefs to our faces, and hurried on without delay. It is a miracle how people can live and thrive amongst such horrors, and yet we all agreed that we had never seen such English-looking people in the East; fair, comely women, with little rosy, fair-haired children, sturdy little curly-headed creatures, who looked as if they had been brought up on porridge and milk and pure Highland air, instead of olives and black bread and in an infected atmosphere. I suppose the fact of there being no drains, and all the poisonous decay going on in the open air, has a great deal to say to the healthiness of the people, for they certainly looked far stronger than the dwellers in towns.

We continued our road through fields of clover and orchards of apricot and fruit trees, till we reached an old

watch-tower, where a good view is to be had of Homer's birthplace—

“The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.”

Thence looking down on the town we could fully realize the terrible effects of the earthquake. There seemed to be hardly an undamaged house, yet as we returned to the shore we noticed that all the older buildings, especially those dating from the Middle Ages, had withstood not only this, but many previous shocks. Some of these mediæval walls were very interesting; the curious gargoyles and supports to the balconies were boldly carved in quaint designs, and my mother longed to carry off with her the curious-shaped door-handles and metal rings left hanging on many of the houses.

We had no time to look at the old Genoese castle which commands the town. In it there is a powder magazine which was flooded many years ago, but the powder has since dried into a solid mass, and the Turks are afraid to remove it for fear of an explosion, so it is carefully guarded. The idea of reflooding the magazine, by which the powder would be rendered harmless, has not yet occurred to them.

Our captain had been indignantly whistling for us some time before we managed to get down to the harbour, and we arrived on board just as he had determined to start without us. We had found it more difficult to get clear of the ruins than we expected, and very nearly lost our passage. However, it is but eight hours' sail from Scio to Smyrna,



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and small steamers and caiques are ever plying to and fro. The mainland is seven miles distant from Castro, and in that clear air we could almost distinguish the little town of Chesmé across the intervening waters. Our track led us past an ever-changing outline of cliffs and bays, richly coloured, and in some parts wooded, as we steamed close to the peninsula of Karabounar. A few hamlets were scattered over the hill sides, and fishing-smacks lay in the sandy coves, where the trees grew down to the very sea. Two sturdy windmills crowned the summit of the rock as we turned into the bay of Smyrna, leaving Mytilene fading far away on our left into the soft mist of distance.

## CHAPTER II.

### SMYRNA.

In the harbour—Extortion of the boatmen and hotel-keepers—Scene from the balcony of the hotel—The esplanade—European civilization and Oriental barbarism—Female musicians—At the English Consulate—Midhat Pasha and his reforms in Smyrna—Ascent of Mount Pagus—View from the Castle—A Gipsy encampment—The town and its bazaars—Shopping and its attendant trials.

VERY lovely the town of Smyrna looked as we slowly made our way through the intricate navigation of the gulf, and at last dropped anchor in the clear water, a few yards from the low quay which rises but a couple of feet above the level of the sea. There is a small harbour near the Custom-House, but the Austrian-Lloyd boats seldom go within, and there was something pleasantly new in our being dropped thus in sight of our hotel, and away from the noise and bustle of a crowded dock.

We said good-bye to our Yankee Colonel, and in a few minutes were landed at the Custom-House. The usual *back-sheesh* allowed us to pass without trouble, and we started on foot down the esplanade in the directions of the hotels. We first tried the “Deux Augustes,” as recommended by

Murray, but on our complaining of the smallness of the rooms and their unsavoury appearance and perfume, the Greek landlord coolly bade us "*Allez-vous-en.*" We took him at his word, which seemed to astonish him, for presently we heard him calling after us to return; but we walked steadily on till we came to the "*Hôtel d'Egypte,*" and there met a civil landlady, nice clean rooms, and were only asked ten francs a day instead of the seventeen wanted by M. Mille of the rival establishment. By the way, the boatmen who landed us demanded three pounds as their fee. Andrew offered them twelve shillings, as we had two boats, whereat they turned and looked inquiringly at my husband, but not liking the look in his eye, took their twelve shillings and went off. We were told afterwards that if we had paid them two shillings each it would have been generous, for they had only about forty yards to row, but the three pounds rather staggered us. The same kind of extortion was attempted afterwards at the Piræus and at Corfu by the Greek boatmen, but in Constantinople we were only asked *iki* (two) francs by the old Turk who rowed us to the Galata shore; so when people travel in so-called Turkish lands, let them first find out who the people are that cheat them before they cry out against the misrule of the Turk. In nine cases out of ten it will be found that it is the Christian, and not the Mohammedan, who is taking advantage of them.

The scene from the hotel balcony was very amusing to eyes that had been accustomed to Asia Minor and Cyprus

during the last two years. The long esplanade was crowded by carriages full of ladies dressed in the extreme of Levantine fashion, and very pretty some of them were ; fine handsome Armenians with bright eyes and rosy cheeks ; large, *overflowing* Greeks, languishing back in their seats and fanning themselves incessantly ; unmistakable Jewesses with their rich colouring and still richer clothes. The pretty daughters of each copy the Paris fashion of dress even more closely than their mothers, but their love of flowers gives them a touch of nature which a little redeems the extreme artificiality of their appearance. I noticed that nearly all had fresh-plucked, sweet-smelling blossoms either in their hands or fastened in their hair. This custom is very typical of the East, for even in Cyprus this love of flowers is conspicuous amongst men as well as women, and I have often smiled to see a *zaptieh*, black as ebony, with a bunch of jessamine stuck behind his ear, or my ragged washerwoman ironing with a row of geraniums and roses fastened round her head. It was pleasant to see this charming taste in a more cultivated shape amongst the Smyrna ladies, and long may they keep to the pretty custom. Now and then the carriage of a consul would pass, with an armed *cavass* in gorgeous livery sitting beside the coachman ; or some young merchant would dash by in his dog-cart, got up *à l'Anglaise*. Gipsies, men as well as women, sauntered amongst the throng, begging for *paras* ; a Circassian, armed to the teeth, and carrying his loaded gun across his saddle-bow, would amble to and fro ; Kurds, Yuruks, pilgrims, zeybeks, dervishes, mingled

with the crowd. Strings of camels, boys on donkeys, buffalo-carts, all made use of the promenade, not the least abashed by the magnificence of the "carriage-folk," and adding much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Coffee-shops and casinos line one side of the road, with small tables and chairs in front of them filled with loungers. Every house owns a band which plays in the afternoons, so that music too is not wanting to increase the cheerfulness of the throng.

It was all a strange picture of European civilization and Oriental barbarism. Smyrna itself seems to stand on the border-land of both, and has a piquancy of its own which I know of in no other place ; we all agreed in liking it, and none of us passed a weary hour there. During dinner-time the esplanade was deserted, but towards eight o'clock it again began to fill, more especially in the neighbourhood of the *cafés*. We went out to see what was going on, and found the inclosure round each house lighted up, and music and singing going on within. Female musicians had taken the place of the men, and it was curious to see about twenty of them sitting in a row playing violins and harps, and singing occasionally in chorus, much the same as at the *cafés chantants* in Paris. At the end of every two or three pieces they would come down amongst the audience with a plate for money, and those who were generously inclined would hand them a glass of beer or lemonade. It was all done in a most matter-of-fact way, and though the ladies were highly painted, and some of them dressed in a rather

*outré* manner, still, poor things, it was thus they gained their livelihood—and very hard they seemed to work for it, for we heard the strains of their fiddles till long past midnight.

On Sunday, April 16th, we all went to the little English church in the Consulate, and afterwards lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. The Consul had just returned from Sardis, where he had been excavating various tumuli. I fancy he had so far been less successful than he expected, but he showed us several beautiful vases and pieces of antique glass he had found, and was very much pleased about the discovery of a colossal head five feet in length, which he thought must belong to a statue of the “Mother of all the Gods.” It was with the greatest difficulty this huge block was got as far as the station at Sardis, and brought safely on to Smyrna.

After luncheon we sat in the room Byron occupied when here, and where he wrote half of the second canto of ‘Childe Harold.’ Mrs. Dennis has had it tastefully furnished with divans covered with beautiful “Killim” carpets; cabinets of Venetian glass and old majolica brought from Palermo line the walls, and the floor is covered with Persian carpets. The window, shaded with festoons of wisteria and banksia rose, gave us a glorious view of Mount Pagus.

As we sipped our coffee Mrs. Dennis told us the touching story of Midhat Pasha’s arrest, and both she and Mr. Dennis spoke most warmly of the good he had done here. We were able ourselves to appreciate this, for on our former journey along the coast of Syria, every improvement that was made was entirely owing to the energy and good intentions of



Midhat. Lady Anne Blunt in her books turns these "intentions" into ridicule, and will not allow that the "Reformer" has done any good ; but both she and Mr. Blunt seem, before starting on their travels, to have made up their minds that everything Turkish was corrupt and ridiculous. At any rate, no one can accuse Midhat of venality, for he was, and is, about the poorest man in Turkey. His family are almost destitute, and the three little children lived for months with Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, who have now placed them, with the consent of their parents, at a French school in Smyrna. We saw their photographs, and that of the little girl is quite beautiful ; Mrs. Dennis says she is extraordinarily intelligent, and thinks she will grow up into a remarkable woman.

Midhat entirely reformed the police at Smyrna, and it is owing to him that the brigandage which made the town the most unsafe in the East has been done away with. One night he quietly placed a cordon of zaptiehs round the town and captured two hundred of the most notorious brigands. The next day they were all photographed and divided into three parties. The Greeks were all exported to their own country, and threatened with death should they ever return ; of the others, the worst criminals were sent to prison, and the rest, married men with families depending on them, after a stringent warning as to their future conduct, were allowed to return to their village under surveillance. Equally energetic and original measures were taken to clear the town of the zeybeks. These men were the terror of the inhabitants, and their daring and reckless character insured them a kind of

impunity from molestation. Midhat ordered his zaptiehs to cut down the fez of every zeybek seen in the town, and also to snip off the very small "overalls" they wore, thus forcing them to keep away from inhabited quarters, and after a month not a man of them was to be seen in Smyrna.

We devoted the afternoon to making the ascent of Mount Pagus, which is crowned by an old ruined castle. Mr. Dennis kindly insisted on our taking his *cavass* with us, as the neighbourhood is again considered unsafe. We drove to the bottom of the hill, close to the Turkish cemetery, and sent the carriage round to the "Caravan-bridge station" to await our descent on that side. The way was steep and rough, through a forest of the finest cypresses in the world, which alone are almost worth a visit to Smyrna. Above each grave towers one of these noble trees, and the forest extended up the whole side of the hill.

Outside the Necropolis we passed huts and tents inhabited by Bulgarians, gipsies, and Circassians, all of whom have an equally bad reputation, and on whose account the *cavass* was sent with us. They are buying up small plots of land, and making little gardens, and building themselves houses; but unfortunately the Turkish authorities allow them to carry off the stones from the fine ruin, which is one of the most picturesque landmarks of Smyrna, instead of making them quarry it for themselves out of the rock.

Alexander commenced and Lysimachus completed the citadel, which some people think was the site of ancient Smyrna, as it extended over the whole summit of the hill.

It is easy still to trace the fine Macedonian walls along the south and east end of the ruins, though topped in most places by the rubble walls of the Genoese, whose work seems poor and mean beside the solidity of the former. From the castle is a grand view. The town lies beneath your feet, at the end of the thirty-six miles of winding gulf, the sea almost washing the very walls of the houses, whose bright red roofs, interspersed with trees and gardens, and the towers of numerous churches stretch far along the shore. Rich meadows and fruit groves, dotted here and there with the houses of the wealthier inhabitants, cover the plain of Bournabat, and the hill sides are white with villas and small villages, whither the citizens migrate during the summer months. Across the creek soft ranges of mountains rise, backed by Sipylus of ancient fame, while on the south the bay curves westwards, overshadowed by the craggy purple peaks of Karabounar. After Naples and Palermo I should think no city can boast of a more beautiful panorama than Smyrna.

We descended by the stadium where Polycarp was martyred, and noticed the curious deposits of oyster-shells, broken crockery, and tiles which still puzzle the antiquary, and, rounding the hill, came to where the carriage was waiting for us. Just before reaching it we saw a large encampment of gipsies, or "Tchingannis," as they are called. My mother had stopped to gather flowers, and seeing her alone, these people had swarmed round her, asking for *back-sheesh* in a threatening manner. They are a dark, swarthy, wild-looking race, tanned to a rich tawny colour by the sun,

with the same black eyes, white teeth, and slender limbs that one sees amongst them in England ; were it not indeed for the mangy camels, and the vivid colours of their clothes and carpets, one might have fancied oneself amongst a tribe at home. The return of the *cavass* soon dispersed them, but they kept shouting uncomplimentary epithets after us till we were out of sight.

One day was devoted to the town and bazaars. In the former there is not very much to see. The main street is called "Frank Street," where all the principal European shops are to be found, and running parallel to this, along the sea, is the esplanade I have already described. The others are narrow and dirty, and badly paved, like those of all Oriental cities. The town is divided into districts or quarters, such as the Armenian, the Jewish, the Greek, or the Turkish quarter. The first has the best houses, cool and airy, with fine entrances, in front of which the ladies used to sit every afternoon, dressed up in their finest clothes, and displaying their charms to the passers-by ; but that custom exists now only in some of the Jewish streets, and even there it is dying out.

The bazaars are naturally in the Turkish quarter, and are very amusing. If one wants to hear an *olla podrida* of every language under the sun, and to see an endless variety of pictures recalling the wonders of the 'Arabian Nights,' one has only to walk down through these covered bazaars. In the largest Broussa silks are sold, and embroideries. There is also a very fair *antika* shop, and a number of watch-

makers. But there is a still more amusing place, which you enter almost directly from Frank Street—a perfect jumble of shops, carrying on every variety of trade, and selling every variety of object, from a narguily to a leopard-skin. The real Rhodian ware can be bought here, but the best of it, coming from well-known collections, has long ago been snapped up, and those who buy now must be content with the “rejected ones” of former purchasers. However, there is another kind of ware to be procured here, now in great request among amateurs, known as “Anatolian.” It was made in Kutayhia, and was, I believe, the only kind made in Asia Minor. It is mostly found in the shape of jugs, covered bowls, mugs, cups, pilgrim-bottles, saucers, and plates. The pieces are generally small-sized, with a bright decoration of flowers and lines on a white ground, and sometimes Persian-looking figures in the centre. I never came across any of this kind in Europe, and it was Mr. Dennis who first called my attention to it; but I have since met several connoisseurs who have gone to Smyrna on purpose to buy it. There is another sort of majolica, also called Kutayhia, but it appears to me quite a different kind. The colour is blue-green, and the markings are always in black, of lattice or diaper pattern. The glaze on these blue plates is much more brilliant and smoother than on the white kind. I only paid here a couple of francs for each small plate, but in Athens I was asked thirty francs a-piece for similar ones, the man insisting that they were Lindos ware from Rhodes.



The Smyrna embroideries are beautiful: gauze scarfs, handkerchiefs, shawls, turbans, ties, all exquisitely embroidered in white and colours, or gold and silver. They are called Broussa gauzes, but at Broussa I saw none so beautiful or so cheap as at Smyrna. The best Turkey carpets are to be found at the khans in the bazaar; they come from Ooshak, Koola, Bor, Kasariyeh, and many places in the interior, but I think I saw finer collections in Stamboul. If one wants embroideries this is certainly the place to get them, as they are cheaper here than anywhere else in the East. The "Drug" bazaar is a curious place. I believe that Smyrna means "myrrh," and it has long been celebrated for the excellence of its perfumes as well as drugs. We bought bottles of otto of roses by the dozen, but those sold to ordinary travellers contain only an extract of geranium leaves; a single drop of real "attar" costs twelve francs. I had always a horror of the perfume of patchouli till I went to this bazaar, but it was so quaint seeing it in its primitive state, with the large leaves still almost green, that we bought pounds of it to put in sachets. Essence of sandal-wood makes a delicious perfume; also amber and spikenard, or lavender, and many other kinds one never thinks of using in England.

This is the emporium for gold lace, and no one ought to miss looking at some of the shops where they make it, near the large mosque in the centre of the bazaar. We were told to wait till we went to Athens, as it is one of the chief industries there; but it was also double the price, and not



nearly so pure a gold thread, so, after all, we had to wait till our return to Smyrna to get it. Another amusing place too is the "Talisman" bazaar, where old coins and gems and "talismans" are to be found. We all invested in large silver gilt *plaques* with the names of the seven sleepers on them, and especially that of their dog Ketmehr. I must not close my account of the bazaars without a word in praise of the gentlemen of our party, who showed the most exemplary patience all day, remaining outside the shops with their cigarettes, while we ladies did all the bargaining, shopping, and talking within. They kept away the Jew guides who besieged us, and the rival shopmen who lay in wait for us at corners, thrusting their cards in our faces, and shrieking out the superiority of their goods. Nor only from these did they save us, but also from the huge, unwieldy, heavily-laden camels that stalk along the narrow streets with such irresistible swing that one is in perpetual danger of being crushed against the wall; and the human *hamals* with their loads slung on poles are almost as dangerous. The cries of the water and sherbet sellers, the money-changers, lamp merchants, menders of umbrellas, and other itinerant peddlers, make such a babel and confusion that I advise no lady to enter the bazaar without the protection of a sturdy masculine arm.

## CHAPTER III.

### EXCURSION TO EPHESUS.

Preparations for the journey—The start—The valley of the Cayster—Ayasolook—We start on foot with a guard for Ephesus—The ruins—The cave of the Seven Sleepers—The tomb of Mary Magdalene—Impressive feelings inspired by the grandeur of the remains—In terror of robbers—Return to Smyrna—A trip to Magnesia to see the famous rock-cut statue of Niobe—Departure from Smyrna.

ON the 18th we went to Ephesus, a place that it is easier to write about than to get at. The preliminary arrangements were very troublesome. Mr. Dennis urgently counselled us to give up the excursion on account of the brigands, and even Colonel Stewart, the Consul at Koniah, advised us not to think of it. This staggered us a good deal, for the latter knew all that Andrew and I had gone through in Asia Minor, and that we were not people to be dismayed by hearsay reports. But I was determined to go, and I have always remarked that if one person remains firm in a discussion the rest are sure eventually to give in. Andrew scouted the idea of robbers, but we all insisted on his taking the revolver Colonel Stewart kindly sent him. Mr. Dennis lent us his *cavass*, who was armed with a sword, a couple of

pistols, and a gun; and our party was further increased by three ladies and, still more effectually, by three other gentlemen.

We were all rather solemn that morning at breakfast, appearing in very sober garments, with not even the studs in our cuffs visible. Mr. Phedrus, the good and erudite guide recommended by Mr. Dennis, was perfectly white, urging us not to proceed till we had telegraphed for a guard to await us at Ayasolook, and, to reassure him, we agreed to do this. A special train had been engaged to be at our service all day for a payment, I think, at the rate of two pounds each. The Ephesus station is forty-eight miles from Smyrna, and we were to start at 8 a.m.

Rather a suspicious-looking crowd assembled to see us start, and I observed to M. Phedrus that one of our rich bachelor friends was the "Milord" of our party, and that he might tell the brigands *my* husband, being only a poor soldier and a younger son, could pay them no ransom. Everybody scolded me for being so selfish, and condoled with our friend, but he knew well that neither he nor any of us would be taken till Andrew had first done his best to prevent it. There had been so much talk about these brigands that I began to entertain secret hopes of a real encounter, and my cousin Esmé whispered a similar confession to me, as we should feel so foolish going back if, after all these preparations, we were to return with no story of adventure to tell.

Our special train consisted of an engine and one large saloon carriage, with a second class attached to it. To those of our party who had not been in Asia Minor before the

journey was very interesting. We started from Point station, and our first stoppage was at Caravan Bridge, the principal station for goods in Smyrna, and thus named as being near the rendezvous for the caravans from Persia and Aleppo. From here one gets a good view of the stately cypresses in the Turkish burial-ground, their masses of sombre foliage showing with most impressive effect from a distance. Beyond lies the lovely valley of St. Anne, a perfect garden in appearance covered with fine vegetables. In its midst runs the river Meles, on whose banks "divine Homer" sat and sang for all the generations of the world after him. It is now but a feeble rivulet, with just sufficient water in summer to irrigate the market gardens. High above towered Mount Pagus, with its ruined citadel, as we passed the racecourse, and caught a glimpse of Boujah, famous for its wine and fine sultana raisins, bordering the plain of Seidekeni, the beginning of the grape-producing country. Through miles of vineyards we ran, a landscape glowing with colour—the deep red soil, the refreshing green of the vine-leaves, and the broad expanse of heaven above "blue fields with many a flaky knoll."

Gradually we found ourselves in a wilder country, having the Tahtali mountains on our left, and Korak, or the Raven, on our right. The railway runs through a marshy plain, intersected by little streamlets bordered with yellow iris. Anemones and daisies gaily decked the surface of the ground, and thickets of purple judas and yellow broom made us long to be on foot wandering amongst the Yuruk shepherds, who were watching their droves of camels and horses

and flocks of fat-tailed sheep. The plain was dotted over with black tents, and at this time of the year tent-life, amidst the beauty of mid-spring, and in this balmy climate, must be an ideal existence, the very thought of which makes one long to escape from the life of cities, and revel for a time amidst the delicious aspects of nature.

Next we came to what is called the Cayster valley, down which the river sluggishly winds through a narrow bed, circling round the hills, and finding its way to the sea in front of Ephesus. How changed the river is now from the time when Homer, Virgil, and Ovid sang of its beauty, when lordly swans floated on its surface, and its char, gudgeon, and chrysophrus (gold heads) were dishes for epicures, and famous throughout the known world. We stopped to water the engine at Kosbounar, above which, on the spur of the hill, is the "Goat's Castle," a Saracenic ruin commanding a fine view. The name "Ketchi Kalesi" is probably derived from the inaccessibility of its position, but tradition tells another tale. When the Genoese held the castle, and the Turks were making themselves masters of the country, a night assault was determined on. A herd of goats was driven before the troops with lighted candles fastened to their horns, a formation of attack which so startled the garrison, that after a hasty volley they fled, in the full belief that his Satanic majesty was making the assault in person, and the Turks quietly took possession of the castle.

Below it we crossed the Cayster, and passing through some miles of fig groves, reached Ayasolook, which the



Greeks call Aghios Theologus (or St. John), considering the Turkish name a corruption of the real one. It is a small station, with a coffee-house, and an inn kept by a Greek, who charges exorbitantly for everything. Visitors coming from Smyrna ought most decidedly to bring a basket of provisions with them, which a small boy will carry for a few piastres ; picnicing in the fresh air is much more enjoyable than luncheon in a stuffy Levantine locanda.

We had to wait half-an-hour for our guard, without whom M. Phedrus declined to proceed. At last a chawush (sergeant) and three zaptiehs made their appearance, and we started on foot to see what remains of "Renowned Ephesus, the Empress of Ionia, famous for wit and learning." A sharp look-out was kept for Andrea, the robber-chief, and his band of brigands, who, we were given to understand, were no less keenly expectant of us. In fear and trembling we passed the columns behind the village which formerly supported a long line of aqueduct, but now bear no weightier burden than the nests of the hadji-birds, which peered quaintly down on us, clacking their bills as we passed. It is a curious fact that these birds are never found in Christian countries in the East, even avoiding all places where a large colony of Christians have settled ; high testimony, surely, to the kindness to animals for which the Turks are noted, since instinct teaches the birds that with them they are free from molestation and cruelty.

We first inspected the fine gateway leading to what some



people think are the ruins of the church of St. John, but are more probably the entrance of the road leading to the large Saracenic castle which stands above Ayasolook. Near this gateway there is a very ancient pistachio tree, called "the tree of execution," from the boughs of which the Mohammedans are said to have hung all their Christian prisoners. A few yards further on the plain stand the magnificent ruins of the "great mosque" of Sultan Selim, which we found at that particular time filled with a herd of lively young bulls, which the zaptiehs did not succeed in expelling till after a brisk skirmish. What remains of the roof is supported by granite columns, crowned with composite capitals, said to have been taken from the Temple and the Gymnasium. The sculpture on the walls and doorways is of the most delicate and beautiful workmanship, and marvellous, truly, is it to see the ingenuity and skill which has turned the Turkish and Arabic alphabet into a vehicle of ornamentation. I think that in richness of design and in the elaborate minuteness of the details many parts of it are equal to the Alhambra. A particular window on the east face of the building struck us as especially beautiful; it is known as the "gorgeous window"; but one of our party pointed out as a defect that the stalactite carvings should have been put in along the sides as well as above it, adding that in the best and earliest style of Saracenic work this particular pattern was only used for horizontal and never for perpendicular ornamentation. Many ruined mosques and baths lay in our path, but we

hurried on, going straight to the site of the Temple, that mighty edifice which was raised at the joint expense of all Asia, which occupied 220 years in building, was eight times destroyed and rebuilt, and was standing 1500 years before our era.

After all we were sadly disappointed, for all that is now visible are the remains of Mr. Wood's excavations. We clambered down about twelve feet into a rectangular piece of ground that looked like the bottom of a long drained pond, overgrown with tufts of rushes and reeds and tamarisk bushes. Here and there pools of stagnant water have filtered into the pits dug by Mr. Wood, and these are now occupied by tortoises, one of which I succeeded in catching and carried home to my baby. "Diana" resides now with my mother and her at "Hunting Tower" in Scotland, and though hardly as nimble as the goddess of the woods, is as well and happy as when she lived in the great Temple of her namesake. Wandering about, we came on fragments of solid masonry, granite bases, splinters of marble, bits of pavement, portions of a wall, and capitals and drums of columns. Some of these latter were over seven feet in diameter, with flutes so wide that Andrew fitted into them with ease; and nothing perhaps gave so good an idea of the grandeur and noble design of the Temple as these fluted drums. This is a very poor account of one of the seven wonders of the world, but the remains are so meagre that there is practically nothing but the site left. Not caring to linger over the desolate spot, we struck across the ploughed

fields towards Mount Prion, following the track of a wooden plough, as it slowly turned up with the earth innumerable fragments of marble and pottery. We were watching this process of exhumation, when my mother discovered a small lamp, coated with a fine black glaze, lying on the top of a freshly-turned piece of soil ; it was quite perfect, and probably now saw the light of day for the first time during 2000 years !

The Necropolis is situated on Mount Prion, which lay in rugged beauty before us, and we inspected the secret church, the supposed tombs of St. John, of the Virgin, Timothy, Mary Magdalene, and the cave of the Seven Sleepers, which all lie along the rocky slopes. The entrance to the latter, a deep cleft in the rock, was nearly hid by honeysuckle and fragrant yellow jessamine, and you can see but a few steps within, for it rapidly narrows into a mere fissure, which winds this way and that, till it widens out into the actual cave where the seven young men and their dog took refuge from the persecutions of Diocletian. Their sleeping-place is still said to be dangerous, and the shepherds declared to us that any one staying in it for any length of time gradually became asphyxiated.

The scrambling walk along the side of Prion amongst the asphodel and tiger-lilies to Mary Magdalene's tomb is very beautiful, and commands a glorious view. Messagis rose on the east, long, rocky Mount Coressus bounded the south, Korak, the Raven, the north, and the sea lay spread below us to the west. The level valley, the citadel of Ayasolook, the ruined mosque, the Roman aqueduct, and

the surrounding remains of mosques, temples, baths, churches, and city fill up the foreground. The scene is beautiful even in its intense desolation ; on this wide plain now-a-days no man can live, and on it is no human habitation.

Mary Magdalene's tomb is a cavity cut in the rock, with a trough-like hollow below half filled with water and decayed leaves. It seems a favourite place of pilgrimage still, for the bushes above it are covered with rags, and broken pottery strews the ground. From thence to the Stadium is not far, and we descended the hill, stumbling occasionally over the "mountain ranging" tortoise, as Homer calls it. The Stadium, the Serapeum, with its centre rock spread out like the petals of a sun-flower, the Agoras, the Gymnasium, the many temples, the Odeum, and the theatre (surely next to the Temple the noblest building in Ephesus, seeing that it could hold 5700 spectators) were all duly visited and examined. Amidst the mass of ruins we saw many blocks of porphyry and fragments of columns, a pile of marbles of the loveliest colours, and with such delicate carving that the sculptured stone might almost be likened to a piece of lace-work. What builders, what artists they were, these men of antiquity ! Their works have braved the storms, sieges and earthquakes of 3000 years ; yet still they stand, as perfect in many places as they were the day when those giant-workers finished them !

Were I again to return to Ephesus, I would begin by this theatre, and go from it to the Temple of Claudius, where the bolder work of the huge architraves, if not so delicately

beautiful, is quite as grand and wonderful as the remains of the theatre. It gave one a peculiarly impressive feeling wandering over the gigantic remains of this vast and glorious city, whose renown is older than tradition itself. To think of Apollo and Diana, of the great god Pan, of Bacchus and Hercules, the Cyclops, the Amazons, of Artemisia the famous queen of Caria, of the Empress Irene, who was killed in the Temple, of Berenice, who was poisoned there, of Danae, who was hurled thence from a precipice, of Antony and Cleopatra, of all that has happened on this spot in days so remote that the Bible history of Paul and St. John is almost modern; to think of the multitude who shouted in this very theatre for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"; to stand on the purple slopes of Coressus, and, gazing far and near, to realize the magnificence, the riches, the vastness that extended there, and understand the grandeur of the scene when approached from the sea, and when these great public buildings were grouped together with temples, avenues, domes, and marble colonnades, forming one vast imperial city the like of which the world will never know again! To think of all its glorious past, and to see it now "a howling wilderness," a desert place of pestilential marshes, infested with reptiles and tainted by fever and ague! Truly if the glory of Ephesus was great, its ruin is as remarkable.

We returned by the Magnesian Gate, following the ancient walls outside the city along a path of the rudest description, with pits of ugly-looking depth constantly yawning before us, the likeliest of lurking-places for those wild brigands of whom



we had heard so much. The precautions to assume a compact mass and allow no straggling, which had been our order for the day, here became broken. The more rapid walkers had nearly reached the village, whilst foot-worn loiterers were nearly a mile behind, when those in front observed an unusual stir on the near horizon, and a little mass of horsemen approaching. On comparing notes in the train afterwards we found that more than one of us feared the fatal moment had arrived, and that we were about to be attacked by a greatly superior force, who were sending out their skirmishers to cut the rear off from our "guns" and the main body. Several shots fired from the outskirts of the village at the same moment sent the stragglers onwards at the double, whilst those in front turned back to rapidly re-unite in centre. But soon our enemies bearing down upon us turned out to be only a wedding party! the men of formidable aspect enough, and armed to the teeth, while the women bestrode their horses in masculine fashion, their guns discharging a desultory *feu de joie* after the custom of the country. Thus we arrived at Ayasolook, where we paid our chawush and thanked him for his services, which had mainly consisted in carrying "Diana" for me, and so safely back to Smyrna without having really met anything more ferocious than the Greek innkeeper and the peaceful shepherds who live in the subterranean archways beneath the Stadium. Still there is no doubt that this journey is not without some risk, and I should scarcely recommend travellers to enter upon it, or any other exploration in these parts, without



consulting the British Consul, as in a misgoverned country like this there is no telling at what time or at what place brigands may be pursuing their avocations. I shall ever look upon this day spent at Ephesus as one of the most interesting and impressive of my life.

We could not leave Smyrna without seeing the "Niobe," which is said to be about 3000 years old, in fact the oldest statue of antiquity, the "weeping Niobe" of Homer and of Ovid. The easiest way of going there is to take the train to Magnesia, and drive from thence. We started early one morning for what is called the Casaba railway, leaving the town by a station near the Caravan Bridge.

The train went round the gulf as far as Bournabat, opposite to Smyrna, passing many of the summer residences of the merchants, and nothing could be prettier than these little villas embowered in creepers and roses. The neighbourhood of Smyrna is indeed very charming, and merits all the praise it has so universally received. Shortly after leaving Bournabat the line runs over a flat country intercepted with marshes formed by the subsoil brought down by the Hermus or Gediz Sou, which is silting up with incredible rapidity. Great fears are entertained that if strong measures are not soon taken all the east end of the gulf will be filled up, and the town of Smyrna cease to have a harbour. Already the increasing shallowness of the sea along the northern side causes vessels to make a long *détour*, and forces them to keep close to the south shore.

The scenery was uninteresting till we reached Menimen,

and followed thence the bank of the Hermus through a gorge called the Menimen Boghaz, keeping on the south side of the deep, sluggish, chocolate-coloured river. Blue old Sipylus, round and rocky, rises from the river's edge in places so abruptly that space is barely left for the line of railway. Low hills incline upwards from the opposite banks, overgrown with forests of oak and walnut, and the scenery in places is very fine. The gorge imperceptibly widens till it opens on the plain of Magnesia, a magnificent valley owning a soil of the highest fertility, the value of which is fully appreciated by the natives, for not an inch is left uncultivated. It is like one vast garden, with orchards of apples, pears, almonds, apricots, and almost every known fruit tree, interspersed with fields of maize, cotton, and finely-cultivated vineyards, in which both men and women were busily working. A range of hills covered with red, green, and purple brushwood, and back by lofty Sipylus, borders it on the south, while eastward the fertilizing river winds far away into the distance.

It took us two hours to reach Magnesia. Mr. Dennis had accompanied us thus far, but, much to our regret, he could come no further, being on his way to resume his excavations at Sardis. At the station we hired a couple of carriages to take us to the statue, and for an hour jolted over a very rough road, keeping close below the brow of Sipylus. This road professes to be paved, but the stones have mostly turned up edgewise in their beds, and the shaking was almost intolerable. We arrived at last along a narrow canal, or rather mill-run, which follows the course of the road, solidly built and fringed with

maiden's-hair fern and blue myosotis. It flows into a small pond by the wayside, beside which the drivers pulled up, and pointing upwards, told us that there was the *suret tash* (stone image), as they call Niobe.

About seventy feet above the road the surface of the rock is smooth and perpendicular, and there we saw what appeared to be the bust of a woman on a pedestal cut in a kind of alcove. Some of us declared it represented a woman in a sitting posture holding a tablet on her knees; others thought she had one arm folded across her chest, and that the other was broken off. To me it looked like the upper part of a woman, with her head slightly bent forward in a melancholy attitude, looking downwards a little towards the right shoulder. A dark vein like a flow of water seems to fall from her face, and reaches down to the foot of the pedestal on which the bust is placed. On a close inspection no distinct features are visible, and many things seem harsh and singular in treatment; but from a little distance all appears blended into one harmonious whole, and poor Niobe appears to weep and weep.

"She weeps still, and, borne by the hurricane of a mighty wind,  
She is swept to her home. There, fastened to the cliff of the mount,  
She weeps, and the marble sheds tears yet even now."

I think there can be no doubt that Niobe is there weeping eternally for the loss of her children, and in spite of the roughness of the sculpture, there is something very pathetic about the statue. As Homer says, "Upon arid Sipylus, upon the rocks of the desert mountain, . . . Niobe, though

turned to stone, still broods over the sorrows the gods have sent her."

It is an easy climb to the foot of the rock out of which Niobe is carved. We scrambled through a small vineyard, and then wound our way over a rough path, round boulders and rocks, and through dense bay shrub, till we got below the statue. The rock is nearly perpendicular, but there are small fissures and niches where an active person can easily get up close to the pedestal. On the right hand side, on a level with the head, Mr. Dennis has discovered three hieroglyphics, but the only one that we could distinctly make out was a Phrygian cap. On descending we had a picnic by the pond, a pretty place built round with a solid wall, and full of the clearest water, well stocked with pike.

On our return we left the road before arriving at the station, and drove to Manisá, or Magnesia, as it is generally spelt. It is a large place with numerous mosques and wide streets, but these latter are all cut up with channels of water, and covered with *débris* and rubbish from old tumble-down houses. The bazaar was filled with sellers and buyers, who offered the usual things for sale that one sees in every Turkish town: saddles, red and yellow boots, silver charms, and the various delicacies of the eating-shops. There was a curious kind of fish offered to us that is caught in the Hermus, something like silurus, but much smaller. The pottery made in the neighbourhood is rather quaint, some of it a pretty blue, in imitation of the old Kutayhia. This is said to be one of the most "aristocratic" of Turkish towns, and the people are extremely hospitable,

though they do not care much for strangers. We were struck by the decidedly Turkish appearance of the inhabitants, and save ourselves, I do not think there was a single Christian to be seen the whole time we were there. The glow of colour, the tumble-down houses, the number of eating-shops, and the placid, contented look of the people gave a relief from the semi-civilized appearance and restless, anxious look of the Eastern Christians, who seem to me to be perpetually engaged either in making money or in agitating against their superiors.

Our last day in Smyrna was passed in going over our old haunts, and in enjoying the cool *imbat* wind which blows every afternoon fresh from the sea, and prevents you feeling the real heat of the sun. Next day we took our places on board a steamer of the Egyptian "Khedive" company, which sails direct for the Piræus without making any stoppages.



## CHAPTER IV.

### ATHENS.

From Smyrna to the Piræus—Horrors of the passage—Feeling on approaching the shores of Greece—The ride from the Piræus to Athens—Tawdry, showy aspect of the city and its inhabitants—The palace and its garden—A soldier's funeral—The modern cemetery and the ancient Street of Tombs—The "groves of Academe"—The Stadium—The Acropolis—The Parthenon—The Temple of Theseus—The Areopagus—Barathrum, or the place of execution—Doctor Schliemann's Museum—The visit to Athens disappointing—Characteristics of the modern Greeks—Their abuse of the liberty of the press—The peasant and the political agitator.

OUR steamer was large and very fast, but except in the cabins there is no distinction of class among the passengers, and the result is most unpleasant. Our fellow-travellers were nearly all Greeks bound to Athens on business, and by their disgusting habits they made sitting on deck perfectly intolerable from the moment they came on board till nightfall. One after another we had to go down-stairs; in vain the gentlemen of our party spoke to the officers, and even used strong language to the offenders themselves. The captain only shrugged his shoulders, saying, "*Ce sont les cochons—que voulez-vous?—les Grecs . . . s't!*" etc. This is



not the only occasion that we found travelling on Levantine steamers a martyrdom on account of the manners of these men, for on most of the Austrian-Lloyd boats the same communion of passengers is allowed. Unfortunately we have learned from experience that it is not the steerage-folk only who make themselves so obnoxious; those who had first-class tickets and called themselves "gentlemen" were just as disgusting in their ways. Unpleasant as it is, I lay stress on this subject, because I think it a disgraceful thing that in these so-called "civilized" days such horrors should be tolerated. It may be said that the Italians and Hungarians make themselves equally disagreeable, but at least they have some kind of respect for ladies, and do not actually indulge in a nasty habit, apparently considered by some people to be a necessity, of smoking within an inch of your dress.

The Turks are the greatest smokers in the world, but the shabbiest Turk is always a gentleman. My husband has lived amongst them now for over three years, and I have often heard him say that he has never seen a Turk on a single occasion behave like one of these so-called Christians.

Part of the deck was penned off for the "hareem" of a rich Moslem on board; sails were stretched round three sides, and another one roofed the space in, leaving only the part next the sea open. The ladies seemed very comfortable, and reclined on mattresses all day, while a negress prepared coffee, fresh lemonade, and cigarettes for them. A curious young Englishman was indiscreet enough to peep through the sails, whereat immediately a babel of shrill tongues rose

on the air, and we could hear a great fluttering and commotion going on behind the screens. A stout old duenna jumped up with surprising activity, and made at him with her slipper, just in time to give him a resounding slap on his ear before he could withdraw his head. He beat a rapid retreat amidst the covert smiles of the other passengers.

It took us exactly eighteen hours to sail from Smyrna to the Piræus. We passed through the northern portion of the Cyclades during the night, and at daybreak could descry the varied outlines of Sunium and Ægeria, though the light was still too faint to make them very clear. We made the rocky shore of Salamis, and then suddenly turning eastwards, passed between two ancient moles, and dropped anchor at 6 a.m. in the land-locked harbour of the Piræus.

No one can approach the shores of Greece without feeling more or less moved. Every promontory and island, every bay and town and mountain, has its history, and the mere names are alone sufficient to rouse enthusiasm. But in truth the Piræus appeared to us very small and insignificant, and our illusions about Greece began to disappear from the moment we landed in the "haunt of sailors, where good manners are unknown." Our spirits sank on viewing the arid dreariness of the shore and the modern-looking houses. We had got so accustomed to the vivid colouring and brightness of the East, that I felt as if all I had imagined about "divine Greece" had vanished. To an Eastern traveller Greece has lost the golden halo and glorious luxuriance of the East without gaining the cool shade and freshness of the

West, or the civilization that one expects from a people who call themselves Europeans.

At last we escaped from the extortions and insolence of the boatmen, gave our *backsheesh* to the Custom-House officer (who quietly pocketed it), finished our bargaining with the coachmen who were to take us to Athens, and so found a little time to look about. The harbour is six miles distant from the capital, and though there is a railway between the harbour and the town, still, as the station is badly planned and at a distance from the quay, which entails a drive, most people prefer the road. Marie stowed away the luggage in one carriage, we packed ourselves inside another, and at last were fairly started for Athens.

I think this was the dustiest drive I ever experienced ; in vain did we hold down our parasols and tuck our veils over our faces ; a strong east wind was blowing, and as the dust lay about three inches deep on the road, we were nearly suffocated as well as blinded. I had dim visions of a barren, desolate, unpoetical waste, and was told it was the Attic plain. I saw tangled-looking bushes on either side, but so powdered with dust that I only guessed them to be grapevines ; trees bordered the road, but they have all the gray look which characterizes the country as far as the eye can see. In the midst of a whirlwind our carriages stopped opposite a small half-way house, for the horses and their coachmen to refresh themselves. A huge signboard above the doorway represented an Englishman and a Russian shaking hands, but we were perhaps more interested in a number of guinea-fowl

which were feeding like hens about the place. Nothing more of the country was to be seen except dim glimpses through the dust of Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Parnes, and right glad we were to feel ourselves entering Athens, by the rattling of the wheels over the paved stones. We passed a curious little Byzantine church in the middle of Hermes Street, not unlike outwardly to the pictures of St. Mark's at Venice, and at length arrived in a gale of wind and dust (*devils* Andrew says they are called in the East) at the "Hôtel d'Angleterre."

We were given a sumptuous suite of apartments on the first floor, and were disposed to congratulate ourselves on finding such comfortable quarters; but a later experience proved the rooms only to be good, for the food was uneatable. The Athenian cook had, like John Gilpin, a frugal mind, and used to serve us up all sorts of strange fragments that puzzled us considerably as to what part of the goat or ox they might come from. The secretary of the hotel assured us that everything was so dear in the town that he could not afford to give us better food; but as we were each of us paying him sixteen francs a day, to say nothing of "extras," we could not agree on this point. The hotel was typical of the city—very grand to look at, and built entirely "for show," as every modern thing in Athens seems designed. All the fine houses down Hermes and Eolus streets, though handsome to look on, are mere shells, and the shops are unworthy of the smallest provincial town in England. A new quarter has sprung up in the neighbourhood of the palace, with large detached houses built in what we call the "Grecian style"—square houses,

cold and severe-looking, with porticoes supported on Doric capitals unmellowed by age. This imitation of the antique is glaring and painful, and struck us as the height of bad taste. With such glorious realities as the Parthenon and the Theseum, surely the Athenian shopkeeper does not think it necessary that *he* should propagate the Doric style in case future generations may forget it? I used to study in amused astonishment these pretentious imitations, and then gaze beyond at that rock about which poets, orators, architects, and historians have sung and written the ages through without exhausting its glories; that rock which is "ever new and ever old, ever fresh in its decay, ever perfect in its ruins, ever living in its death"—the Acropolis of Athens.

New boulevards, in imitation of Paris, with glaring white houses and large piazzas, are marked out, and trees have been planted along the streets, but without taste, and apparently without any settled plan; poplars, planes, firs, sycamores, and cypresses being placed side by side, without regard either to their individual suitableness or the general effect. What can be more incongruous in a town than a stiff fir-tree or shadeless poplar? coated, moreover, with the frightful dust which gives them all one uniform gray look, little relieved by the cheerless emptiness of the thoroughfares. All this new quarter is modern Athens; but *living* Athens is to be found in the hovels and ruined houses encumbering the labyrinth of crooked, irregular lanes which lie behind. Here one can still meet with solitary specimens of the native Greek, dressed in the forty yards of white cotton which is called a *fustanella*,



or kilt; or an Albanian in long-tasselled crimson fez, with shaggy woollen capite thrown over one arm; or even a fisherman from the Isles in his peaked Phrygian cap. But most of the Athenians have lost all picturesqueness with what they call increased civilization, and look more like the Maltese than any other nation, going about in the same bootless, coatless fashion, ever ready for a bargain, in which they invariably get the better of you, and scarce less ready with a knife. The *kerios*, or gentleman, dresses in black clothes, like a German waiter, which does not tend to improve his appearance. Shiny black cloth is with them the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, and it would be thought a very common thing indeed to be seen in a tweed suit, like an Englishman.

Athens is too small to be imposing, and too new to impress, while its air of artificial coldness fills one with an inexpressible sense of dreariness. The climate is execrable; during our nine days' stay the wind never lulled, except at night. From 9 a.m. till sunset continual eddies and whirlwinds of dust swept through the streets, irritating our nerves and our skin, making our food gritty and our clothes uncomfortable, and even penetrating to our beds, though we kept our windows carefully closed. In the evening, as we dressed for dinner, we invariably found everything covered with fine sand, which no amount of care could keep either out of our boxes or our lungs.

At the top of Hermes Street stands the principal square where, on three sides, large substantial houses and hotels surround a garden filled with orange-trees and shrubs, which



the dust has transformed into melancholy-looking gray heaps. The fourth side is taken up by the huge unornamental palace where King George, Queen Olga, and the five little princes and princesses live. They drive about the town daily, without any sign of state beyond a servant in Albanian costume sitting beside the coachman.

The interior of the palace is hardly in keeping with a royal edifice. Entering through a bare and empty hall, you are conducted to what is proudly called the "war-room," the four corners of which are filled with trophies captured by the Greeks in their various wars, but so covered with dust as to be hardly distinguishable one from another. The marble floor was the only object to admire in the room, which opens into a reception-chamber, where a Christmas-tree is placed every year for the amusement of the royal children. All the rooms are poorly furnished, the hangings and chair-covers being frayed almost into rags; but the ball-room, with its eight marble columns, is really a fine apartment. The queen is very fond of private theatricals, and the palace boasts quite a large theatre, close to which is a tiny little alcove, fitted up as a Greek chapel for her Majesty, while on the lower storey is a German-Lutheran church, with a recess at one end for the king.

On leaving the palace we stepped out into a beautiful garden, the only spot in Athens where you are a little protected from the glare and wind. I know of no public garden more lovely; it is kept in a half-wild, half-cultivated state, which forms a delightful contrast to the sterile country

round the town. All sorts of sweet-smelling, old-fashioned flowers border the walks—wall-flowers, mignonette, sweet peas, cabbage roses, verbenas. The turf is allowed to grow naturally, being only kept well watered; ivy, honeysuckle, and *such* roses grow up to the topmost branches of the trees, swaying to the breeze, and filling the air with their sweetness. In shady nooks are ponds, covered with cup-like lilies, and bordered with periwinkle and moss. Nightingales sing every evening from the thickets, but their song, it must be confessed, gives place later on to a less melodious chorus of owls. The royal garden was the only thing modern we admired in Athens.

Andrew was anxious to see the Greek troops, but there did not appear to be any. He made inquiries in every direction, but could hear of no occupied barracks or of a parade ground, and the only mounted men we saw were the police. One day, however, we met part of a regiment under sad circumstances. The colonel had died very suddenly, and we saw the funeral procession on its way to the cemetery beyond the Ilissus. The dead body was carried in an open coffin on the shoulders of four hired mourners. It was dressed in evening clothes, against which the face appeared marble white; the wind waved the locks of gray hair about the pale forehead, and was rapidly filling the coffin with fine sand. The lid was carried by two other men, followed by a gun-carriage covered with part of his uniform, and a few troops. A quarter of an hour later three volleys announced that all was over, and the dead man laid

in his grave. The soldiers do not fire, as in England, *over* the grave, but remain outside the cemetery, and at a given signal discharge their guns. They returned at quick march, slinging their arms, and in irregular order. They seemed slovenly and badly dressed, and there was too much talking and looking about to make Andrew think much of their discipline. He thought the men in physique and appearance not unlike those of some of the French line regiments.

Funerals, indeed, seem to be of perpetual occurrence. One day a young girl was carried past our windows in a white coffin slung in bands of the same colour. The fair young creature, whose face was distinctly visible, was dressed in white, and crowned with white flowers, while buds of the same colour were scattered over her body. It was a touching scene, and the distress of the relations who followed was very real. Every one took off their hats as the procession passed, and muttered a prayer

“ . . . for her the doubly dead, in that she died so young !  
For her, the fair and *débonnaire*, that now so lowly lies ;  
The life upon her dark-brown hair, but not within her eyes ;  
The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.”

On another day we walked to the level ground on which stands all that remains of the colossal temple of Olympian Zeus. These fifteen stately pillars, bridged with their huge architraves, and still more the mighty fragments which lie around, help one to form no inadequate conception of the glorious proportions of the original building ; that “great struggle against time,” as the old Greek finely calls

it, waged through seven long centuries, and won at last by a Roman!

Not even the restaurant, filled with a noisy, vulgar crowd, which is kept at the base of the colossus, can wholly destroy the grandeur of the present ruin. Near these the way lies to the burial-ground. We crossed the bridge over the famous Ilissus, and wound up the white avenue between a double line of close-planted cypresses, till we found ourselves in a labyrinth of tombs, some of them finely sculptured, but lacking the noble simplicity and pathos of the tombs of the ancient Greeks in the excavated Kerameicus. Nearly every grave was strewn with broken pottery, or had pierced jars placed at the foot. It was strange to see such a remnant of superstition amongst the rich and educated; but all were alike in this respect, from the marble monument wept over by snowy angels, to the lowly little mound of earth scarce raised above the level of the soil.

It was natural we should turn from the modern cemetery to that of the ancients, the Street of Tombs, as it is called, or the *Via Sacra*, for it led to Eleusis, but better known now as the Kerameicus. It is close to the railway station, hardly a fit neighbour, with its smoke and dirt and discordant sounds, for the tombs of the great Athenian dead. The site is surrounded by a rough wooden paling, and as the tombs are far below the present level of the ground, and have to be exhumed by careful digging, it is covered with mounds and heaps of rubbish, which gives it a sadly uncared-for appearance, while the hideous wooden sheds

erected over some of the monuments for a protection from the weather tend still further to destroy the illusion of the scene.

The sepulchral monuments consist of three classes, stelæ, vases, and sculptured slabs. The first consists of a narrow flat piece of marble, generally broader at the base than the top, which terminates in a curled ornament. The name of the dead person is inscribed on a square, which is slightly sunk in the slab. The vases were in marble, and deposited in and about the tomb, and had sometimes a group of figures sculptured on them in very low relief. The third class, and the most interesting, consists of large slabs, on which is generally represented the leave-taking of the dead with their friends, and the grief of the survivors. Most of these pieces of sculpture are so well known that I will not venture to describe them. Many have been taken from the Kerameicus and placed in the museum of the Theseum, and in the National Museum in the new Patissia Road. The well-known one of the dying mother with her new-born babe is inexpressibly touching, and is now in the Theseum. There was one other that laid particular hold of our imagination as a true picture of real sorrow—the young boy saying farewell to father, mother, and sister, whilst one little loving friend, a small rough-haired dog, shows, by fondly rubbing its head against its dying master's knee, its dumb sympathy with the sad scene which it sees but cannot understand. These tombs had a peculiar interest for us, and called forth our deepest sympathy, because of the scenes they represent and the



sorrow which they so tenderly commemorate. It was the final parting, when all the good and happy things are remembered. We see the genuine expression of the feelings of the individual in the commonest epitaph, "Farewell!" a word so full and deep in its meaning to those who love.

We finished our day by a drive to the "groves of Academe," the favourite haunt of Plato, in the plain of the Kephissus; a narrow strip of land reaching nearly from the Piræus to Mount Pentelicus, the only piece of verdure in the Attic plain. The drive goes past mud walls inclosing gardens of fruit-trees irrigated by the Kephissus, now only a poor and feeble stream. The famous olive woods, descendants of those celebrated by Sophocles, were cool and shady, and a pleasant contrast to the hot glare and dust of the town. There are some fine vistas of the temple-crowned Acropolis, showing them to the fairest advantage in the soft evening light.

I have already mentioned the Ilissus, glorified for ever by the language of Plato. It runs by the south-east of the city, below the plateau of Jupiter's temple, and opposite to the Stadium. This and the Kephissus are the rivers of Athens. The Ilissus, like the latter, is now a poor and meagre stream, creeping over a stony bed, without a tree or flower upon its banks, though fed by the fountain of Callirhoe, which flows prettily over a ledge of rock above the new bridge. Coffee-houses are built above the banks; Athenian maidens still wash their clothes in the pool below, tramping and bleaching the linen in the fresh spring after a fashion unchanged since

the time of Nausicaa. All this classic ground is full now of bustle, and a clatter of shrill tongues rising above the babble of the stream.

The Stadium also has its modern uses ; the spacious semicircle has become a lawn-tennis ground, the marble seats, though few in number, serving to rest the dames of Athens who come to watch the prowess of their sons and daughters. But when we went over it, it was quite deserted, and there was something touching in the utter loneliness and silence of the grass-grown hollow.

We devoted two whole days to the Acropolis. All travellers feel bound to express enthusiasm over these ruins, but I doubt if all understand their particular charm. There are others far larger, such as Karnak ; others more perfectly preserved, such as the temples of India ; in sheer picturesqueness they cannot vie with the abbeys and mediæval castles of England. But there is no ruin in all the world which contains so pure, so distinct a type, so vast a series of immortal remains, and so great a history, as this precipitous, weather-stained rock.

We drove by the temple of Jupiter and Hadrian's Gate to the earliest Corinthian monument known, the small and graceful one of Lysicrates. Then to the famous theatre of Dionysus, beyond which are the remains of the picturesque Odeum of Herodes, with its arches of brick and ruddy stone and graceful curving seats, and on by a winding road through fields of blue aloes till we were stopped by the huge walls of the citadel. Leaving the carriage, we passed by the sellers of

marble paper-weights and pyramids, little lamps and vases from the tombs, and black and red bombulias, and at last stood within the Acropolis.

We crossed a court filled with broken sculpture, and entering under a doorway, stood on a sloping pavement of the purest white marble, in presence of the noblest ruins we had ever looked upon. The giant portal of the Propylea stood before us, built three hundred years before our Saviour's birth, and still erect in proud and stern majesty, the grandest gateway ever built by the hands of man. The wheel-marks of the chariots of the Panathenaic procession may still be traced along the marble way, and the grooves made by the heavy bronze doors are plainer yet. Above our heads were the enormous blocks of white marble which spanned the gateway from pillar to pillar, and on the walls and mouldings linger yet some traces of the bright colouring which, strange, barbaric even as the contrast may seem to our modern experience, served in that pale pure air to make the mellow lustre of the marble more brilliant still. To the right rises the small but lovely temple of the wingless Victory, expressive of the Athenians' proud determination that victory should never be absent from their arms. On the left is the Pinacotheca, or painted chamber, once adorned with the frescoes of Polygnotus, but now a storehouse only for urns, vases, friezes, and other relics of the golden age of Grecian art.

Passing through the central portal, we came into the presence of the most perfect building in the world, the Parthenon of Phidias and Pericles. There it stands still, the

admiration and despair of the world. "For intellectual beauty, for perfection of proportion, for beauty of detail, and for the exquisite perception of the highest principle of art ever applied to architecture, it stands utterly and entirely alone, and unrivalled, the glory of Greece, and a reproach to the rest of the world."\*

Ignorant guides inform travellers that, as usual, the destruction of the Parthenon was the act of the "unspeakable" Turk. But as a matter of fact it stood unharmed and perfect till 1687, when, in the bombardment of Athens by the Venetians, under Morosini, a shell dropped into some powder stored there by the Turks, and blew out the whole centre of the building. The Greeks too contributed their own share to the work of demolition during the war of liberation, excusing themselves now by pleading the necessities of war. The Turks very rarely destroy old buildings, save to employ the materials on new ones.

Close to the Doric Parthenon stands the gem of Ionic art, the Erechtheum, that exquisite combination of temples, with its stately caryatids looking inwards towards the Parthenon. The building is small and essentially graceful, built in the Ionic style with rich ornamentation, but pure in design, chaste in detail, and perfect in position, outline, and colouring.

The Doric proportions of the Parthenon are too grand, severe, and cold, perhaps, to awake the sympathies of most people; but no one, I suppose, can look at the Erechtheum without a sense of beauty. These two buildings are said to be the most perfect specimens extant of their respective styles, the

\* Ferguson's "History of Architecture," vol. i.

one the embodiment of majesty, the other of grace. The Ionic might be compared to a lovely woman draped in light and flowing robes ; the other to the muscular nakedness of a Doric athlete.

Evening was closing in as we hurried up the rough steps inside the Propylea, and were rewarded by the finest view we had yet seen of the Attic plain. The city lay at our feet, and in the light of the setting sun the groves of Academe took a deep myrtle green. Beyond them to the west rose the mountain-chain of Parnes, and to the north Pentelicus, whence was quarried the splendid marble beautifying the rock on which we stood. Beside it rises "wine-empurpled" Lycabettus and eastward still Hymettus, with its violet hues. Southward the sea lay like a mirror, with *Ægeria* and *Salamis* floating on its bosom. The mountains of the Peloponnesus stand up behind the distant shore, while the curving bay of Phalerum and the white line of the *Piræus* are shaded by the lustrous purple of the enshrouding hills. Look round and mark the flood of fire which turns to crimson the lofty columns of the Parthenon, steeping in a rosy blush the faces of the youthful caryatids as they gaze reverently towards the exalted majesty of the mighty temple.

"Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquered *Salamis* !  
Their azure arches through the long expanse  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance ;  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;  
Till deeply shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."



At the foot of the Acropolis, on a slight rise, stands the temple of Theseus, the most complete architectural relic of antiquity. Though low and small it is beautifully proportioned and finished, and ranks next to the Parthenon as an example of pure Doric art. The interior is now turned into a museum containing some noble works of art, notably a bas-relief not unlike the figure on an Assyrian frieze, representing the warrior Aristion, who is said to have brought the news to Athens of the battle of Marathon. Outside are the stone seats brought down from the Areopagus, whereon once sat the judges who held solemn council on the hill of Mars.

Ten minutes' walk brought us from the Theseum to the Areopagus, a rocky height separated from the Acropolis by a narrow hollow. On the summit of this rock sat the great council of the Areopagus, holding their court ever by night, that no face of witness or criminal might influence the decisions of justice. The judges sat in the open air, on a platform reached by a flight of stone steps from the Agora below. On this famous spot an awful series of criminal and religious causes have been determined, beginning with the legendary trial of Mars for the murder of Halirrhothius, which gave its name to the hill; and here, with the Parthenon above, the temple of Mars near, and that of the Eumenides below him, Paul spoke of the "new thing" which Dionysius, an elder of the Senate, heard and believed. In the immediate neighbourhood a dark and horrid fissure in the rocks, rendered more forbidding still by a spring of black water, marks the once-dreaded sanctuary of the Eumenides, or Furies; but

their temple, which used to stand at the entrance of the chasm, has wholly disappeared. All that now remains of the sacred Areopagus are the steps leading up from the valley below, the stones on which the accuser and defendant stood, and a rude bench cut in the living rock.

Another spot no less terrible to the old Athenian is the notorious gorge of Barathrum, the place of execution. Here the bodies of criminals were flung, and here the public executioner lived, a slave probably, with his instruments of death, out of view of the Temple and the hallowed sites of the city. This cleft was looked on with dread and horror, though Plato speaks of young men turning aside as they came from the Piræus to see the dead lying amongst the carnage in the pit. In later days the Turks are said to have used it for a similar purpose, but now all traces of death have passed away ; an observatory crowns the hill above the cleft, and corn and barley grow on the level land below ; but the place has still a sombre and deserted look, and the peasant-folk still quicken their steps as they pass it by. No one should leave Athens without visiting Doctor Schlieman's Museum, in a large two-storied building called the Polytechnikon, where classes are held for advanced students in drawing and sculpture. The collection, which occupies the upper floor, consists principally of antiquities excavated from the tombs round Mycenæ. There are gold ornaments, metal spears inlaid with gold, cups, vases, and masks of gold (amongst the latter one that was found in the supposed tomb of Agamemnon), and many other objects in the same

metal. We were struck with the immense number of small earthenware discs called *whorls* that were found amongst the pottery in the tombs. The vases have been most carefully repaired, and the missing parts filled in with plaster of Paris. In the centre of the room is a large glass-covered case, containing a facsimile of a tomb just opened, showing the skeleton in the centre, and ornaments and vases ranged around it. In the next room is a very good little collection of Egyptian antiquities, but unfortunately both this one and Doctor Schlieman's are still uncatalogued. The third and largest room is filled with a wretched collection of pictures, the nucleus of a national gallery, I suppose, some of which are really fit only for sign-boards. It is surely a pity to suffer such an exhibition side by side with really valuable works of art. A party of Americans were there at the same time as ourselves, and their remarks, the justice of which it was difficult to question, were certainly far from complimentary to the Greek nation.

On the whole our visit to Athens was disappointing. In the first place the climate is against favourable impressions, and secondly the modern Greeks are so unlike the heroes one reads of, that one departs with a vague feeling of disappointment and irritation. There are still a few idealists living at home who confuse the present population of Greece with their forefathers, men who were conspicuous in eloquence, poetry, and valour. But to compare those men with these were as idle as a comparison between the works of Praxiteles and those of the masons who disfigure the public cemetery.

The pursuits of the modern Greeks are chiefly commercial ; they are intensely sharp, shrewd, and calculating, besides being economical to stinginess. There is a well-known saying that "one Armenian can outwit two Jews, and one Greek two Armenians." The young men soon learn how to make money, and are stimulated in most of their acts chiefly by the love of gain. I fear the two great blots on the national character are untruthfulness and love of intrigue ; but what can one expect when most of their parents can neither read nor write, and are, indeed, little more than ignorant peasants, in Cyprus at any rate ? Their love of intrigue has often been written about, and most writers agree in thinking this defect one of the principal drawbacks to the national capacity for ruling a large kingdom. These habits of intrigue would create divisions, which would soon break it up into small and independent states. The excess of individuality in their character was well understood by their former conquerors, who knew that if each town was left to govern itself there would be less chance of united action from the whole body. Even in my small experience I have noticed how they never pull together for any length of time, each man ending in asserting his own individual rights and claims against those of the community or the public. The modern Greek is fond of airing his eloquence on "Hellenic unity," but almost always in the long run allows personal interests to outweigh the public ones.

Every Greek aims at being a politician or a journalist ; the consequence is, that whenever there is an Hellenic community

in the East, it is flooded by aspiring young men, each of whom thinks he is to restore the Byzantine Empire. Hence there are as many political parties as there are agitators, by one or other of which the Government is hampered in all its efforts at improvement. I know nothing more contemptible than the petty follies and jealousies to which the name of "Hellenism" is given. If they would only abandon the perpetual fever of intrigue and agitation, and think of loyally supporting the governments they serve under, their progress and the measure of respect meted to them in Europe would be very different. How can king or governor attend to their civilization and advancement when his cabinet or council are always contending for bare existence against quarrels and petty jealousies?

While on this subject I feel bound to say a few words on the terrible abuse the Greeks have made of the liberty of the press. I will not speak here of those papers that are published in Greece, but of those only that have come under my personal observation and knowledge. The mischief that was done in Corfu is still remembered, and still bears fruit. The injudicious liberty given by Lord Seaton, the then Lord High Commissioner, did the greatest harm. It is too well known to be denied that the relations between the English and the Corfiots, which formerly had been smooth and cordial, became much strained in consequence of the violent language in the Greek papers. The same thing happened in Cyprus, and in the 'Blue Book' of 1881 there are several severe comments on the fabricated statements contained in the local



press.\* It is very painful to think that this liberty has been so terribly abused, and that amongst all the Greeks in this island there has been no one able or willing to show the harm these ignorant and misguided men have done. The liberty of the press is such a glorious thing, without it all right would be suspended and all improvements languish. On this account it is a privilege that ought never to be injudiciously granted. I am glad though that lately there are symptoms of an improvement in the tone of some of the papers, and I truly hope that a day may come when the Greek press will prove itself as patriotic and honourable as most of its contemporaries in England.

I know there are many thoughtful and high-minded Hellenic gentlemen who most truly regret all the childish conceit and violent language of the "*Jeunesse Dorée*," and

\* The following is an extract from 'L'Impartial,' a well-known journal published in Smyrna, which endorses the opinions expressed in the 'Blue Book':—

"24 *Mai*, 1882.

"Le Chypre aujourd'hui possède plusieurs journaux, mais il faut confesser que la plupart de ces feuilles laissent beaucoup à désirer sous le rapport de la bonne foi et de la dignité professionnelle; un langage vulgaire et grossier stigmatise le caractère de la presse Grecque. Les représentants à qui le nouveau gouvernement a si largement accordé l'immense privilège de la liberté de la parole, abusent de cet avantage sans aucun profit pour le pays. Les colonnes de ces journaux sont remplies d'attaques personnelles contre les uns et les autres, et lorsqu'un fonctionnaire est sur la sellette, c'est sa vie privée qu'on discute et non pas comme cela devrait être ces actes officiels. Les observations qui précèdent s'appliquent surtout aux journaux Grecs qui, au lieu de se faire les interprètes du véritables besoins de la population, ne reflètent que les opinions d'une certaine classe d'habitants comme sous le nom de 'Jeunesse Dorée de Chypre'!"

who I trust will meet with support in their endeavours to root out this evil of agitation and intrigue. At present the poor simple villager has all our sympathy and affection. When left to himself, and free from the weekly visits of the "paid agitator," the peasant is more than ready to meet us half way ; he is cheerful, docile, and courteous ; indeed the marked gracefulness and courtesy of the Greek peasant's manner is often in strong contrast to the insolent bearing of his "educated" compatriot.

I hope these remarks of mine will be taken in good part should they meet the eye of any "true Hellene," and that they will appreciate the line I have endeavoured to draw between the really cultivated gentleman and the simple peasant on the one hand, with the vaporous, semi-educated type of men on the other, who by their selfishness have done their best not only to alienate us from their fellow-countrymen, but to destroy the true interests of the "Hellenic kingdom."

## CHAPTER V.

### ATHENS TO CORFU.

Leave Athens in a dust storm—Embark at the Piræus—Arab and Greek love of gossiping—Nature of the conversation on board—Levantine music—Nations of the East all unmusical—Kalamaki—Crossing the Isthmus of Corinth—The scenery—Lutraki—Acro-Corinth—Corinth and the Corinthians—The Gulf of Corinth—The scenery from Ægium to Naupactus—Lepanto—The castles of Morea and Roumelia—The approach to Patras—Mount Voidhia—Patras—The town and its neighbourhood—A distant view of Missolonghi—A Greek military guard-room—Number of Greek feast-days—Zante—Cephalonia—Santa Maura—The scene of Sapho's leap—Actium—Paxos and its legend—Nearing Corfu—Preparation for landing—Resisting extortions—The wreck of the yacht 'Griffin'—Cape Bianco—The Acroceraunian mountains—In the harbour of Corfu.

WE left for Corfu on the 25th of April. The steamer for Kalamaki, the Ægian port of the isthmus, leaves the Piræus three times a week about 9 p.m., an inconvenient hour for starting, as you have to hurry your dinner to get over the drive down to the harbour, besides having to embark in darkness.

Our departure from Athens is anything but a pleasant memory. We left the town in a dust-storm so severe that more than once the horses stopped, unable to face it. Then

on reaching the port we found that the steamer had not yet arrived, though of course expected every minute. From 8.30 till midnight we sat on our luggage and waited ; there was no moon, and only a couple of oil lamps to light the whole quay ; the wind blew a hurricane, and the dust was as bad as ever. We all got so drowsy at last that we could hardly keep our eyes open, and very funny we looked sitting huddled up on our portmanteaux and bags, with our heads hid like ostriches, to escape from our enemy. The gentlemen had some consolation in smoking, but it was the dreariest three hours I ever spent ; and to make matters worse, as we dozed, adroit native hands slipped away two of our warmest plaids, which had not been closely enough “ happed ” around us, and we never saw them again.

The other passengers were as badly off as we, except the natives, who were accustomed to the climate, and sat in circles talking incessantly. It is extraordinary the love of talking and gossiping there is amongst the Arabs and Greeks ; if a few get together their tongues never cease—like the niggers on the Gold Coast, Andrew says, where he was kept awake night after night by the chatter of his Fantee bearers. I know nothing more irritating when you want to sleep than to hear an unceasing stream of conversation carried on around you in grating voices, accompanied by peals of coarse laughter, as each man tries to make himself heard above the other. In the Levant people sleep at all kinds of irregular hours, and naturally care less about a night's rest than we do ; besides that, the presence of a possible audience is an

irresistible temptation to them. It was amusing enough for a time to listen to their talk, and mark the innate belief of every speaker in the infallibility of his own opinions. The language of course was Greek, but the *jeunesse Dorée* often broke into French. The conversation was made up of their own *affaires*, which they discussed as though they had been bearded merchants of wealth and standing, calculating the *paras* as we would the pounds, and the inevitable politics. Their self-assurance and conceit sounded extraordinary to a stranger. Young counter-jumpers, redolent with musk, and gorgeous in false studs and sham cuffs and collars, would speak familiarly of all the statesmen of Europe by name, without any prefix, and "Bismarck," "Gambetta," and "Dilke" would be discussed, condemned, and dictated to as though they were so many Yorghis, Dimitris, and Yannis, and the speaker himself alone worthy of a voice in European affairs. I soon learned that the best way to get rid of them when one had had enough was to pretend not to be listening, for without an appreciative audience they gradually tired of the discussion, the *mon chers* began to sound less energetic, and the interval in the conversation to grow longer, till at last it became possible to snatch a few minutes' repose. But, alas! a few only, for a new entertainment soon commenced in the shape of a hideous droning, nasal sing-song, which used to drive Andrew nearly frantic. This sort of droning singing is common to Arabs, Greeks, Syrians, and Maltese, and if any of my readers have lived in the Mediterranean they cannot fail to remember the



exasperating sound I allude to. All the nations in the East appear unmusical; during the three years I have lived here I have never heard man, woman, or child attempt to sing any air, national or otherwise, except by making the unharmonious noises which I can only describe as coming through their noses instead of their lips.

We found the little steamer very small and crowded, but the passage was only four and a half hours, so it did not much matter. By taking tickets, moreover, at the "Compagnie Hellenica," in the square at Athens, the passenger is put, baggage and all, comfortably on board the steamer waiting for him on the other side of the gulf, with no further trouble than that of paying for any food he may have consumed by the way, refreshment not being included in the fare.

We arrived at Kalamaki at 4.30 a.m., just as the sun began to rise and the blackness of night turn into the gray of dawn. The harbour is small, but secure, and there are always plenty of boats ready to land you at the little pier. The town is a mere cluster of coffee-shops and the Company's offices—evidently a place only for birds of passage like ourselves. Carriages and omnibuses were in plenty, and one of the latter was given up to our party. We put the luggage with the servants inside, and took the outside seats for ourselves to enjoy the view. The scenery is very pretty, not unlike parts of Scotland, the surrounding hills being covered with fir-trees. The air felt crisp and invigorating after the disagreeable stuffiness of the steamer, and though we had passed a

sleepless night, none of us, not even baby, seemed to suffer from it. The isthmus is about ten miles in breadth, and the road very good and level all the way.

A new company has, I believe, undertaken to cut a canal across it; and certainly it seems strange so obvious a work should have been delayed so long, especially when once begun, as it was so far back as the reign of Nero. At that time, and till the days of wheeled transit, there ran from sea to sea a level road called the "Diolkos," upon which small vessels were drawn by moving rollers. Traces of it, as well as of Nero's canal, can still be seen near Kalamaki, but we had no time to turn aside for sight-seeing.

The combination of sea and mountain on every side is beautiful, and the verdure most refreshing to our eyes after Athens. Olive and caroub trees, with shrubs of chiniah and broom, filled every dell and covered every ridge, and the ground where uncultivated was covered with asphodel and anemones. Wild-looking shepherds, wrapped in great hairy sheepskins and armed with guns, peered at us from their cave dwellings as we passed, and we noticed that nearly all the wayfarers wore the fustanella. This was really Greece, but, alas! with the rising sun appeared our old enemy the dust, and we were so blinded that we could hardly distinguish the great rock of Acro-Corinth till almost below it. The steamer's hours of departure are so badly managed that no time is allowed for visiting Corinth and its acropolis, and we had to hurry through the village of Lutraki to the Custom-House, where boats wait to take you to the small steamer

lying out in the centre of the lagoon. Lutraki seemed a large clean village, with wide streets, museums, coffee-shops, and some solid-looking houses.

But after all we need not have been in such a hurry, for we lay rocking in the little gulf for nearly two hours while the cargo was being stowed away. We had a fine view of Acro-Corinth, which is one of the most striking-looking objects I have ever seen. At a distance it looks not unlike a small Gibraltar, as it towers above the plain in majestic isolation, a colossal mass of rugged rock, with the lower part covered with green sward and scattered shrubs, and the summit crowned by an embattled wall enclosing the ruins of its once-famous fortress. A winding pathway leads up to the drawbridge, which is now disused, and the view from the summit is said to be next to that from the height of Parnassus, the finest and most historical view in Greece.

Old Corinth lies directly below the rock, and formerly held the keys of the whole Peloponnesus. The Corinthians never appear to have been famous for their valour or warlike qualities; they have been called the shopkeepers of Greece, and none of their countrymen, as we may learn from the Epistles of St. Paul, could vie with them in wealth and luxury. We tried to distinguish the seven Doric columns noticed by travellers of all ages, but could make out nothing beyond a few of the houses of modern Corinth, which is built on the site of the ancient city. The source of the famous fountain of Pirene rises here, and is still, as ever, known for

the purity of its water ; but the surrounding plain is unhealthy, and fevers and ague abound.

At 9 a.m. we left Lutraki, and were sailing down the narrow and beautiful gulf of Corinth. We had glimpses of snow-covered mountains on either side, but clouds began soon to gather round their summits, and gradually descended till all the landscape was blotted from our sight. After midday, however, the sun struggled through the fog, and the mist-wreaths were floated away beyond the hills. Fitful showers threw a thousand colours and changing lights on the scene. On either side rose snow-capped mountains, their bases fringed with vineyards, which, descending to a belt of rich alluvial soil, gave the Byzantine name of Voslitza (a garden) to the town of Ægium which lay stretched in front of us. Earth-quakes both here and at Patras have rent and convulsed the ground near the shore into strange fantastic forms. The town stands on a low cliff fifty feet above the sea, but the suburbs straggle down over the sloping rock as far as the beach. The people are rich and thriving, and cultivate their currant vineyards with much profit. A fine view may be got here of the northern side of the gulf, a stretch of mountain range from beyond Naupactus to Corinth, topped by immortal Parnassus,

“Soaring snow-clad through its native sky,  
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.”

The scenery from Ægium to Naupactus is extremely wild and beautiful ; the mountains sometimes seem to overhang the very sea, their faces indented with gloomy ravines or rich

red layers of rock, the heights covered with dark-blue pitch-pines, while firs and larches grow down to the water's edge. Avalanches of stone fill the dry beds of the rivers, torrents fall in cascades over tree-bordered precipices, narrow strips of soil along the shore are richly covered with arbutus and myrtle, and the whole combination of wild mountain scenery with rich and delicate colouring possesses ineffable charm. It was a relief to look at scenery left as Nature made it, and before tillage had cut it up into the patches and plots which so disturb the wildness of the landscape.

The channel narrowed much as we approached Naupactus, a picturesque town built upon a wooded slope. The village of Lepanto rests upon the shore, the mediæval fortification forming a triangle above it with a citadel at the apex; and tier upon tier the hills rise above in infinite variety, till their summits are lost in wreaths of cloud. On either side of the strait, which here seems little more than a mile across, a wooded headland stretches out into the sea, forming the promontory of Rhium on the Peloponnesian side, and Antirhium on the mainland. On each stands a ruined fortress, called respectively the castle of the Morea, and the castle of Roumelia, and beyond the latter rise the hills of Calydon.

The gulf from here resembles an inland lake surrounded by mountains, which close in towards the west and shut out the view of the open sea. No scenery can be more beautiful; a mixture of bold promontory, gentle slope, and cultivated level, while the heights above are crowned by mountains of



the grandest forms. The northern shore is abrupt and rugged, while the southern is more wooded, the lofty highlands being watered by innumerable streams which fertilize the pasture and forest ground.

The approach to Patras was recognized by the thickly-cultivated dwarf-vines which have made the town quite rich and prosperous. Almost all the land is given up to the production of currants—the grapes of Corinth; and conspicuous amongst the vineyards are the broad flat terraces like threshing-floors, the drying-grounds of the grapes—*corinto*, as the natives call them. Mount Voidhia rises beyond the town, one of the loftiest peaks in Greece, and crowned when we saw it with a “diadem of snow.”

Our steamer dropped anchor opposite the town, and we all landed in a small boat, to see as much as possible during the two hours of waiting. My mother stayed in the lower part of the town with my cousin Esmé, to look for specimens of modern Greek pottery, while Andrew and I, with a party of friends, set off to explore the old castle. The town is built on the face of a hill, so that the streets are steep; the lower ones wide and tolerably clean, with arcades along each side, beneath which are the shops. There is a handsome square, with a wide stone flight of steps, leading to the upper and poorer part of the town, where the houses are built only of mud and plaster, and surrounded by little bits of garden. After a tolerable climb we arrived at the castle wall, but had to walk round the entire west side to find an entrance. There are some curious pieces of old masonry and sculpture let

into the stones ; in one place the head and bust of a man is left projecting from the surface, and a little beyond this a lion. Presently we came to a large and apparently deserted archway, through which we proceeded without opposition, till a sentry made his appearance from behind a mass of rubbish, where he had been indulging in a quiet nap, and barred the way. Andrew explained that we wanted to go *pano* (above), whereupon he nodded good-humouredly, and went back to continue his siesta. We found ourselves in the inner fosse or ditch of the citadel, but the stench was so frightful we could hardly summon courage to go on ; dead cats, peelings of fruit and vegetables, and every kind of refuse seemed to be thrown into it. Close by was a door barred with wood, through which we peeped. It opened into a court where about eighty men were smoking, eating, sleeping, or playing at cards. Most of them were hobbled by a chain fastening an arm and leg together ; a few were handcuffed. Evidently the prison ; and indeed there was no mistaking the jail-bird look of the men, who glared at us from behind their bars like beasts in a cage. I never saw more evil countenances, and certainly felt that if this was the material from which brigands were made, it was just as well that we had not met any at Ephesus ; there would have been no romance in being captured by such savages as those before us. It is strange how kindly the Greeks take to brigandage ; nearly all the robbers in Asia Minor and Western Turkey are Greeks, and I am sorry to say they are generally noted as being much more cruel and inhumane in their treatment of captives than the zeybeks.

A few sentries were squatted about the ruined ramparts above the enclosure, evidently trusting more to the strength of the door than to their own vigilance for the safety of the prisoners. One of them made no difficulty about leaving his post and showing us the highest part of the walls, whence we had a glorious view, the chief point of interest being, of course, Missolonghi. We could not distinguish the town, for it is built on a perfectly level flat, and though the sea washes the walls, shallow lagoons surround it for nearly five miles, and prevent any ship larger than a small fishing-boat from approaching it. Beyond the town rises the mountains of Acarania and Ætolia, but too distant for us to see more than their outlines against the reddening sky. The Greek guard took us out of the castle by a different route, passing through the guard-room, and Andrew stopped in amazement to examine it. The men slept on the floor on filthy mattresses; the dirt lay inches thick on the boards, while the walls were black with grease and filth up to a certain height, beyond which they were draped with cobwebs to the roof. No glass was in the windows, through which the cold wind from Mount Voidhia had free entrance; a few rusty muskets hung on the unplastered stones, and the soldiers themselves were as dirty and uncared-for as the place they lived in. They never stirred from their lounging attitudes as we passed, and seemed as unmannerly and coarse as the ruffians they guarded. Andrew said his drill-sergeant in Kyrenia would have fainted at the sight, for there the prison is as clean and neat as Windsor Castle, and the prisoners all learn to become so tidy

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and civil that they can hardly be recognized by their friends when they leave. It is only fair, however, to say that these Greek guards were very different from the soldiers we had seen in Athens; the latter, though not smart or well drilled, looked a much more respectable lot than their countrymen in Patras.

We had a pleasant scramble back, skirting the outside of the town, past mountain defiles shaded in deep and glowing colours, the purples and blacks contrasting with the vivid green of the young vines. My mother was waiting for us on the pier, with a grand collection of yellow and cream-coloured pottery, and highly delighted with the new shapes she had discovered. She was much interested with Andrew's graphic account of the Greek prison, having always taken a great interest in the Kyrenia prisoners, carrying presents of fruit and cakes and sweets for the outside gangs that we used to pass on our walks, for the Easterns are just like children in their love of such things. Whenever she lingered behind Andrew would walk gravely on, trying to make her believe he was not aware of what she was doing, while the rest of us would all flutter about to try and distract his attention.

A number of extra passengers had come on board in our absence, and the little steamer was inconveniently crowded. We had been much struck at Patras, as well as in every town where there is a Greek community, by the quantity of idle people we seemed to meet, a fact to be accounted for by the number of holidays their Church enjoins. The Greeks are too shrewd to be really idle, but no people in the world work less

during the year. The following list of feast-days was made out for me by the Greek priest here (in Cyprus), to which several lay holidays must also be added. In January ten days, February three days, March six days, April two days, May three days, June four days, July two days, August four days, September five days, October two days, November six days, December six days. This, together with the orthodox number of Sundays, makes a total of a hundred and fifteen feast-days in the year, besides, as I said before, their lay holidays, and various other festal occasions—marriages, births, anniversaries, and so forth. When people say, therefore, that the Greeks only work during half the year, they are not so far wrong; and on this account many people in Cyprus send over to Anatolia for Turkish workmen. It was by these holiday-makers that the peace and comfort of the little steamer was destroyed, and the night rendered hideous with their songs and other festivities.

We were now rapidly leaving the shores of Greece, and were leaving them with regret; for in truth Athens had been a terrible disappointment, and we were all angry that it should have been so. However, the beautiful scenery we had been sailing through all day had softened some of our most disagreeable memories, and in anticipations of the Ionian Sea the disenchanting realities of the last few days were for the time forgotten.

It was midnight when we arrived at Zante, so we saw nothing of the island, though next morning we could judge of its fertility by the graceful offerings of fruit and flowers



that strewed the cabin tables: dewy roses, heliotropes, freshly-cut myrtle, golden loquots or nespoli, and bottles of wine. Little, too, did we see of Cephalaria but a rugged range of hills; but numerous boats, carrying blazing cressets at their sterns, studded the sea; the fishermen with long spears in their hands standing upright at their work, which is usually carried on after night-fall.

It was barely daylight as we sighted Santa Maura, and saw "the morning star above Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe." I cannot say that we actually *saw* the rock whence, at the festival of Apollo, it was customary to hurl a criminal into the sea, birds of various kinds being attached to him to break his fall, while boats were waiting for him below should he reach the water unharmed; but we saw a ridge of hill disappearing on the famous promontory where love-lorn Sappho took the leap which Moore has so prettily sung in his 'Evenings in Greece.'

"The very spot where Sappho sung  
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung  
(Still holding in the fearful leap  
By her loved lyre) into the deep,  
And dying quenched the fatal fire  
At once of both her heart and lyre."

We were sailing in full view of the coast of Albania, so near that we could distinctly see the point of Actium, where Antony entertained thirteen kings at his *levée*, and near which he lost the world for a woman. It was still earliest morning as we came opposite the small gray rock of Paxos, softly shaded by the dense foliage of its olive-trees. I think

as long as I live I shall remember how beautiful it all was : the exceeding brightness of the air, the intense blue of the sea, which made the sky above quite pale, the soft gray island, and little sheltered creek where we anchored, with its miniature fort perched on a rocky islet. This was a truly Grecian picture. The rising sun had thrown its "bright investiture and sweet warmth" over our eyes, and the exquisite harmony of earth and sea and sky disposed us to a poetic appreciation of the legends told of every isle around us. So strange, indeed, and so curiously significant of the scene, is the legend which Paxos claims as its own, that I may be forgiven, I hope, for quoting at length from Spencer's 'Pastoral in May.' "Here about the time that our Lord suffered His most bitter passion, certain persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus at night heard a voice calling aloud, 'Thamus! Thamus!' who, giving ear to the cry, was bidden (for he was pilot of the ship) when he came near to Pelodes (the bay of Butrinto) to 'tell that the great god Pan was dead,' which he doubting to do, yet for that when he came to Pelodes there was such a calm of wind that the ship stood still in the sea unmoored, he was forced to cry aloud that Pan was dead, wherewithal there was such piteous outcries and dreadful shrieking as hath not been the like. By which Pan of some is understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered, and the gates of hell broken up; for at that time all oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits that were wont to delude the people henceforth held their peace."

The distance from Paxos to Corfu is only eight miles, so everybody was busy collecting their luggage and counting their packages. Andrew had gone to the cabin to get our bill from the steward, when back he came, begging us to come and judge for ourselves of the confusion below. The steward had no regular account-book, and had merely jotted down on backs of doors and odd pieces of paper all kinds of imaginary items and names. We, for instance, were charged for about forty cups of coffee, and I should be afraid to say how many *cognacs*; the latter item, indeed, was charged in the most reckless manner to every one on board; a bottle and a half was set down to two young English ladies guiltless even of its very sight, and two bottles to an English clergyman who indignantly protested that he had been a teetotaler for twelve years! The steward could only speak Greek, and Andrew and I were the only European passengers on board who could manage a word of the language, and even our supply was limited. The cabin was crowded with angry, excited people, English, French, Germans, Italians, all vehemently exclaiming against the imposition, and thrusting forth the sum sufficient to discharge all legitimate claims, which the steward no less vehemently refused to accept, while the natives stood crowded round the skylight above, encouraging the steward, and laughing at the angry passengers in the most irritating manner. How the fight ended I cannot say; Andrew paid what we fairly owed and no more, but I fear some of the other passengers were terribly cheated, at any rate they were all very angry. I should

recommend travellers on these steamers to pay after every meal, the only way to avoid such scenes at the end of their journey. I remember we were charged three piastres a piece for oranges which we had helped ourselves to at dessert as a matter of course.

We coasted the Albanian shore all the way in full view of its wooded heights, dotted with little white Turkish villages. Opposite to the southernmost point of Corfu, Cape Bianco, we saw the stern and masts of the yacht "Griffin" just rising above the water; it had struck on a sunken rock a few days before while rounding the cape, and though every effort was made to tow it off, it had to be abandoned, and Sir Charles Strickland, who was on board with his family, had to return to Corfu, from whence they had started but a few hours before. Cape Bianco is only five miles distant from the Albanian coast, and passing the point, one seems to enter on a large lake surrounded by the noblest hills crowned by fine fronts; "thunder cliffs of fear—the Acroceraumian mountains of old fame." They rise from the very brink of the sea in steep cliffs and deep defiles, terminating in snow-capped craggy peaks. As the clouds rolled away from their summits we saw the furthestmost crests of the Pindus range, our last view of Greece, I suppose, for many a year to come.

In front of us rose Corfu, "spread like a shield upon the dark blue sea," its surface covered with luxuriant woods, almost tropical in the richness of their vegetation.

As we neared a green islet which forms the breakwater of

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the harbour, we could see for the first time away on our left the moss-grown rock, with its summit split into two lofty peaks, on which stands the picturesque old citadel, its ramparts mantled by a curtain of ivy, and brilliant with flowers; in a few seconds more we had dropped anchor just within the harbour.



## CHAPTER VI.

### CORFU.

What strikes you most on landing is the greenness of Corfu—A ramble through the markets and among the shops—Considerable change in the aspect of the island since the British occupation—Curiosity hunting—Greek lace—Scene with an old Jew who has some to sell—The citadel—The great square—The palace of the British governors—Corfu the Paradise of flowers—"Mon Repos," the summer palace of the king—Its grounds and its interior—Lake Calichiopoulo—Ulyssus' island—Love of a town life a characteristic of the Corfiots—An excursion to Paleocastrigga—Beauty of the scenery and nature of the roads—The church of St. Spiridon—The dogs of the island—Corfu left with regret—In the Straits of Otranto.

**I**T is the greenness of Corfu, I think, that strikes you most on landing; even the very steps at the water's edge are covered with moss, and between every stone grasses and flowerets spring. A guide called "George" took possession of us on arrival; our luggage was sent off to the hotel on a truck, while we ourselves followed them leisurely, strolling first through the fish-market amidst baskets and slabs of red mullet, anchovies, sardine, cuttle-fish, and huge rock-cod. From this an archway led into the prettier quarter of the fruit-sellers, where baskets of wild strawberries and

golden nespoli were piled up high, with pears and oranges in glorious profusion. The shops were decorated as if for a *fiesta*, with garlands and branches of leaves, and flowers stuck in the wide-mouthed, quaint-shaped Corfu jugs; and all ferns and wild roses made us think longingly of English lanes. These shops are always tastefully decorated, whether their contents are fish, fruit, or game, and wear a clean bright look which is very enticing. We were sorry to see, though, that game laws and a close season seem unknown in Corfu, hares and partridges, snipe and quail being exposed for sale regardless of the motherless young ones or unhatched eggs. Other birds, such as jays, houpous, owls, golden oriel, bee-birds, are all thought eatable (even hawks), and their lovely plumage made shooting them seem almost as great a sin as charity made the slaughter of the others.

The streets are very narrow and intricate, with steps up and down many of them as in Malta; some are lined with arcades, a favourite style of building in these lands. Our hotel, the "Bella Venezia," though opening into a side street, looks over the square, and we were glad to feel at home once more, as we had not felt really comfortable since leaving Cyprus.

All the next week was passed in examining the shops and making excursions into the country; the longer we lived in Corfu the more we liked it, and the more pity it seemed that we had given it up. I am told the island looks very different now from the time when it was garrisoned by British troops, and an English fleet floated outside the

harbour. The town now is dull, and the people have little picturesqueness about them, wearing, as all the countries now belonging to Greece, a raw uncomfortable look, as if not yet feeling quite at home under their new masters.

The best work we did in the island was the making of good roads. In the immediate neighbourhood of Corfu they are still kept in good condition, but in the interior they have already fallen into neglect ; the peasants are allowed to carry irrigation channels across them, and the bridges, where still remaining, are most unsafe. There is a very good municipality in the town itself, but the rest of the island is quite uncared for.

Formerly Corfu was famous for its curiosity shops, and many a beautiful thing could be picked up there, but very little seems left now. Ancient and modern silver ornaments were the best things we got ; indeed I think the silver work of Corfu and Damascus the best I have ever seen. There is some work both in gold and silver, and coins and medallions stamped with the emblems of the seven Ionian islands, Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo, and Paxo. This used to be a great centre for majolica ware, and the modern manufactory reproduces some of the old shapes as well as newer kinds. Without being valuable, some of the glazed earthenware is very pretty, though it is little known in England on account of its cheapness, for which reason we preferred it to bad specimens of the old majolica. But the beautiful Greek lace has nearly all disappeared, though "George" found an old Jew who had still some sheets with handsome borders for sale. On arriving at the hotel our

merchant commenced by telling us he was poor and old, and that times were very bad, but he knew by our faces we were kind and generous *milords*, and he hoped to do some business with us. We first bought a few of the quaint peasants' rings in silver and silver gilt, and then began to bid for the sheets. He asked twenty-five pounds each, to which I responded by an offer of two pounds. He pretended to be much insulted, and gathered up his goods as though for instant departure, but, changing his mind, spread them out again, and began to praise their texture and quality. I stuck to my price, and then began such a scene! He swore by his fathers, and his mother, and his children, and his soul that they had cost him twenty pounds each, invoking all sorts of terrible punishments on his head if he were not telling the truth. He stormed and he raved, and he even danced with rage when I took no notice of him and walked to the window; finally he burst into tears. I think my mother very nearly cried in sympathy; I saw her looking appealingly at me, and fingering her purse as though longing to give him his price, but I begged her to leave the bargain to me. I can't repeat all he said, but he almost went on his knees imploring me to raise my terms, which I did with an offer of two more pounds, as I had meant to do all along. Then he began to beg for an advance of shillings. "One more shilling, madame; one little shilling, lady; for the love of heaven another, one shilling!" I believe he really was suffering. His intense longing for the money took the expression almost of acute pain, so to end the scene it was given to him, and he handed

over the sheets. Every one thought me *so* hard-hearted and unpitied, and "the poor old Jew" was made quite a hero for the rest of the day ; but when he arrived on the morrow with two other sheets to be sold for the same price, public opinion rather changed, and it began to be thought that I perhaps had been robbed instead of "the poor old Jew." I have learnt by experience that in dealing with these people one must be hard-hearted, and absolutely incredulous of everything they say, otherwise one is certain to be taken in. There are many Jews in Corfu ; they live in a quarter near the harbour, and their place here, as elsewhere, is the dirtiest in the town.

The entrance to the citadel was across the square, in front of our hotel ; and the morning after our arrival we ascended the rock to see the view, which is one of the finest in the island. No notice is taken of strangers crossing the bridge by the soldiers on guard, and we passed unchallenged in front of several buildings serving as barracks and stables for the troops. A steep staircase leads up to the first bastion, but the strong battery built by the English on the other side of the tunnelled rock is now dismantled. The forts and turrets and loopholed walls entirely surround the cliff wherever they can find a resting-place, and an observatory crowns the summit, to which you climb by a zigzag road. Nothing can be lovelier than the profusion of flowers and shrubs that grow around and below you, and the tangle of luxuriant foliage in many places completely hides the fortification. No wonder that Napoleon thought the island the most beautiful in the world, for nothing can well be more



picturesque than this moss-grown old citadel, surrounded by the noblest hills and decorated with this almost tropical vegetation ; indeed it would be hard to over-praise the loveliness of the whole island.

Between the fortress and the town is the great square or "place," one side of which is lined with large houses and a few shops under an arched arcade ; opposite is a shady promenade with fountains, and bordered by chestnut and acacia trees. A small garden bounds the top of the square, behind which rises the palace formerly occupied by the English governors. It is a large building ornamented in front by a colonnade, flanked on either side by two gates which frame form two lovely pictures of the sea and Albanian shores beyond.

Count Suffi, the Controller of the Household when the king is here, took us over the palace. It is curious to see what was considered in good taste, and even luxurious, as late as twenty years ago. Nothing can be uglier than the Italian style of decoration painted on stucco over the walls and the old-fashioned (not antique) furniture and hangings. In the bed-rooms are painted deal wash-hand-stands and tiny little tin baths, and dingy mirrors which made us all look blue. I really think it is the shabbiest place I have ever been in ; but yet Count Suffi assured us that everything remains exactly the same as used by the last governor. The hall is fine, and leads to a wide horse-shoe staircase, while the rooms are lofty and well-proportioned, but the hideous decorations spoil all. From a pretty little garden one gets the

loveliest views of mingled sea and land, and perhaps with such pictures always before one, and in such a perfect climate, it does not much matter how the interior of one's house is fitted up.

The king has another residence on the island well worth visiting, "Mon Repos," the summer palace. We started one morning to see it, our friend Count Suffi promising to be there to receive us. The way led us round by the Strada Marina, a wide shady walk made by the English round the bay of Castrades ; on one side the sea washes the road, and on the other grassy meadows form the playgrounds of the town. Indian lilac-trees grow everywhere, and make a pleasant shade all round the bay.

Castrades is a small suburb, which we soon passed, and then found ourselves in delicious lanes walled in with roses and honeysuckle, hedge-garlands of tender pink and yellowish white. Truly Corfu is the Paradise of flowers ; it seems all perpetual summer, where nature knows no winter's sleep. Nowhere, not even in "merrie England," have I seen such fields of cloth of gold as the buttercups show here, nor would it be possible to over-paint those glistening meadows which the common daisy and its great ox-eyed sister spread with sheets of silver ; and then the exquisite perfume of the wild rose, sweet-briar and honeysuckle, shaded by warmth-loving trees, whose thick stems are folded in the climbing grasp of bindweed, with great trumpet-mouthed flowers holding themselves erect like chalices. Amongst such beauty we could not but feel happy and jubilant ; our

hearts went out towards the flowers like his, the "poet of nature":—

"My heart is at your festival,  
My head hath its coronal;  
The fulness of your bliss I feel, I feel it all."

The air is so soft and balmy here, the wooded mountains give such shelter, the soil is so rich, and the sun so glowing, yet without the fierce heat of the East, small wonder that Corfu ranks as one of the most fertile spots on the face of the earth.

An unpretending little iron gate by the roadside leads to the royal residence. The avenues are so narrow that two carriages could hardly pass each other; tall trees roof the roadway in, and on either side their branches form, as far as the eye can see, a perfect blaze of colour. These grounds are kept in the same half-wild state as the gardens in Athens, and everything here grows as nature ordained it. No standard roses, but glorious great bushes of crimson and lemon-coloured blossoms growing out of the fragrant grass, over which hover clouds of many-coloured butterflies capriciously settling on the simple little forget-me-not, or in the great waxy magnolia. The air was scented with orange-blossom, heliotrope, syringa, and sweet pale Daphné, and all the rich, heavy-perfumed plants of the tropics, along with the homely wallflower and sweet-pea. Lovely jessamine and wisteria climbed from branch to branch, nature's framework to the views of sea and wood. This enchanting garden surrounds a pretty little villa with bow-windows at every

corner, and balconies draped with creepers, more like the residence of an English country squire than the palace of a king, and therefore all the more home-like and charming. In fact there is a look of "home" in every room, and one can easily fancy what free and happy lives the royal prince and princesses must spend here.

The dining-room is a bright comfortable little room, in spite of the plaster of Paris figures stuck about the walls, representing Peruvians with many-coloured plumes, or grinning negroes with supernaturally white teeth. It is curious to think of the taste that finds beauty in such things. The upper rooms are prettily shaped, and every window gives a view of rich and varied scenery. The smoking-room is fitted in imitation (but in a very poor one) of a Turkish salaamlık; the walls are painted deep blue and crimson, with narrow strips of gilding, and even the doors and woodwork are in the same colours, while most unserviceable narghiles and huge chibouks hang from the walls. We could not but smile to contrast its appearance with a real Turkish room. First of all the absurdity of stiff uncomfortable sofas and spiral chairs, and then the cheerful glare of light, so unlike the soft-shaded twilight the Turks love to live in; and where were the low divans and luxurious cushions covered with richly-coloured Persian carpets? In truth it was as poor an imitation as I have ever seen. I must say that the taste of the Greeks in house-decoration is not good, and most surprising when one compares it with their beautiful gardens. Queen Olga's boudoir is plainly fitted with bamboo furniture and a few family pictures. Next to it

comes her bed-room, furnished in the same manner with the exception of the beds, which are always carried with them when the royal family move. Her room is separated from the king's by a narrow corridor, whose walls are hung with engravings cut out of the 'Graphic' and 'Illustrated London News,' and probably framed by themselves; and conspicuous among them is the well-known print of the Princess of Wales sitting with the Princess Dagmar in an open carriage; the two sisters are dressed alike in striped dresses, and each with a little dog in her arms. King George's room is hung with familiar sporting pictures; in one corner stands a long glass let into a panelled wardrobe, on the surface of which has been scratched with a diamond the names of George, Olga, Thyra, Dagmar, and Waldemar. It makes one think how happy the brothers and sisters must have been here, all state cast aside, *grandes maitresses* and *dames du palais* banished to an adjoining villa, and the inmates of "Mon Repos" following the bent of their own fancy, and enjoying themselves to their hearts' content. I do not wonder at King George hating Athens after he has lived here, and though more than once he has arranged to return to Corfu, years have passed since he visited it. There appears to be a strong feeling of jealousy between the Athenians and the Corfiots, and the former always try to frustrate the king's return to the island.

Between the summer palace and Lake Calichiopoulo the road leads to what is called the "one gun battery," from a single cannon having formerly been mounted there. Detached houses of the Corfiot gentlemen peep from amongst the trees,



the domains separated from the highway by the usual hedge of roses; a charming continuation of the delightful road from Castrades, and the favourite evening drive of the inhabitants. The distance to the battery is two and a half miles. A low parapet above the road forms a resting-place for those who wish to stop and admire the view, and an old man has built a rustic bower of branches at one end of it where he sells native wine and fruit, or acts as cicerone if required. Lake Calichiopoulo is only a channel or lagoon, running inland between a range of richly-wooded hills, with here and there a little hamlet peeping from amongst the trees. Just below the battery, in the centre of the strait, at the entrance of the channel, is a small island on which stands a monastery; this is known as Ulyssus' island, in allusion to the galley of the Phæacians, which, in returning from having conveyed Ulyssus to Ithaca, was overtaken by the vengeance of Neptune and turned into the rock below.

“Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,  
The winged pinnacle shot along the sea;  
The god arrests her with a sudden stroke,  
And roots her down an everlasting rock.”

At a distance, and in the twilight, the shape of the rock, with the little white monastery and its tall cypress, is sufficiently like a petrified ship to have given rise to the legend.

The Empress of Austria when living at “Mon Repos” used to pass nearly every day on this little island; it was her favourite spot, and the only one where she was free from the intrusion of ill-bred people.

We were much struck with the deserted look of most of these country places, so many of the most charmingly situated little villas and *châlet*-like cottages being to all appearance empty. A town-life seems to be the favourite with the Corfiots, and so long as they can have a flat in one of the streets, and (like the Palermians) scrape and save enough money to keep a carriage, they never care about their country places, and indeed go there only once a year for the olive-picking. There is a well-known and a very true saying about the Maltese—that “they live on the smell of an oiled rag”—which is applicable to nearly every island in the Mediterranean. All the bourgeois class cares for is to keep up an appearance of being better off than they really are. They live at home in a style that is hardly above that of the poorest peasant, so that their wives may wear silken gowns and gorgeous trinkets, and they themselves drive about in a carriage and pair.

Before leaving Corfu we made a delightful excursion to a place called Paleocastrizza, a drive of sixteen miles to the western side of the island. We started from the “*Bella Venezia*” in a couple of carriages, one of which must have been a remnant of the English occupation at the beginning of the century; it was like a large victoria, with a dicky behind that held luncheon baskets very conveniently.

\* We passed by the village of Potamos, close to the landlocked bay of Govina, where the Turks hid their fleet from Nelson by taking out their masts and placing boughs and branches over the sides of the vessels, making them appear

part of the forest that lines the shore of the bay. These woods are beautiful. The olives of Corfu are very unlike the stunted little trees of France and Italy; here they grow to picturesque and massive forest trees, while flowers and bracken luxuriate amongst their roots, the young sprouts of the latter curling upwards to a height of several feet. The sunbeams slanting through the pale and quivering foliage of the trees light up the innumerable flowers and grasses, whose tall heads wave to and fro, as the gentle breeze sweeps over them, in rippling lines like the surface of a lake. From amongst the bracken we expected each moment to hear the "wild buck belling from ferny brake," and see his antlered head moving swiftly off through the winding glades. These lanes and glades opened out aimlessly and deliciously into meadows and copses, where banks of richest green, covered with the tassel-like flowers of the traveller's-joy, "decking up the waies," prevented us from seeing into the vistas beyond. Under the influence of such charming English scenery we felt in the very mood for sight-seeing, ready to be delighted with everything we came across.

The road was well engineered, but sadly neglected. We were jolted from one hole into another, and at most of the bridges, which seemed to "hang by a thread," we had to get out and walk, while the horses were led carefully over. San Salvador was passed on our right, with two large villages surrounded by luxuriant groves of fruit and ilex trees, ensconced snugly below the barren ridge that forms the summit of the mountain. The pass of Pantalemnon was

plainly visible as it wound over the rocky chain ; we had been gradually ascending during the last five miles, but in front of the pass the road bent eastwards, skirting the face of a hill covered with arbutus and heath, and from there we had our first view of the Adriatic.

The cliffs above the sea are wonderfully beautiful ; crimson and yellow veins streak their sides, while evergreen creepers and flowering shrubs grow to the verge of the sea below, which sparkles and ripples in "countless smiles" as the tiny waves lap the yellow sands of the indented shore. We drove to a bay rather larger than the others, on each side of which a steep precipice rose, forming two promontories. On the larger and bolder one stands the Paleo-Castro, with the remains of St. Angelo, an old mediæval castle. Opposite to it, perched high above the sea, over a precipice so steep that a stone can be dropped into the water without touching anything in its descent, stands a large monastery. A winding grass-grown path leads to it, and while the servants were preparing lunch we made the ascent and knocked loudly at the door. It was Sunday, and we made sure of gaining admittance, for we knew the monks would not be working in their fields ; but the monastery appeared deserted, and we had to content ourselves by walking about their garden. This place was formerly a kind of *sanatorium* for invalids, and the air is so pure and bracing that it was a favourite retreat of our countrymen when we garrisoned the island.

How delightful it was to lie upon the yellow sands, listening

dreamily to the whisper of the waves! Some of our party had objected to a picnic on Sunday, but surely this was a very harmless way of passing God's day of rest. If we had not used the carriages others would have done so, and nothing would have been gained in that respect. The monks above us had far more liberal ideas about the day, holy men as they were, for just as we were starting homewards, two of them arrived quite breathless, with their high square hats now a little on one side, and their long skirts tucked up round their waists, displaying their patched overalls and high boots. Guns were in their hands, and traces of powder on their faces, so we were not astonished when they told us that, not expecting visitors so late, they had all gone out *shooting*, after mass! Our friends had heard from some villagers of our arrival, and had given up their sport, let us hope as much on hospitable thoughts intent as on *backsheesh*!

On our way home we noticed a square, cut in the face of a rock, with "VIII. regiment. 1829." carved on it; a memorial probably of the soldiers who made the road; and they must have done their work well for it to have remained even as good as it is during all these years of neglect.

We had time to see the church of St. Spiridion, the patron of the island, in the evening. It is a beautiful little building, with a finely-painted ceiling, each division framed in massive gilding. The marble screen before the holy of holies is very beautiful; it was sculptured by an Italian, and rivals any of those in Spain or Italy. The body of the saint is preserved in a richly-ornamented silver coffin, placed inside a small



chapel behind the altar, and on certain holy days is carried in state round the town.

The dogs of Corfu are as worthy of note as those of Constantinople. They have a most undeniable English look about them, and are obviously the descendants of probable prize breeds brought here by English officers. Instead of the common skilly, it gave one a twinge to see collies, and setters, and little black-and-tan terriers, besides many other familiar kinds, prowling through the streets and picking up their living in such ignoble fashion. These descendants of English fathers differ, however, from the true Levantine breed in never being seen during the daytime lying out in the middle of the streets asleep on some pile of refuse; and also apparently in still preserving their national antipathy to cats. The latter were very chary of descending into the lowlands, passing their time almost entirely on the house-tops. If one unlucky kitten ventured down, the whole of the dogs' quarter would turn out to "chivy" it, one or two giving tongue in a way that betrayed their foxhound origin. Andrew says that first-rate dogs could be picked up amongst them, and many of them are still as pure to look at as those exhibited in England.

Corfu was left with universal regret; it is certainly one of the few places I should care to return to, and our abandonment of it is one of our greatest losses in the Mediterranean, for it appears now more than ever important. I have read somewhere of Mr. Gladstone's act being "an unaccountable access of sentimental insanity," and the remark seems

essentially appropriate. When a nation begins to give up it begins to decline. But now the deed is done, and Cyprus has taken the place of Corfu.

We had taken our tickets for Venice on board a Florio steamer, which we were fortunate in catching, for the one next due was an Austrian-Lloyd boat, and that very "Ettore" we had such an unpleasant memory of! It was ten o'clock as we steamed out under the starlight from the shadow of the frowning fortress, and gliding beyond the island of Vigo, passed between Corfu and Butrinto, and found ourselves in the Straits of Otranto.

## CHAPTER VII.

### VENICE.

Brindisi—The only object of interest in the town—Music on board—Bari—The town and its inhabitants—The old church of Bari—Disgusting scene in the church—Russian “barbares”—Approach to Venice—Unearthly greeting—In a gondola on the Grand Canal—The Hôtel d’Italie—Rogers’s lines on Venice—First impressions—Architectural beauty and magnificence of Venetian buildings—The piazza San Marco, its surroundings and shops—A stolen purse—St. Marks—The Doge’s Palace—Its interior and prison cells—The Bridge of Sighs—The two granite columns outside the palace—A procession of funeral gondolas—Murano—A moonlight serenade on the Grand Canal—Breaking up of our party—Italian extortion—A conflict of feelings—The pigeons of St. Mark—Smallness of the Italians—Nuisance of “the guides”—Venice full of fair-haired women.

IT seemed like a new world to Andrew and me to be in Europe again, after nearly three years’ absence, with the familiar yet almost forgotten scenes in dock and harbour, and the order and regularity of everything around us. I am afraid my first impression was how exceedingly ugly and dull everything looked ; but perhaps one could hardly expect Brindisi to be very much otherwise.

At 5 a.m. the quay was quite deserted, and the only human being in sight an early-rising Frenchman washing and combing

his poodle in front of the hotel on the landing-place. Presently the beggars began to arrive, and then the cabs, followed by sellers of fruit and cakes. Our steamer was only separated from the shore by a few planks, so that we were able to land in peace, without the Eastern accompaniments of struggling boatmen and leech-like dragomen, who hover round travellers like birds of prey. We sauntered about the deserted streets, noting the old houses with their heavy balconies and carved lintels above the doorways. Nothing was to be seen from the ramparts but dull gray plains covered with vineyards, separated from each other by hedges of cactus. A monotonous dreary country, as dust-covered as most of Greece, but fortunately without the Attic wind to stir the covering. The only moving objects in sight were the country carts drawn by splendid mules, the finest we had ever seen, trapped in showy harness, covered with brass, and carrying on their collars an ornament like a weather-cock, which twirled about with every motion of the animals. We had been struck by the number of badger-skins for sale, and now noticed that the hairs and fur are worked into the head-stalls and across the breeching of these mules.

In despair how to pass the long afternoon before us, we hired a carriage and told the driver to take us into the country. But we soon got tired of this, for still the prospect was the same—ploughed fields and dusty vines, dusty vines and ploughed fields, nothing more. In truth there is but one object of interest in Brindisi, and that, despite its historic value, is hardly in itself a thing of beauty—the old Roman

column which for centuries has marked the termination of the Via Appia, that queen of roads whose beginning is in the Forum of Rome. The Romans had indeed a wonderful genius for road-making, and no matter how remote the land one travels in, one rarely fails to come across some traces of their work.

We had music on board after dinner. An old harper and a fiddler treated us to several airs from the Italian operas, and when they had finished a Highland soldier-piper who was among the passengers came forward with his pipes. The whole town turned out to listen, and for about an hour he proudly walked the deck, while not a sound was heard but the echoes of 'Lochaber no more,' 'Ghilli Callum,' 'The garb of old Gaul,' 'Kitty Birdie,' and 'The land o' the Leal,' and he finished amid the warmest applause he had probably ever received in his life.

Soon after daybreak next morning we arrived at Bari, and anchored in a fine harbour, bounded on one side by a broad wall, which forms a promenade to the town. Bari is divided into two parts, the old and the new; needless to say the old one is the most picturesque, the new one consisting merely of the usual wide streets and boulevards. There is a fine avenue, called the Corso Victor Emanuele, with broad pavements on either side and good substantial houses, the lower parts of which are let out into small shops. It terminates in a square called the Piazza Garibaldi, where there is a sad-looking garden newly laid out. There are two capital markets, divided by the Via Cavour, one for



fruit and vegetables, the other for game and fish. We soon tired of the uninteresting streets, and ventured to examine the quaint lanes and alleys that radiate round the old church of St. Nicholas.

Dirtier or more poverty-stricken houses I think I never saw. The damp walls oozed with slime, and a green fungus grew over parts of the pavement, which were covered with every kind of refuse. The vaulted caverns and underground dens where the poor lived are indescribable; you would think that plague, cholera, and typhus must exist in every dwelling, and one asks with amazement how such terrible poverty can exist in a large and rich town. I never before truly realized how the neglected poor live in crowded cities. Pale, sickly women and little hollow-eyed children would peer upwards at us from their rooms sunk several feet below the level of the pavement, and when our eyes got accustomed to the obscurity, we could see them hard at work at their spinning-wheels or the wicker baskets by which they contrive to earn their wretched livelihood. What was to be got by lingering? There was no picturesqueness in such painful squalor, and our small alms would have been but a drop in the ocean of their poverty.

The old church of Bari is the chief object of interest in the town. It belongs to the Middle Ages, and is built with two tall towers and a central dome, the façade decorated with handsome Corinthian pillars borrowed from some older building, and adding much to the richness of the original design. A flight of stairs leads to the central door, below

which were gathered a crowd of men and women on their knees, chanting in a barbarous language we could not understand. We were told that they were newly-arrived pilgrims who had come from Russia to pray at the saint's tomb. They were all dressed in a kind of uniform : the men in gray, barefooted, with staffs slung over their shoulders, on which were tied bundles of clothes and a pair of boots ; the women wore blue serge skirts, gray jackets, and red handkerchiefs round their heads, and, like the men, carried bundles, with a water-bottle and tin mug, on their backs. They were all slowly crawling up the steps with bleeding knees and torn, travel-stained garments, muttering prayers and endless litanies as they toiled upwards. On entering the church we saw a shocking sight, so painful that I hesitate to describe it. Four pilgrims were on their knees with their heads bent down to the ground in the most unnatural attitude, their eyes shut, and the swollen veins standing out like cords from their crimsoned foreheads. A man walked by the side of each holding one end of a handkerchief, while the wretched penitent held the other, and was thus guided along the pavement. For a few seconds we did not realize what was taking place, but as they crawled onwards we noticed four marks like a dark ribbon behind them, and it dawned on us they were actually *licking the floor* ! And such a floor ! Thousand of only half-civilized human beings had been in the church since daybreak, as the tainted atmosphere but too plainly showed. For over eighty yards these wretched creatures kept their tongues on the rough

pavement, over every pollution that came in their way. We were chained to our seats by horror and disgust, and in spite of ourselves stayed till they at last reached the altar steps and were permitted to rise. Their faces haunt me still: the small cunning eyes turning stealthily towards us, and as hastily turned away; the half-shamefaced, half-ferocious look; the coarse, dirt-smeared features, the matted heads of hair, and the lolling, lacerated tongues bleeding over their chins. And these were fellow-creatures, these benighted wretches, looking like scared wild beasts! What religion can that be which permits such a frightful exhibition, such a loathsome scene of human degradation!

This painful sight had so disgusted us that we had no heart to go below to the crypt and see the silver sarcophagus of Nicholas; nor even to do more than cursorily glance at the exterior architecture of the church, with its gurgoyles and angles of bulls, elephants, lions, and odd bits of sculpture, stuck indiscriminately into the walls. We hurried away from the spot, anxious only to forget all that we had seen. On our telling our Italian captain about it later, he assured us only Russian "*barbarei*" ever did such a thing, and that the Roman Catholic priests were ashamed to witness such kinds of penance, and were seldom, if ever, present. And truly we had observed that there was but a single priest in the church, who, as the penitents approached, walked past them with a proud, disdainful air, holding his gown aside, and showing anything but sympathy in his glance and gait. The inhabitants of Bari are evidently

accustomed to Russian visitors, for we were repeatedly asked in the shops if we were not of that country, an accusation which we indignantly repudiated.

On Friday night, the 5th of May, we were approaching Venice. Andrew and I sat on deck watching the lights twinkle on the low shore as we neared Saint Lazaro, an Armenian convent, on an island, where Byron lived. Close to it is the famous Lido, where he used to take his daily rides, and on which he wished to be buried, little dreaming that before many years had passed, the weird, haunted-looking waste would blossom into a fashionable bathing-place, with restaurants and coffee-houses, the favourite summer lounge of the Venetians. Suddenly a wailing scream, a horrible unearthly cry, rose on the air, and we started up, thinking some terrible crime was being committed on the almost invisible shore. Out of the depth of the gloom rose confused noises, cries, shouts, and bursts of shrieking laughter, making the calm night hideous with the din. The nearer we approached the more distinctly we heard the fierce clamour, accompanied by sounds of laughing and chattering, interrupted ever and again by the piercing wail we had first heard. Andrew was the first to guess what it all meant, and the captain, coming up, told us that every steamer was greeted with these sounds, for there were two madhouses on the nearest islands. We went down to our cabin, unpleasantly haunted by the cries, and awoke next morning to find ourselves in Venice.

We had little trouble with our luggage, for the Custom-House officers came on board and contented themselves with opening only two of our boxes. Then we stepped from the steamer into our gondolas, and were rowed on down the Grand Canal till we reached the "Hotel d'Italie," where we had engaged rooms. This was my first experience of a gondola, and I cannot say I liked it. To begin with, the funereal appearance is repulsive. The long narrow boat, tapering at each end, is painted in the blackest of hues, its box-like cabin in the centre covered with sable cloth fringed with the same sombre, only relieved with a little bit of silver like a coffin. Unless there are two rowers the motion is unpleasant, and so slow that it made my head ache. The glare from the water is very disagreeable, and a parasol is of no use, for the glancing rays reflect upwards, and are much more distressing than the heat of the sun. I soon discovered that after all gondolas may be very nearly dispensed with in Venice, except for visiting some of the palaces and shops on the Grand Canal. With a clever guide, or, perhaps better still, a good bump of locality, one can almost always find side streets or bridges leading to every part of the city.

We were unfortunate in our choice of an hotel; ours was certainly situated on the Grand Canal, but most of the rooms open on to close little narrow water-ways where the air never penetrates, and in which the water is nearly stagnant. Our rooms were so low and close that I had to keep the windows always open; but it was only a choice



of evils, for an unmistakable odour, like that from a harbour, did not tend to make the atmosphere much more pleasant. It is strictly forbidden to throw things from the houses into the water, but in spite of the prohibition I frequently saw dead puppies, faded bouquets, the ends of cigarettes, vegetables, and other foreign substances floating below the windows. Every morning a dust-boat would come to take away the rubbish, followed by a greengrocer's boat, a milk-boat, or even a butcher's boat.

As a rule great expectations are doomed to disappointment, and Venice is no exception to this. I had by heart the beautiful lines where it is described by Rogers as

“A glorious city in the sea.

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing : and the salt sea-mud  
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,  
Lead to her gates. The path leads o'er the sea,  
Invincible ; and from the land we went  
As to a floating city—steering in,  
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,  
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome,  
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,  
The statues range along the azure sky ;  
By many a pile, in more than Eastern pride,  
Of old the residence of merchant-kings ;  
The fronts of some, tho' time had shatter'd them,  
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.”

The first impression Venice made on me was one of general dinginess, and this, I think, was largely caused by the ugly Venetian masts that have been so strangely

over-praised. What beauty or picturesqueness is there in rows of crooked poles of unequal height, more or less dilapidated, and painted in gaudy colours, striped or plain? To see a row of these in front of or leaning against a palace, and to glance upwards at the old hingeless wooden shutters and cobwebbed panes of glass, gives the building, no matter how ancient or how richly ornamented, an unimposing, neglected appearance. It sounds capricious to find fault with Venice for looking dingy, when the glaring newness of Athens was our latest grievance; but I only speak of first impressions; later on we learned to appreciate to the fullest extent the picturesqueness and beauty of its palaces and public buildings, many of which are quite distinct in origin and character from any others to be found in Italy. This, I suppose, is attributable to the perpetual contact of Venice with the East, for there is no doubt that many of the details of the architecture are borrowed from Eastern styles and treated with Eastern feeling. We examined every palace on the Grand Canal from the Punta della Salute to the Rialto, and they are all more or less beautiful and refined, and worthy of the magnificence of the richest and most peaceful Italian city of the Middle Ages. But without their architectural beauties they are still interesting from their historical associations, which indeed spread a halo around every building which is an ample excuse for the blindest admiration.

Undoubtedly the most cheerful part of Venice is the piazza San Marco. In front rises the lofty campanile or

belfry, and the three red cedar masts from which formerly floated the three gonfalons in silk and gold, emblematic of Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. Beyond them is the façade and noble domes of the church of St. Mark. On one side stands the Procuratie Vecchie, and the famous clock-tower with its arched passage leading into the Merceria; on the other the Procuratie Nuova, terminated by the Libria Vecchia. Arcades extend round the square on three sides, within which are the principal shops; but to see them to advantage one should be abroad after the lamps are lit, and the full moon is lighting up the centre of the piazza till all is bright as day. Then come out, too, the *élite* of Venice, who sit at the little tables outside the *cafés* eating ices and sugar-plums till midnight, or walk up and down listening to the military bands which play every evening. The shops are ablaze with light, showing off the Venetian glass mirrors, beads, necklaces, ornamental vases, chandeliers, Oriental gold and silver stuffs, exquisite mosaics, and the beautiful Venetian gold work, till one becomes bewildered with the variety and gorgeousness of the articles, and only a confused idea remains of what the shops actually contain.

Every night we all sallied off after the *table-d'hôte* dinner, Andrew enjoying his cigar in the square, while we ladies amused ourselves with the contents of this paradise of pretty things. For one who has a number of girl friends or relations who expect souvenirs from one's travels, this is the place to find them. Armfuls of strings of beads, blue and silver and every known colour, buttons, scent-bottles, Salvati vases,

mosaic caskets, photographs, pearl work, old bellows, shells, coal-scuttles, silver goblets, majolica salt-cellars, gilded Cupids, strips of embroidery, dragon candlesticks, point-lace, and yards of golden chain, used to pile up our tables and chairs and fill the sitting-room, till, in my case at any rate, temporary ruin stared me in the face.

We used to ransack the curiosity shops beyond the Merceria, and spend hours at Guggenheim's and the other dealers in "objects of art and vertu" on the Grand Canal, even crossing over the Rialto and finding out, beyond the fish-market, all sorts of odd places that travellers know nothing about; perhaps rather fortunately for them, as my mother had her purse, with twelve pounds in it, stolen in one of the little shops there, all for the sake of an old drug-jar she had set her heart on. The owner of the shop was taken before an Italian magistrate, and my mother had to undergo a very severe examination as to where she came from, her pedigree, and means of existence; being treated, in fact, much more suspiciously than the accused. All without avail, for she never saw her purse again, but has the drug-jar still as a remembrance of her loss.

After we had seen all the canals and churches, private collections and curiosity shops, been initiated into the secrets of the glass manufactories, and inspected Jesuram's exhibition of old point and beautiful modern polycrome lace, we had still St. Mark's and the Doge's palace to visit, for these were kept as treats for the last.

What strikes one most about St. Mark's is its Oriental

character, evidently the work of architects who had studied in the schools of the East. All points to that : the great round arches in tiers, the profusion of gold mosaics which cover every part of the plain surface, the columns brought by the argosies of Venice from Alexandria and the ruined cities of the East, the pinnacle and domes of Oriental aspect. Even the bronze horses standing over the central porch were sent from the hippodrome of Constantinople ; they have travelled far, for from Venice they were taken to Paris by Napoleon I., and returned after eighteen years' detention in the French capital. The interior of the church is, I suppose, more richly adorned than any other church of the Western world, with its marble columns and pulpits, alabaster pillars from the temple of Jerusalem, bronze candelabra and great lamps, the Pala d'Oro, the wood screen, the bronze doors of Sansovino, decorated with the heads of Palma Vecchio and Palma Giovane, Pietro Aretino, Paul Veronese, and Titian ; in fact, the whole furniture of the choir and the interior generally are so rich, so venerable, and so beautiful, and seen in such an exquisitely-subdued light, that it forms one of the most impressive spectacles in the world. It has now lost much of its original freshness, but perhaps the toning down of exquisite gold mosaics is an improvement in colour. Beautiful and rich as the church is on a close examination, from a distance it hardly has the grand and imposing look one expects in so celebrated an edifice. I remember my first feeling was one of disappointment at its theatrical and dwarfed appearance, a feeling, however, which quickly wore



off as I got accustomed to the style of architecture, though its fanciful richness is certainly far more characteristic of the East than of the high and severe art which distinguishes most of the churches of the West.

The Doge's palace is attached to St. Mark's, and faces the beautiful library of Sansovino, overlooking on one hand the piazza, and on the other across the water to the churches and palaces that cover the islands. It is truly "the centre of the most beautiful architectural group that adorns any city of Europe, richer almost than any other building in historical associations, and in a locality hallowed, especially to Englishmen, by the poetry of Shakespeare." Though admiring its picturesque situation and a certain grandeur of design, what impresses you most is the mode of decoration introduced by disposing pieces of different-coloured marbles in diaper pattern, built into the walls and pavements, not laid on, and all most beautiful in design.

We entered the palace by the Porta della Carta, through which is seen the giant's staircase and the fine eastern façade, the portals and arches of which are encrusted with delicately-worked marble, even the steps being inlaid with some kind of metal. The spot was pointed out to us, at the head of the platform, where the Doges were crowned, and where Marino Faliero is said to have been beheaded. Another fine staircase on the left is called the Scala d'Oro, and is not now used by the public. A third beyond it gave us access to a grand hall, where amongst many pictures is

Tintoretto's 'Paradise,' the largest ever painted on canvas, terribly destroyed and blackened, but grand still from its size and composition. We passed through several rooms, all with fine ceilings, till we came to the Sala della Bussola, the ante-room of the Council of Ten. At the entrance is a square hole in the wall lined with wood, covered formerly by the famous "lion's mouth," through which the secret denunciations were thrown. Mysterious hidden doors open from many of these chambers to dark winding corridors leading up to the terrible prisons under the leads, the "sotto Piombi," all closed now, and no longer shown to the public. Narrow and intricate passages lead down to the dungeons below, and there seems a perfect network of secret ways built in the thickness of the walls. Even after the lapse of years one shudders to think of all the horrors and cruelties these stones have witnessed.

We passed through a succession of chambers hung with fine pictures, the most conspicuous being the room of the Council of Ten, with a noble ceiling painted by Paul Veronese ; then through another ante-room with a hidden entrance and private passage, and so came to the senate chamber, where stands the Doge's velvet throne, and at one end a row of most ancient and venerable leather seats. Beyond is the Doge's chapel, and the audience-chamber where ambassadors were received ; in the vestibule is a splendid fireplace, and a rich doorway with two pillars said to have been brought from St. Sophia at Constantinople. In the *sala* of the three inquisitors are three of their own portraits, which the guide

took care to point out, bidding us observe their evil countenances; but for my part I thought one seemed a very clever and intelligent-looking personage, while another had certainly a most venerable appearance. From here again stairs lead up to the prisons under the leads, and more winding passages down to the Piozzi, or dark cells, below.

It felt damp and chill as we descended, and though a lighted candle was given to each of us, the darkness was such that we could only distinguish the high walls, dripping with moisture, which hemmed us in on either side. The lowermost tier was occupied by small vaulted cells lined with thick wooden panelling, and perfectly dark as night. One in particular was pointed out as used only for the condemned. A small, strongly-barred window opened on to the passage, in the opposite wall of which was a niche for a saint; the priest knelt in the passage and heard the last confession of the criminal through the window. When these cells were first used the prisoners were led out to a certain passage, and there strangled with a cord from a beam above. But later they were made to kneel on a stone raised a few inches above the floor, and beheaded by a primitive kind of guillotine, the marks showing where the rude machine had been fastened to the walls being still visible. The head rolled to the end of the passage, and the blood flowed through a hole into the canal below. As we looked out upon the green water gurgling sluggishly against the walls, the ghastliness of the whole scene was wonderfully impressive. Our guide showed us also the particular cells of

Marino Faliero, Carmagnolo, of the two Foscari, and of Francesco Carraro.

The Ponte dei Sospiri, the Bridge of Sighs, served for a covered way between the ducal palace and the prisons. The interior is divided by a double passage, through which prisoners, when taken out of the prisons to die, were conducted across the canal to hear their sentence before they were led to execution. A square window of open stone-work looks on to the water, through which many an unfortunate wretch has had his last glimpse of this world.

The two granite columns outside the palace are so incorporated with every view of Venice that they are one of the most remarkable objects in the city. One of them is surmounted with a crocodile, on the back of which stands St. Theodore; the other supports the famous winged lion of St. Mark holding a book in its paw. The capitals of these columns have a curious history. They were brought from the Holy Land in the twelfth century, and one sank in the mud as it was being landed. The Doge promised to grant the man who should raise it whatever request he chose to make. A fellow called Nicolà the Blackleg offered his services, and succeeded in placing the columns on their pedestals, and as his reward claimed to be allowed to keep a gaming-table in the space between the pillars. Gambling was at that time prohibited everywhere by law, so that he could make a shrewd guess at the importance of his request. The promise once given could not be recalled, but

it was found to entail the usual disastrous consequences of all gaming-tables, and two centuries later the Council decreed that all public executions should take place on this spot, by which means the space between the columns became so ill-omened that the gambling was soon done away with.

Excursions round Venice can of course only be made by gondola. We started one afternoon to see the Lido, San Lazaro, the Armenian convent where Byron lived, and Murano. On your way to the latter you pass the small island of San Michele, on which are several burying-grounds; in the Protestant one lies G. P. R. James, the novelist, who died when Consul-General of this city. We saw a procession of funeral gondolas on their way to the island, headed by a large barge draped in black, with a bier under a canopy in the centre; seated in the prow were Capuchin monks and white-robed choir-boys. The black gondolas with their funeral passengers had a weird and striking effect as they slowly rowed across the shallow lagoon.

Murano is one of the largest of the islands, and divided by canals like Venice. There is very little to see on it but the glass factories, and a small museum filled with works of the same material. The collection of ancient specimens is very poor, but Salviati and some of the large manufacturers have sent fine samples of their modern designs, and good copies of the old Phœnician and Roman glass. The canals of Murano are by no means picturesque, their sides covered



with shellfish, unwholesome-looking mussels and periwinkles, and the water exhaling such an unpleasant odour that we stayed no longer there than we could help.

In the evening we witnessed a moonlight serenade on the Grand Canal, and very pretty the effect was. A couple of barges were moored together, decorated with branches of evergreens and wreaths of coloured lights; a large band of male and female musicians sat in the prows, and played from nine till midnight as they were slowly rowed up and down on the water. Thousands of gondolas with lamps and Chinese lanterns followed in the wake of the music, and this moving mass of light had a most brilliant appearance, being made still prettier by fireworks and blue lights let off from the moored vessels, which lit up the vast mass of people congregated on the Molo degli Schiavoni.

On May 11th our party broke up, as my mother had to return to Scotland, taking our loved little jacinth-eyed daughter with her. We all left the hotel before daybreak, a quiet, thoughtful party as we were rowed through the narrow canals to the railway station. There is always something depressing, I think, in an early start; the hurried dressing in the dim light, the lukewarm breakfast, and cross servants are enough to chill you without the disagreeable, cold, dreary air that pervades everything before the sun rises to cheer and lighten the toil of day.

There was great confusion at the station, and the officials here are no honester than in any other part of Italy; there is perhaps no country where such wholesale cheating goes on

as at their booking and weighing offices. I remember once travelling with a party of five people, all bound for the same place, and we had all paid different sums for our tickets. If any one takes the trouble to look at the price marked on his ticket and then to count his change, he is pretty sure to find that the latter is two or three francs short. The confusion about paper and silver money is another source of gain to the railway officials, and as a matter of course your luggage is a great many pounds lighter than you have been charged for. After you have paid half-a-dozen porters and hangers-on, a man is almost certain to come up to you at the last moment and assure you that your boxes cannot be put into the train unless they are sealed, as the hasp, or padlock, or buckle is weak, or on some such paltry excuse, and you must pay a good sum to this new impostor for putting a bit of tape over your locks! A *backsheesh* is always expected by the guards, and if you do not give it, it is very probable he will pronounce your bag, or whatever luggage you have under the seat, is too large, and insist on its being taken out to be weighed, which means more payment for extras. In no civilized country that I know of are the railway officials so tyrannical and overbearing as in Italy, and it is only fair to put travellers on their guard against them.

At last we got the tickets paid for, the luggage booked, the small things safely stowed away, and the *commissionaire*, who had pretended to help, disposed of, and were then able to have our last few words in peace and quiet.

We had all lived together in Cyprus for the last six months

and Andrew and I had done our best to make our dear ones go away with a good impression of the island we are so fond of, and I am sure we succeeded. The wrench of parting was very great, and as I saw the tears streaming down my little baby's face, I felt a terrible yearning to be going with her back to the old "home." But Andrew has work here in Cyprus before him; his very heart and strength are in the improvements he is making in his little town, and he has the satisfaction of feeling that his life and talents are not wasted, and that his labour and example are sowing good seed which will be repaid and appreciated as the people slowly rise from the prejudices and ignorance which have hitherto kept them in a state hardly reaching to bare civilization.

In spite of hopeful thoughts of the future, I felt a painful loneliness as I walked back with my husband through the narrow streets; we were once more alone, and would have now to fight our own battles, and have to seek for sympathy and companionship from each other, instead of the large-hearted love and fellowship we had experienced through the winter. But Andrew seemed so big and strong as he walked beside me, and looked so reliant and certain of his own powers of mind and body, that even before we reached the hotel, the old feeling of satisfied rest and trust which I always experience when with him began to reassert itself, and I could think of my mother and baby without that *serrement de cœur* which is one of the most painful sensations in our lives.

We observed for the first time, as we made our way along, that two narrow bands of white stone are let into the pavement, leading straight from the station past the Rialto to St. Mark's, and following these we had no difficulty in finding our way. We crossed over bridges, through *calli* or lanes, and along narrow footways intervening between the houses and the water, then into open squares, and finally from the Merceria arrived in the piazza.

We stopped here to feed the pigeons, in obedience to a last request of baby's. It had been her favourite amusement to come out here every morning with her German nurse and buy cornucopias of maize under the arcades, with which she would seat herself at the end of the square, and in a few moments would be surrounded by her friends; they were so tame that many would be perched on her little shoulders, or crowded in her lap, while she tried to throw the grain to the others.\* These birds are looked upon with superstitious care and affection by the people, and are fed daily at a certain hour, the outlay being defrayed by a legacy left for the purpose by a noble Venetian lady.

I was Andrew's companion during the after-dinner smoke this evening. As we walked up and down the square amongst the people, it struck us for the first time how small the Italians are. Andrew observed it first, and told me to notice how he and I could look over the heads of all the crowd in front of us. There was no doubt on the matter; we could see as far as the arcades, and not a head obstructed our view. We tried to find some one taller than ourselves,

but the only person in the large piazza approaching us in height was Colonel Hozier, and needless to say he was a fellow-countryman ! I saw some of the smallest soldiers I have ever seen, smaller even than in the French army ; the officers seemed particularly insignificant, though neat and clean in their dress. The finest men in Venice are the police ; their uniform is particularly smart, and they seemed, as Andrew said, a picked body, always answering with civility any appeal for a direction, or for assistance from that unspeakable nuisance "the guides." These in Venice are nearly as bad as the Jews and Greeks of Constantinople ; we could not stop outside a church or shop, or look undecidedly at a turning, without being forthwith surrounded and followed in spite of ourselves. Andrew was driven to such a pitch of desperation once that I heard him gravely telling one of them, "My good man, I know this place as well as you do ; *I was born here !*" We were not only troubled by their following us persistently and interrupting our conversation, but when they saw we were determined to have nothing to do with them, they would set to work and revile us in a manner which made me glad to know Andrew's knowledge of Italian was not extensive. I remember the term *porco* was about the mildest they called us. It was certainly not pleasant to be called a *porco* by an unwashed Italian guide, but it was less trouble to take the matter philosophically than to incite Andrew to teach the man that English people are not to be called *porcos* with impunity !



Venice seems full of fair-haired women. It is not the beautiful rich auburn-brown hair that Titian has given his Queen of Cyprus, but fair, dull hair like that of the German peasants. It looked piquant with their dark complexions, and they have a graceful way of throwing a lace scarf over their heads at night which makes them picturesque, if not exactly pretty.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### VENICE TO VIENNA.

At the railway—Crossing the lagoons—Scenery about Mestre—Treviso—Corregliano—Pordenone—The bed of the Tagliamento—Campo Formio—Udine—Beauty of the country thence to Gemono—Ospidalletto—Dogna—Pontebba, the frontier town separating Italy from Austria—Pontafel—Civility of Austrian officials—This place marks the beginning of the Eastern Alps—Villach and the Khevenhüllers—Glandsdorf—The river Mur and its villages and castles—"Emerald Styria"—Mürzzuschlag—Ascent of the Semmering—Klamm—Its tunnel and two great viaducts—Gloggnitz—Famous for a wonderful spring.

WE started for Vienna in the early morning of May 14th. Our last gondola trip had been made in the moonlight. Weird and lonely the canals seemed as we glided through them, with the damp walls of the houses rising round us, their barred windows and iron gratings frowning over the dull sluggish water giving them a most prison-like aspect; and the utter silence, broken only by the splash of our oars and the quaint cries of the boatmen as they turned the corners, made this last gondola voyage hardly a cheerful reminiscence of Venice.

There was the same annoyance to be gone through at

the railway as on the previous day, and neither the gondoliers or the porters would accept the change given us at the ticket-office, nor would the latter take the money which satisfied the others. We were in too great a hurry to examine our change carefully at the time, but it seemed afterwards to be a mixture of French, Grecian, Italian, Papal states, and Roumanian francs, and I really think the gondoliers were justified in having nothing to do with it.

As we left Venice the sun rose over the lagoon, lighting up the dismal, marshy swamp of brackish water, which we crossed by a fine bridge built on piles driven into the mud, 80,000 larch-trees having, it is said, been used for the foundations alone. Beyond is the junction of Mestre, where the line branches off to Padua and Turin, while we went on to Udine and Pontebba. The country here became very pretty; the well-tilled fields all bordered by trees, between which vines were trained, thus forming useful as well as ornamental hedges; glorious yellow and purple irises grew in the ditches, reminding us of Smyrna, and every pond was covered with lovely water-lilies and their great plate-like leaves.

We passed Treviso, with its old thirteenth-century Duomo; Conegliano and its commanding castle; and Pordenone, the birthplace of the painter of that name. A few miles beyond the last place the train passed by a wooden bridge nearly a mile long over the bed of the Tagliamento; a very "sea of stones" it seemed, with only a small winding stream, sometimes entirely hidden by pebbles and sand,

to mark the course of the river. Campo Formio was the next place of interest, a village where Bonaparte and the Emperor of Austria made the famous treaty of 1797, giving Venice to Austria, and thus signing the death-warrant of the republic.

At Udine we had coffee and rolls, and the few minutes' delay enabled us to settle our small packages, get out our books, and make ourselves generally comfortable for the journey. A prison-fortress on a height rises above the town, the only eminence on the plain. We could see the remains of old walls and some fine wooden buildings, seeming to justify the belief of the inhabitants that their town resembles the mother-city. From here to Gemono-Ospidaletto the country is lovely; the ground covered with woods intersected by shaded streams, and *muddy* lanes overhung with trees. We had not seen a real muddy lane for three years, and it seemed like a veritable glimpse of England, with its pleasant greenness, and the hawthorn-bloom still lingering on the dense foliage, giving shelter and food to innumerable small birds. As we looked down the shady vistas I began to think that after all perhaps there was something better and more enthralling than the warmth and brightness of the East. In Greece, and even in Corfu and Venice, I was always missing the glow and colour I had got accustomed to, and everything seemed cold and depressing; but it was strange how all the old "home" feelings came back as we went through lovely Styria, and felt once more in our faces the delicious freshness of green

woods and meadows. We struggled, in short, between two feelings, unable to make up our mind as to which we really preferred—the glorious sunshine and picturesqueness of the East, or the soothing and invigorating air of Europe. In the same way, at home we have all sorts of luxuries, and shooting, and delightful country houses to stay in, but also a certain monotony and restraint; while in the East, though one has certainly to rough it a good deal, there is perpetual freedom, and such variety of work that the time passes so swiftly one hardly realizes that the year's last day is over. I think I came to the conclusion that had I married an elder son I should prefer Europe and luxury, for with wealth one can have in every part of the world the freedom that I prize. But in the mean time Andrew and I are perfectly satisfied with our lot, and though now and then we *wish* we were "elder sons" with unlimited incomes, yet I do not think we really envy any of them, or would accept an exchange if offered to us.

Gemono, as I have said, is situated in a lovely country. Ruined castles crown the summits of the hills, between which are deep ravines overgrown with firs and dense groves of poplar and mulberries; cascades pour down their sides, and the snow lies in broad patches, reaching almost to the plain. From Venzone and Chiusaforte the scenery has quite an Alpine character; near the latter town a fine waterfall flows into the river, along which our train made its way, by groves of fir and hazel, acacia and laburnum, which fringe the border of the stream as far



as Dogna. The latter is a pretty little red-roofed village enshrouded in walnut-trees, and situated at the entrance of a dell, where oak-woods climb upwards to meet the snows of the upper heights. The excessive greenness of the meadow-pasture seemed peculiarly beautiful, and the tassels of the larch-trees scarce less brilliant of colour.

About ten o'clock we arrived at Pontebba, the frontier town of the Italian border, separating Italy from Austria; a few yards beyond it is Pontafel, the German village, though both are built so near together that one can hardly be distinguished from the other. The river Fella separates the countries, and a tower on the stone bridge marks the exact frontier. The villages are situated in the narrow pass of Chiusa, between high mountains; in olden times this was known as the "Gate of Italy," and was strongly fortified, as may still be seen by the ruins overlooking the pass. As we got out at Pontafel to have our luggage examined, it seemed strange to hear nothing but German spoken, when but a few minutes before Italian was the only language understood. The first thing that struck us was the civility of the Austrian officials, and a later experience proved to us that politeness is the rule amongst that class of Austrians. We were asked to point out our boxes, and if we had anything contraband, cigars especially. On receiving an assurance that we had none, nothing was examined, and we went on to the refreshment-room to breakfast. The table was plentifully supplied in true German fashion, with veal and every variety of sausage.

We got some very good chicken-soup, but with pieces of sponge-cake floating in it.

While enjoying this a gentleman who had travelled in our carriage came up to tell Andrew that he had overheard the officials in the Custom-House commenting on the number of *kilos* marked on our luggage-tickets, and saying that it could not all have come out of the van. Andrew went to see if anything was missing, and at the suggestion of the German gentleman had all our luggage re-weighed, when it was discovered that we had paid about twenty-seven francs in excess of the proper charge. I had noticed at the time that our luggage seemed to be extraordinarily heavy, but in the hurry of starting, and the consciousness that even if an error had been made, redress was hopeless, we had paid, and held our peace. But the imposition was really disgraceful, and the chief of the Custom-House gave us a certificate of the real weight, and advised us to send a reclamation immediately to Venice to have the money returned. I may say here that I wrote twice to the "Capo di Stazione" in Venice, but from that day to this have never received an answer.

We waited nearly three-quarters of an hour at Pontafel, and I had time to run through the fir-trees and get a lump of snow. The fact of the snow lying on the ground so late in the year must have something to do with the peculiarly vivid greenness of the turf, which was like no grass we had ever seen, as close and smooth as the best-kept lawn. One might have rolled down the hillocks as if on an incline of ice,

for not a single uneven tuft spoiled the smoothness of the surface.

This place marks the beginning of the Eastern Alps, which contain whole districts unexplored by travellers, and where at every step are fertile and romantic little villages, turbulent streams, high mountains, winding rivers, and lakes with dark pine forests sloping down to the water's edge; a series of unrivalled pictures of Alpine scenery set amid the old landmarks of two thousand centuries, and the vast historic ruins of the Middle Age. From Tarvis, the first station after Pontafel, excursions can be made to some of the most romantic views in Carinthia; the little scattered village, enclosed by magnificent pine woods, is situated midway between the Carnic and Julian Alps, and not far from Arnoldstein, on the banks of the Gail, where it is overhung by a castellated building, said to be a suppressed Benedictine convent.

The care taken of the line of railway excited Andrew's admiration; all the banks are carefully protected from landslips by willow hurdles, and the neat little stations, with their pretty gardens and general look of comfort, are in keeping with the fine natural scenery.

Amongst so much loveliness it is difficult to say which spot bears the palm. I remember Villach in particular, for there the three great roads to Munich, Vienna, and Venice meet; the surrounding country is called the Villach Alps, and a whole book of legends and folk-lore might be indited about them. The town is situated on the Drave, a little

above its junction with the Gail, and possesses warm mineral springs in the neighbourhood ; but the chief attraction is the splendid ruin of Landskron, a castle that belonged to the Khevenhüllers, a famous Carinthian family, the chief of whom in 1492 defeated the Turks, and slew their Pasha, close to Villach ; and in the church may still be seen the tombs of six knights of the family, each decorated with the effigy of a stern warrior arrayed in full knightly costume. The railway winds by the side of the lake, at the end of which stands the castle on a wooded hill surrounded by deep pine-woods, with lovely highland scenery forming a background to every view.

At Glandsdorf the guard brought us each a luncheon-tray, for which we only paid a gulden : soup, beefsteak and vegetables, cold ham, and a small flask of wine. Plenty of time was given us to enjoy all these good things, as the tray had not to be returned till we reached Frisach. There are no less than five feudal castles in the valley here, and many ancient churches, grouped along a rocky height abounding in relics of the Middle Age ; truly a wonderful old place, delightfully situated on the Metnitz, and surrounded by a fertile valley stretching as far as the grand old castle of Dürrenstein, dividing Carinthia from Styria. Neumarkt was the next station, a walled hamlet with a castle above it, and thence through beautiful scenery to Unzmarkt, a village belonging to Prince Schwarzenberg. On the opposite bank of the little river Mur is the ruined castle of Frauenberg ; then Judenberg, a sombre, walled old town, also on the

Mur, and through the "oak fields" of Knittelfeld to St. Michel. We still followed the Mur to Loeben, near which we passed Göss, where Napoleon signed the treaty of the peace of Loeben with the Austrians, in the Bishop's palace, an ancient Benedictine convent. The old building can be plainly seen from the train, flanked with two round towers, and close to the picturesque banks of the Mur. We continued by the river valley to Brück, prettily situated, and commanded, like most of the villages, by a castle. The station was full of sportsmen wearing a curious sort of green hunting-costume, with blackcock feathers in their wideawakes; bound, I suppose, after the chamois and deer, which are said to be very plentiful hereabouts. The neighbouring country is beautiful, and the wonderful verdure justifies its name of "Emerald Styria." The trees are especially magnificent, far the finest I had seen since leaving Asia Minor. Between here and Mürzzuschlag are several small stations, and we had perpetual glimpses of old ruins and modern chateaux and little villas half hidden amongst the woods. One of the finest castles belongs to Graf Stubenberg, close to Kapfenberg station.

At Mürzzuschlag the pace of the train slackened, and here the actual ascent of the Semmering pass commences—a master-work of engineering, twenty-five miles in length from the southern base of the mountain to Gloggnitz on the north; quick trains do the distance in one hour and fifty minutes. There are about two miles of tunnelling, and the gradients vary between 1 in 40 and 1 in 100. The line sweeps along



below the brow of the hill in rapid curves, through scenery of great grandeur. High above the perpendicular rocks appear the distant mountains, with glittering crests of snowy whiteness, while here and there thick masses of sombre pine forests come sloping down to the very rails. Gigantic rocks, divided by deep chasms and gullies, threaten at every turn to obstruct the passage, which sometimes assumes the proportions of a huge labyrinth. Now the train dashes through a tunnel and glides out above some romantic little valley, to rush again headlong through another tunnel above rocks and cascades and grand wooded heights, and so on to the end of this delightful and never-to-be-forgotten journey, which raised Andrew's enthusiasm for the splendid engineering to the highest pitch. It is certainly the grandest work of the kind on the Continent.

We stopped at several stations in the pass, and at one of them, Klamms, Andrew bought from a peasant-woman a lovely bouquet of deep blue gentian and eidelweiss. Above the station on a precipitous rock is a castle of the eleventh century belonging to Prince Liechtenstein. The valley below is charmingly picturesque, and the engineering particularly magnificent; the Klamms tunnel, and two great viaducts built on double rows of arches rising one above another, and then the precipice of Weinzettelwand, pierced by another tunnel, connected by vaulted galleries of masonry, to protect the line from avalanches of snow.

As you approach Gloggnitz there is a beautiful view of villages and distant plain, till you turn a shoulder of the

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mountain, and others no less fine succeed. But little of the village itself was to be seen, for the sun had sunk and already twilight had set in (we were in the land of twilights now). But Gloggnitz is famous for a wonderful spring, the water of which is conveyed to Vienna through nearly sixty miles of pipes, and by works almost as great as those of the Semmering. Delightful excursions can be made to many places in the neighbourhood, and if one may judge by the exquisite flowers pressed upon you by the peasants, the country must be beautiful exceedingly.

## CHAPTER IX.

### VIENNA.

Difficulty in finding quarters—Restaurants and cafés a feature of the city—The Germans the greatest smokers in the world—The inner town or “Stadt”—The cabs and cabmen—The dog-teams—Number of pipe-shops—Specialties of the Viennese workmen—Flower shops of the Opern Ring—The new opera-house—Sacher’s restaurant—German and other soldiers—The Viennese women—Beer and beer-halls—The prater on a Sunday—Trotting races—The flower-girls—Jews—Markets—Churches—St. Stephens—The Imperial Palace, or Hofburg—Museums—International Exhibition of Pictures—Ancient armour—The summer palaces—Schönbrun—Laxenburg—Adventure of a little cygnet—The valley of the Brühl.

WE arrived late at Vienna, and had great difficulty in getting rooms. After being driven all over the town from one hotel to another, we at last succeeded in finding comfortable quarters at the “Tegethoff” in the Johannesgasse, but found also that we should have to take all our meals in a *café* or restaurant.

In Vienna there are few *tables-d’hôtes*, most people preferring to dine at the *restauration* attached to the hotel, or at any other place they may fancy. In fact the *restaurateurs* and the *cafés* are the principal institutions in the city,

and at all hours of the day they seem full ; every one has their favourite house, to which they adhere with great loyalty. In the *cafés* one can procure coffee, chocolate, ices, rusks, and *brödcgens* ; the favourite kind of coffee is called *mélange*, and is mixed, like the chocolate, with white of egg. The Vienna bread is renowned, the inhabitants having always been great consumers of cakes, puddings, and all kinds of farinaceous food. The light rolls that are generally handed round with the coffee are called *stengels* or *semmels*, but Andrew and I much preferred the kind known as *hausbrod*, which is darker and sweeter than the other sorts. At the best houses English papers can be seen, and for this reason we always breakfasted at the Café de l'Europe on the Stephensplatz. The early morning and the afternoon are the hours when the *cafés* are most crowded, and as every one smokes, you soon find yourself in an atmosphere which is perfectly overpowering.

The Germans are without exception the greatest smokers in the world. The first object I used to notice every morning was an old gentleman who lived opposite, leaning in very light marching order out of his bed-room window, on the cushion which is placed on every sill, and smoking a huge china pipe with a long stem which protruded about a couple of yards over the street. On opening my bed-room door for hot water I would see the *zimmerkellner* and the *lohn-diener* smoking like chimneys as they chatted over their work or brushed the clothes, and throughout the day every man one met had either a pipe in his mouth or an

odd-looking thin cigar; yet Andrew used to complain he never could buy any tobacco he cared to smoke.

There are few towns in Europe where it is so easy to find one's way about as Vienna, for the inner town, the "Stadt" (the Vienna of old) is only a mile in length, and in it are all the principal streets, such as the Kärnthnerstrasse and the Graben, or the Kholmarkt, where all the best shops are to be found. In walking about no one can fail to be struck with the number of quaint old burgher houses, and buildings of old religious communities, such as convents, cloisters, monasteries, and churches, besides fine palaces and state edifices. Most of the houses are built over vaulted ground-floors, which rest upon very deep and massive foundations. A very striking peculiarity of the inner town is the large number of vaulted passages leading from one street to another, affording in the present day short cuts from place to place, but formerly serving as a sure protection from the missiles of the enemy in time of siege.

The old town is surrounded by a circle of new boulevards, or "rings," which are built on the line of the old walls and glacis, and beyond are spread out a number of populous suburbs; so that, including these latter, the circumference of Vienna is said to be about twenty-six miles.

Cab-stands abound everywhere, and though the cabs are more expensive than in London or Paris, they are often hardly to be distinguished from private carriages. They are of two kinds, drawn by one or two horses, and nearly all the *fiakers* or cabbies are good drivers. The Viennese



cabman thinks it almost a dishonour to drive slowly, never doing so if they can possibly help it, and both they and their horses present a comfortable picture of substantial independence. The drivers are, indeed, quite an important confederation, and seem a very superior class to the cabbies of other towns. This may be accounted for by the unanimity they employ in the management of their affairs, and in their benevolent institutions, meetings for the practice of native *yodles* or airs, and a grand yearly ball which is patronized by the nobles and rich merchants of the city.

But there is another kind of conveyance in Vienna which gave us far less pleasure ; I mean the dog-teams. A dog is such a noble, sagacious, large-hearted beast that it seems little short of an insult to put our truest and most faithful friend to draw a heavy cart. Nearly all the shopkeepers have teams of these poor animals, which they harness to small trucks, carrying loads of bread, boots, vegetables, and, indeed, any kind of parcel. A woman sometimes walks beside them, a more merciful driver, let us hope, than the horrid boys who ply their whips without pity on the poor panting, struggling creatures. I never saw this new sort of parcels delivery without an uncomfortable feeling ; but sometimes it was impossible not to smile, when, stopping to have a sniff round each other, the dogs would forget their ignoble bondage and start up to fight it out ; and then rolling out into the street would go all the band-boxes or oranges, and the slaves earn at least a temporary triumph over their task-masters. But it was temporary

only, for the latter never spared punishment on these occasions.

I have already spoken of the perpetual smoking that goes on in Vienna, and in walking through the streets it is impossible not to be struck with the number of pipe-shops there are, full of huge meerschaum bowls from Asia Minor or Algiers, fitted with amber mouth-pieces from the Baltic. These are cut and carved into every variety of form. One of the finest I saw had a relief on it of the "Jungfrau" spinning by the cross; the emblem of Vienna, taken from the traditions attached to the Gothic cross on the old post-road, where a fair damsel vowed, when her lover set out for the Holy Land, to sit and spin there till his return. Initials can be carved with great care and skill on the meerschaum surface, or engraved in gold on cigarette-holders, and these last designs are thought the prettiest of all. The china bowls are painted with a wonderful variety of pictures, generally mythological or sporting.

Tortoise-shell, and ivory, and fancy wood-work seem a specialty of the Viennese workmen, while their leather goods have long been famous. We were greatly tempted by the beautiful objects in Russian and Morocco leather and crocodile-skin, ranging from the tiniest little post-stamp purse to huge solid trunks, a *pêle-mêle* of pretty and useful things, all equally well and tastefully finished. But the most beautiful shops are those of Bohemian glass and crystal, where every piece is a perfect work of art. The designs are not so light and graceful as in the Venetian glass, but the beautiful

gilding and iridescence imparted to the crystal makes the glass of Bohemia quite unique. The jugs, vases, and drinking-cups are copied from the old German forms ; the colours are beautiful, a deep rich ruby, dark green, or blue being the most general ; the latter ornamented with arabesques laid on in silver and white enamel in relief. Vienna china has nearly as great a reputation as Bohemian glass ; but the old ware is getting very scarce and terribly expensive, and I cannot say I admired much of the modern, even in the best shops of the Kärnthnerstrasse. There are two places in the Opern Ring that we made a point of visiting every evening during our stay in Vienna ; these were the flower-shops, which are easily recognizable by the crowd of people who gather outside the windows till the bouquets are made up and exhibited. In no other capital in Europe are flowers arranged so tastefully or with such variety. Those for the theatres were woven into crescents, crosses, or stars, instead of the conventional bouquet with long streamers. I remember on one night the whole window was filled by an enormous cushion of purple heartsease, with a fringe of drooping lilies of the valley, and in one corner a graceful spray of lotus flowers was placed, as if resting on the bed of purple. On another evening I saw a garland of forget-me-nots, with great waxy water-lilies, their half-opened buds and dewy leaves lightened by sedge-grasses, the most beautiful wreath, I think, that I have ever seen. These lilies were favourite flowers, and nothing could be more artistic than the way in which they were handled—a petal here bent back, there made to open or close, as best suited

the shape for which they were wanted. All kinds of grasses and berries, even weeds, were used which would be scorned in Covent Garden; and every day we looked forward to our visit to the flower-shops as one of the coming treats for that night. The ball-room bouquets were mounted in the most graceful manner; buds and blossoms, grasses and shaded leaves, waved above priceless gardenias or humble corn-flowers; or great tropical lilies were made to lie on a bed of the softest moss, picked and wired so as to resemble some beautiful foliage. I noticed that men-artists made the bouquets up, and the designs of each evening seemed to be left entirely to their own fancy.

The new opera-house is built a little higher up on the Ring. It has a fine façade, with a lofty colonnade, the interior decorated in white and gold. We went there on several evenings to see what was going on, but both acting and singing were very poor. The ballets, however, were better, their decorations and scenery being especially beautiful. A certain Frau Gerale was the *première danseuse*, and seemed to be a great favourite, for she generally became the fortunate possessor of the lovely flowers we had seen made up a short time previously. The theatres of Vienna are better, as a rule, than the opera, but none of them come up to those of Paris or London.

The well-known *restauration* of Edward Sacher's is close to the opera, and is certainly the best in Vienna. The service and attendance are far better than in the hotels, but the charges are in proportion. I have one of the bills of fare now

by me, and I see that the items are as follows : 2 bisques, 2 florins ; 2 truites, 3 florins ; 1 rumsteak, 1 florin 50 kreutzers ; 2 asperges, 3 florins ; 1 Hagenberger käse from the Semerie of Hagenberger (cream cheese), 50 kreutzers ; 2 gefrones (ices), 1 florin 50 kreutzers ; 1 cigar, 50 kreutzers ; 1 liqueur, 50 kreutzers. Six shillings for a couple of small trout, and the same for a tiny dish of asparagus, appears to me a good deal, and I am sure you can get quite as good a dinner in Paris at half the price, for these items, of course, do not include wine, coffee, bread, and waiting. Above the restaurant there is an hotel, which we heard was much frequented by Americans ; but as Andrew knew nothing about it, we thought it better to remain at our own. This place was never too crowded, and most of the guests were travellers like ourselves, or Austrian officers, who smoked in moderation, and in manner and appearance seemed very much like English gentlemen. Andrew, however, thought less of the Austrian soldiers. He was particularly struck with their extreme boyishness, some of them being apparently not more than fifteen or sixteen, and with a raw, weakly look. He used to start off early in the morning to try and find them on parade, for we never saw them marching through the streets, and would come home quite disappointed, declaring them to be nearly as bad as the French. I think there is no doubt that the Germans are the finest soldiers in Europe, and the English the smartest ; then come the Turks for "material," and after them the French and Italian. Of the Russians I know nothing, as the only Russian soldier I have ever seen is



the Cossack who used to accompany the Empress at Nice ; while the Bulgarians, Servians, Greeks, and Roumanians are only as yet "Bashi-bazouks," of whom the less said the better.

The Viennese women are decidedly pretty, but, except in Naples, I have never seen so much undisguised painting. The maid-servants are particularly neat ; they wear a sort of uniform of print skirts, with loose jackets fastened round the waist by a snowy apron, and pretty little frilled caps. They used to look so tidy and clean as they sped about on their errands, which seemed generally to be the fetching and carrying of beer from the *hallen*.

These beer-halls are a great feature in Viennese life, and I think there is great truth in Andrew's remark that the Viennese seem to spend the greater part of their lives in eating, drinking, and smoking. These places are never empty, and generally so crowded that not a chair is unoccupied. The quantity of beer consumed must be enormous, and I noticed even ladies drinking off *krugel* after *krugel*, a large glass goblet that holds nearly two ordinary tumblers. The best beer in the whole of Germany is Dreher's, but it is sold under different names, such as Lager, Pilsner, Viener, Zipfer, and Märzen. Hungarian wine is drunk as well as beer ; the ordinary white kinds are Magyarata, Somlauer, Villauyer, Marosmenti, Küküllo, Menti, and Rozsamanli ; of the red there is Sashegyri (Adlersberger), Villanyi, Egri, Carlowitz, and so on, and the prices vary from one to four shillings a bottle. It is strange that in such a bibulous country one

rarely sees a tipsy person, and I can only suppose their drink to be far wholesomer than what is sold in England. After the theatres, which are generally over by ten o'clock, Germans of a thirsty temperament will adjourn to one of their favourite beer-houses and have what is called a "herring-schmaus"—a feast, I believe, on a kind of salad made of salt herrings, anchovies, green olives and cold potatoes, with which of course they drink great bumpers of beer. It seems a highly popular sort of supper, but is of course only partaken of by the male sex.

To get the best idea of the Viennese one must go to the Prater on a Sunday; nothing can give a better proof of the restless character of these people, for whom holiday-making is as indispensable as daily bread. Then, if the weather is fine, the whole city pours forth, and the carriages form an unbroken line along the Hauptallee to the Rondeau, a triple road running in a direct line through a fine chestnut avenue—the central one for carriages only, the others, for riders on the one side, and for foot people on the other. The carriages and horses one sees here are often very handsome, but the general effect is spoilt by the admittance of cabs and every other kind of vehicle, and though the surroundings are far finer than Hyde Park, yet the scene is not nearly such a pretty one. The driving is extraordinarily fast and bold, and a few teams seemed remarkably well handled; but, as Andrew says, "barring appearances the cabbies are the best hands all over." The Austrians are good riders, and crowds of horsemen are seen daily galloping

up and down on the tan, to the great amusement of the large crowds which fill the other avenues.

But this is by no means the most characteristic part of the Prater, for behind the great embankment of trees and shrubs lies the favourite haunt of the common people. It is called the Wurstl, or Sausage-Prater, from the quantities of sausages consumed in it, and on Sundays it has the appearance of a great fair. As far as the eye can reach, under the trees and over the green sward, stretch long lengths of booths and buildings of every possible description and variety: *café chantants*, aquariums, circuses, panoramas, restaurants, and beer-halls, orchestra stands, dancing platforms, bowling alleys, carrousel, may-poles, fire-eaters, serpent-tamers, swings, fat women and dwarfs, wax-works, and every kind of mountebank, while great crowds of happy-looking people stroll about or sit under the trees, eating and drinking, and realizing to the full Mephistopheles' words: "Hier ist's so lustig wie im Prater." The strumming of the numerous bands, the whirl of the carrousel, with the clatter of the plates and knives, makes you soon glad to move on to the quieter spots near the water, and rest on the pleasant seats beneath the chestnut trees, which are not, indeed, very fine, but closely planted and trimmed so as to form a good shade. They were in full bloom while we were in Vienna, and the pink-and-white blossoms had a pretty effect side by side with the fir-trees which grow amongst them.

There happened to be some trotting races during our visit, the Viener Trabrenn-Verein, under the patronage of a great

many "Excellenz's" and "Durchlachts"; so one afternoon we drove to the Rotunda in the Prater, and got very good places in the centre of the grand stand next to the royal box. This is distinguished from the others by the platform being covered in red cloth, with velvet and gold draperies over the balcony. It was filled by a number of archdukes and archduchesses, and gentlemen in uniform. The Empress Elizabeth was away at the Pesth races, so we missed seeing her; she makes a point of attending all the race-meetings, and her love for horses is well known. I do not know that she is very popular amongst the Viennese, but a good deal is attached to her name, and in some way or other one hears a great deal more about her than one does of the Emperor, who, if not disliked, seems to be rather ignored.

The races began with the ordinary trotting matches with small cabriolets, after which the same horses ran again without the carriages, but with the drivers on their backs. Then followed a tandem race, which was succeeded by one between some fine four-in-hands. Both these races were extremely well driven. Next came a mail phaeton race between the Princes Starhemberg, Auersperg, and Furst Trauttmansdorff (the latter driving in uniform); but the most amusing of all was the Fiaker Fahren, or cab race. The horses were nearly all Hungarian or Wallachian, only one American trotter amongst them; the pace was invariably good, and Andrew said he never saw a better day's sport or a more varied programme. The four-in-hands went splendidly, and far faster than any of

our Queen's horses ; but they were ugly teams, a mixture of *fuschs* and *schimmel*, or chestnut and gray, being the favourite colours. The race between the three princes caused the greatest excitement ; they had friends and acquaintances amongst the crowd and in the stands, and I could not have believed that the stolid Germans could have been so roused about anything, though perhaps there was some betting going on of which we did not know. About eighteen cabs competed in the Fiaker race, which, to us, was the best in the day's programme. Different gentlemen had each selected a favourite pair of horses, and sat behind the coachmen to encourage or direct. Nothing could have been better than the pace and style of the horses, and the winner well deserved his hundred and fifty florins.

I was much disappointed with the beauty of the ladies, and their dress, though handsome enough, was of rather too sporting a cut to suit my taste. The flower-girls amused us much ; instead of being "peasant girls with deep blue eyes," they were grand young ladies in velvet gowns and Rubens' hats, and it was certainly rather incongruous to see such very smart personages going about among the crowd with little wicker baskets on their arms. They would take no denial, and even after Andrew had bought a bouquet of moss-roses for me and a narcissus for himself, we found no peace. One in particular returned to the charge in a most pertinacious manner ; before he was aware of what was happening Andrew would find a bouquet pushed up his coat-sleeve, or slipped into a button-hole, or let fall into his pocket,



or, worse still, held up to his nose, and he had to be very stern and peremptory before the young lady with her wares would depart to torment some one else.

The fast driving in the streets had already struck me, but on their return from the races the coachmen seemed to be regularly infected with the spirit of what they had just witnessed; how collisions were avoided I cannot imagine; and the police seemed rather to encourage the rapid pace, for if a carriage lagged behind the driver was immediately ordered on. Few of the horses wear collars, and American harness is evidently the fashion.

The town seemed full of Jews, who had fled hither from Russian cruelty; they looked poor, meek people, footsore and weary, and weighed down with bundles which they carried on their backs containing all they had managed to save from pillage. Pale-faced women and little children trudged behind their fathers and brothers, most of them without shoes or stockings, though some had tied sandals of raw hide round their feet. The Austrians seemed very kind to them, stopping to give them money as they passed, and the shopkeepers would hand out bread and sausage or a little fruit. There are many Jews in Vienna; nearly the whole business on the Exchange is in their hands, and they are masters of the whole financial position; and besides the rich there are many of the middle and lower classes spread all over the city, though living principally in the inner town. The new arrivals all made their way to this quarter, and were received with great kindness. We were surprised to recognize amongst them a

Jew we had known in Cyprus, who had made his way here on foot all the way from Constantinople ; he told us that owing to the number of refugees from Russia, it was very hard to get work, and all who could were emigrating to America. Russia is certain to suffer sooner or later for her conduct to these people, for there more than in any other country are the Jews necessary. In nearly every merchant's office the cashiers, accountants, and clerks are Jews, and much of the wealth of the country is owing to their shrewdness and perseverance. In Odessa especially their departure will be a most serious loss. This latest outbreak of intolerance and fanaticism is bound to bring the finances of the great Empire into even a worse state than they are now.

There are two markets worth visiting in Vienna ; one for the sale of fish on the Danube, which you reach by the Kärnthnerstrasse, continuing along the river as far nearly as the "Hotel Métropole." A number of small sheds are built along the bank, with wooden piers leading to barges partially sunk in the water. These form large tanks, with holes perforated in their sides, through which the water flows, and the fish when caught are turned in here, and ladled out with large shrimp-nets as required. We saw several new kinds of fish we had not known of, such as fogasch, a sort of perch caught in the Platten-see, a large lake in Hungary, and heck, from the same place ; huchen, marked like trout, but without scales ; kopen, all head and no tail ; schill and sterling, a sort of sturgeon found in the Danube.

Thence we went to the Wildpret-markt, where all the game is sold, a narrow, irregular street, between the Graben and the Hoher-markt. The shops are decorated outside with the antlers of red deer and stuffed heads of the roe. We saw some magnificent heads of the former, with twenty and even twenty-six points, but enormous prices were asked for them : two hundred gulden, about ten pounds, each. Every sort of bird, in and out of season, was exposed for sale : grebe, huge capercaillie, wild duck, red-legged partridge, quail, Bohemian pheasants, and different kinds of wild-fowl from both the Platten and Neusiedler lakes. Beavers, too, there were from the isles of the Danube, chamois from Styria, and wild-boar and venison. There must be grand sport in the Austrian dominions ; but most of it is preserved now-a-days, and can only be got through private invitations.

I have not said anything of the churches and museums, for descriptions of these are much better given in a guide-book than in a work of this kind. Of the former, the church of St. Stephen's is the most worth seeing. "All that is lofty, imposing, and sublime in the Gothic style of architecture is united in this cathedral." The interior is certainly very beautiful and striking, as you stand under the great cavernous "Riesenthor," a giant portal at the west end of the church, and notice the wonderful richness of the sculpture of the pillars, the beautiful painted glass, the carved stalls and elaborate pulpit of the fifteenth century ; and the time-stain over all, untouched by "restoring" hands, gives the whole a venerable appearance now too rare. One

nineteenth-century piece of refinement, however, struck us as shockingly out of character with the building—the narrow *troughs* full of saw-dust placed in every line of oaken stalls. It surely does not say much for the civilization of the Austrians that such a thing should be necessary in the greatest cathedral they have. The exterior of the roof is very curious, with the Imperial eagle of Austria designed in coloured tiles, but the great glory of the church consists in its spires. Only one of these is finished, the other rising as yet but half way to its proper height; the completed one is perhaps the richest in the whole of Germany.

On the way from St. Stephen's church to the Kärnthnerstrasse there is a niche in the wall of one of the corner houses between that street and the Graben, holding the *stock im eisen*, or tree of iron; it is said, at least, to be part of the trunk of a tree, the only one left of a vast forest which in ancient days extended to this spot, now the heart of the city. It was formerly the custom for every journeyman blacksmith arriving in Vienna in search of work, first to obtain permission to drive a nail into the tree in the presence of several witnesses, who afterwards took their new companion to the "Stephanskeller" for refreshment. There is now no space left for a single nail, and the trunk has become a tree of iron.

The Imperial palace is called the Hofburg, an immense pile of buildings built round three quadrangles, and outwardly of a most unroyal appearance; but the interior is full of libraries, museums, and cabinets of antiquities, and the *chatz-*

*kammer*, or jewel office, is said to be one of the richest in the world. In it are the coronation regalia of Charlemagne, and those of the Emperors of Hapsburg, and of Napoleon as king of Italy. There too are the jewelled insignia of the Golden Fleece, and other decorations of enormous value. Among them is the "Frankfurt" diamond, bought by the Emperor Francis I. in 1764 for £28,000; and the straw-coloured diamond lost by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, picked up by a peasant, who sold it to a citizen of Bern for a gulden, and passing thence through several hands, till finally in 1736 it reached and remained in the Imperial treasury. But perhaps the most interesting, and certainly not the least beautiful, of the contents, are the ruby and diamond ornaments that belonged to Marie Antoinette, and a ring containing her hair. The Imperial private jewels, too, are splendid, especially the diamond and emerald coronet, necklace, and brooches of the Empress; and the strings upon strings of diamonds, all made to unset, so as to be fastened on separately. Besides the jewels, there are cases full of precious souvenirs and relics, such as the yataghan of Timour, the silver-gilt cradle of the Duc de Reichstadt, a wonderful collection of old watches and clocks, flasks, vases, tankards and goblets in rock crystal, and precious stones; and notably the two great works of Benvenuto Cellini, one of which he describes in his own life, the cameo of Leda and the Swan, and the famous gold salt-cellar. There is also an extraordinary collection of religious relics: the nails from the Cross, a tooth of



John the Baptist, a piece of the frock of St. John the Evangelist, some links of the chains of St. Peter, a fragment of the true Cross, a part of the cloth which covered the table at the Last Supper, and so forth.

To inspect the Imperial stables one has to procure tickets from the Master of the Horse, and to write one's name in a book on entering. Only a few of the gray Spanish Arabs and some fine English thoroughbreds were to be seen, as most of the horses were away at Schönbrunn, where the Emperor and Empress pass the summer. The state trappings, the harness and carriages too, were all undergoing repairs, and invisible. The Imperial riding-school is a fine building, erected by order of Maria Theresa; two tiers of gallery run round the interior with arched portals, divided by balconies, from which the horses at exercise below can be watched, and at the north end, above the equerries' platform, is the Imperial box.

We thought the Ambras Museum the most interesting of the many there are in Vienna. The suits of armour belonging to the various members of the Imperial family are especially fine; amongst them are those worn by Francis I. of France, the Emperor Maximilian, Don John of Austria, Philip II. of Spain, Maurice, Elector of Saxony, and many others, notably that of Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico. A particular curiosity is the suit of Albrecht, the Bear of Brandenburg, with the steel plaited like a petticoat; but the most beautiful of all is that of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, with gilt bas-reliefs on a black

ground. In one room is a most dazzling display of jewellery and enamels, with cups, tankards, and goblets cut out of crystal and topazes, quite as beautiful as those in the Chatzkammer; and altogether, though small, this museum is one of the most interesting that I have ever been in.

Next to it is the Upper Belvedere, containing the Imperial picture-gallery, and commanding from its terrace a magnificent view of the city. The gallery is justly famed, but our time was too short to let us examine it properly; I remember, however, to have been especially interested in a picture of the beautiful Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, by Paul Veronese; I have seen pictures of her now in Venice, Vienna, and Florence, and in the last place is the best, by Titian. To me her portrait always seems so strangely like the Princess of Wales; the same sweet features and delicate colouring, and the proud yet gracious way of carrying the head, with the long slender throat;\* The eyes, though, are brown in colour, and have a curious expression which all her painters have caught. Perhaps one of the most wonderful pictures in the collection is the portrait of "an old woman," (113) hung in the White Cabinet (though the room is stained green!), and remarkable for the microscopic minuteness with which every hair and wrinkle is made out. There is also a fine example of Rubens, the portrait

\* When photographs of the Princess of Wales and other well-known English beauties are shown to the Turks, they invariably single out the Princess as the most lovely, and if asked why, will point to the graceful, swan-like neck; for the most flattering description they can give of a woman is to say she has hair like a mare's tail and a neck like a camel's.

of Helena Forman, his second wife, stepping into a bath, but partially covered with a brown cloak, wonderfully brilliant in colour and finish. The grounds of the Belvedere are pretty, and make a much pleasanter lounge than the ugly, uncared-for place called the Botanical Gardens—a mere strip of ground designed for students of botany.

Another favourite place of ours was the museum of *Kunst und Arbeit* (Art and Industry)—a sort of Kensington Museum, with examples of all the principal manufactures of Austria. One gallery is devoted to old costumes in satin and velvet of the time of Maria Theresa; if any one admires fine embroidery and needlework, they will go into raptures over the exquisite stitching on these garments. There are rooms filled with specimens of all the porcelain and pottery and majolica ever invented. It is curious to see what a good effect some of the coarse native pottery has when grouped tastefully together; one case, the contents of which I dare say did not cost a couple of pounds, had a most artistic appearance; all the rich browns, and reds, and creams, and yellow, and olive colours, with the broad bold modelling, making the Dresden and Sévres beside them stiff and pale in comparison.

During our stay in Vienna there was an International Exhibition of pictures held in a large building in the Giesela Strasse. Every nation in Europe was represented except England, and this exhibition accounted for the difficulty we had found in getting rooms at the hotels. The French were the best represented, but on looking over their catalogue, one

could not but notice how very limited was their choice of subject—either terrible and ghastly scenes of horror and tumult, or else Venuses, nymphs, and other illustrations of the Greek mythology. The Northern schools, on the contrary, go to the other extreme, and their peasant interiors and insipid madonnas become rather tiresome after a time. In the German school there were a few landscapes, a branch of the art more sparingly represented than any other in the whole exhibition. The Italian pictures were poor in execution and very limited in design, mostly pastoral scenes, or subjects of purely local interests—a Cababrese; on the quay at Genoa; from Capri to Anacapri; merchants in Bologna; Neapolitan baptism, and so forth. The French are curiously unlike the Italians in this “national” spirit; for they had not a single picture representative either of their country or its history. The exhibition was called the first “*Internationalen—Kunst—Austellung*,” and most of the works were for sale.

Vienna is particularly rich in ancient armour, for not only are all the museums well stocked, but in the Imperial arsenal, close to the Belvedere, is perhaps the finest collection in Europe. One of the most curious objects in it is the enormous chain of 80,000 links with which the Turks stopped the navigation of the Danube near Buda in 1529; it is now festooned round the cannons in the courtyard. In the fine “town arsenal” is another and more ghastly trophy of the Turkish wars, the head of Kara Mustapha, the vizier, with the cord which strangled him coiled round and round his throat; his

shroud, or Todtenhemd, covered with closely-written verses from the Koran, is in the same case. All the place is full of arms ancient and modern, together with banners and other trophies of Austrian victories, including the great blood-red standard of the Turks.

There are two summer palaces in the neighbourhood of Vienna, which serve as a Richmond or Versailles for pleasure-parties amongst the good burghers. Though the country round the city is very flat and not much raised above the Danube, the plain is bounded on three sides by hills covered with fine woods and sprinkled over with villas and chateaux. Amongst the latter is Schönbrunn, the Imperial summer palace, about half-an-hour's drive from Vienna, was formerly a hunting lodge, built for Maria Theresa, and inhabited by Napoleon in 1809. It is a long low building, surrounded by gardens laid out in straight walks, with hedges of elm clipped in French fashion to a height of fifty or sixty feet ; these are the principal objects that strike the visitor's eye, for all other vegetation is hidden from view inside the foliage, and in summer the place must be insufferably hot, for these close-clipped trees afford no protection either from the sun or from the glare of the white gravel ; in front of the façade of the palace is a strip of *parterre* adorned with thirty-two marble statues, and a large basin in the centre. On the whole I cannot say much for the taste or picturesqueness of the place ; indeed, landscape-gardening seems to be but little appreciated in Austria, and had I not seen those exquisite bouquets in the Opern Ring, I should have said the Viennese



were destitute of all love for flowers. A *valet du palais* took us over the apartments; the double staircase leading to them has a fine effect, that on the left leading to the private rooms of the Emperor and Empress, and that on the right to the part open to the public. Like the show-rooms of every other palace, there are long corridors and ante-chambers with parquet floors and gilded furniture; but some of the rooms are really beautiful, particularly one with the walls covered with blue tiles and raised porcelain wreaths in blue and gold. Another is panelled, with pictures let into the wood-work done by the children of Maria Theresa, two of them bearing the signature of Maria Antoinette; a third is inlaid with rose-wood, and covered with curiously-painted Chinese pictures. We were shown the room where the young Duke de Reichstadt died, in the same bed that his father occupied when he had lived in the palace twenty-five years previously; the windows of this command a fine view of the grounds and woods beyond. We were struck by the exceeding brightness and cleanliness of the palace, and the fresh, well-aired atmosphere of all the rooms, so different from the poverty-stricken little palace at Athens.

One of the avenues lead to what is called the flower-garden, but which seemed to me merely a bit of waste ground, with conservatories and palm-houses built round it; none of these are finished, and the menagerie beside it has a deserted look, the only animals of any note being some most amusing bears that are made great pets of. At a word of command, which is *schön-bitten*, or beg pretty, they sit

up on end and wag their paws up and down like terriers begging for a lump of sugar. One old grandpapa was too fat and lazy to get up and do it, but lay on his back, and at *schön-bitten* would wag his four paws in the air in the most ludicrous fashion, holding his mouth wide open all the time ready for the morsel.

At the end of one of the alleys is the beautiful fountain which gives its name to the palace, ornamented with the statue of a nymph. Beyond is the *gloriette*, a colonnade of pillars on an eminence in the park, from which you get a splendid view of the surrounding country. The woods, alternating with open glades, behind the *gloriette* are allowed to grow in natural luxuriance, and the mossy turf and shade formed a delightful contrast to the ugly walks below. Beyond this part of the forest is the deer and wild-boar park, containing over two thousand head of swine, and strictly kept as a private Imperial preserve. Outside the grounds are several restaurants, where those who wish to spend a long day at Schönbrunn can lunch.

Laxenburg is the name of another of the Imperial parks, about an hour's distance by railway from Vienna. This was also planned by Maria Theresa, who seems to have been the Artemesia of Austria, and a long unbroken avenue of trees connects it with Schönbrunn. The palace itself is called the "Blue House," a small ugly building, with no attractions inside or out. But the park is beautiful. It is watered by the river Schmechat, which has been turned in one spot into a lake picturesquely dotted with little

islands. In the centre stands the Franzenburg, a miniature castle built in mediæval style, and approached by means of a flying bridge, upon which we were ferried over. A portly custodian showed us through the building, the interior of which is supposed faithfully to reproduce an ancient baronial castle. The antique Gothic furniture is very interesting, as also are the rich carvings in wood and stone, the painted glass, and some fine old cabinets carried off from other chateaux. In some of the rooms there are very curious old majolica stoves, things that one rarely meets with out of Germany; and the halls are handsomely decorated with trophies of weapons and antlers. The building is inhabited now by a breed of Persian cats which keep down the mice. There is a miniature dungeon, with a puppet figure like that one sees at Madame Tussaud's, and also a stuffed wolf, the last that was killed in the park.

The grounds were very wild and pretty, and planted with fine trees, but there are rather too many Grecian temples, Chinese pavilions, and Swiss cottages for English taste. The *meierei*, or dairy farm, instead of fresh butter and cream, contains only Dreher's beer and Frankfurter sausage, dispensed from a counter by a greasy waiter. We asked for some milk, and were given a thin, watery fluid in a small cup, for which sixpence was charged. The park is spoilt by such cooking places, and there are also a *turnierplatz* (lists), a knight's crypt, and numerous temples. The prettiest spot is a rustic seat beneath a grand elm close to the waterfall, where we took our luncheon. A broad shelf of rock reaches

below the fall, and on this were standing two swans, as though mesmerized by the continual fall of the spray. One little tiny gray cygnet was cosily nestled under the mother's wing, but another and weaker one had not been able to mount on the ledge, and the water flowing over with considerable force, the little creature had to keep in perpetual motion to prevent being carried away. Its struggles against the current were most painful to witness, and gradually the little legs moved slower and slower and the head began to droop, while the distance between it and the rock increased. All this time the mother and father were quietly enjoying their bath without a thought of the struggling little one. The noise of the water drowned our voices, but we scrambled to the rock above and threw every missile we could lay hands on to frighten the big swans away and recall their young one to their memory. At last Andrew was successful by means of a big branch, and with a flap of their wings they glided off the shelf and swam down the stream. Our little cygnet had just strength as the mother floated past to push under her wing and hoist its little body up on her back, and we had the satisfaction of seeing it carried off in safety before returning to our luncheon.

All the gardening is done by women, who indeed seem to perform most of the outdoor labour in Germany. We had noticed one in the village of Laxenburg pointing the bricks on a house, and another mounted on a roof repairing the slates, while in every field they were following the plough, or hedging potatoes, or doing hard work of some kind.

On our return to Vienna we had to change trains, and wait some time at Mödling junction, a clean little village at the foot of the hills, through which passes the delightful valley of the Brühl. It was too early in the season for the lodging-houses and restaurants to be open, so the place had rather a deserted look. The heights are covered with old castles and convents, nearly all belonging to Prince Lichtenstein, whose "Schloss" is one of the show-places of the neighbourhood. The Alte Schloss is one of the oldest baronial strongholds in Austria, and destroyed of course by the Turks, to whose account every ruin in the country is rightly or wrongly set down. Certainly if they did only one half of what they are said to have done they must have been the greatest conquerors and exterminators the world has ever seen!

We were sorry to leave Vienna without seeing Baden at the foot of the Styrian Alps, where there are warm springs loaded with sulphur, considered to be most efficacious in skin diseases, and where crowds of people go to enjoy the "Gesellschafts-bäder," or society baths, in which ladies and gentlemen bathe together, draped in long flowing dressing-gowns. There are lovely drives and rides in the neighbourhood, and most of the villages are built near picturesque spots where the Viennese have their pic-nics and pleasure parties.

But it was time we should think of going southwards, for we had still a great deal to do and see before the three months of Andrew's leave were up, and we had made arrangements to steam down the Danube on the following day to Pesth.



## CHAPTER X.

### PESTH.

Departure from Vienna—The steamers on the Danube—Scenery and navigation of the river—Villages and castles—Presburg—Romantic incident in the life of Maria Theresa—Wild birds and game—Komorn and its fortress—Country below Komorn—Gran—The richest see in Europe—Vissegrad—Pesth—The city and its site—Sunday in Pesth—Restaurants—The Prater—The Zoological Gardens—Jewish synagogue—Hungarian antipathy to Germans and Germany—Buda or Ofen—Its sights—Hungarian music—Museum of Pesth—The Landhaus—Magyar athletic meeting—The “Margaretheninsel,” a large bathing establishment on an island below Pesth.

WE left Vienna at 6 A.M. on May 19th, starting from the Aspern bridge, close to the large buildings of the Danube Company. The director was very anxious that we should take our tickets direct to Constantinople; but we discovered that we should then have to pay for the whole journey in silver money, whereas by taking them to Pesth only, we should at any rate travel for the first part of the journey at the ordinary rate.

Our luggage was as carefully weighed as on the Italian railways, and every ounce overweight charged for. But I noticed that our German fellow-travellers escaped this by

taking their luggage at once on board and never letting it out of their sight. We were first embarked on a small steamer, which took us in about an hour to the large one moored in the main stream of the Danube, nearly opposite to the island of Lobau, and a little below the Imperial mills. I believe this place is called the Praterock, as the Prater ends here close to the river.

The steamers are large vessels built in American fashion with high decks; the saloons are spacious, and only not airy through the national dislike to open windows. Every one smokes uninterruptedly in them, even the Hungarian and Wallachian ladies indulging in cigars while *en voyage*. Accustomed as I am to the perfume of every kind of tobacco, I confess to finding the atmosphere of these saloons rather too much for me, and despite the high wind, preferred to pass my time on the open deck. The steamers go down the stream at such a pace that even on the calmest days there is a breeze on board; and during May, the month in which we were travelling, it rises sometimes almost to a gale, and the cold is often intense.

The scenery as far as Pressburg is very pretty, the river flowing through interminable forests of stately trees, or steep cliffs of porphyry, broken by wooded vales studded with pretty villages. The first we passed was Petronell, where is a fine palace and park belonging to Count Otto Traun. The building, with its small turrets, is not unlike a French chateau, but only two stories high, and has three hundred and sixty-five windows, which gives a curious effect to the frontage.

On either side of the river are lines of flour-mills, and barges, steamers, and sailing-boats are frequent. The traffic up the stream is aided in a curious manner. From Vienna to Hainburg a strong chain is placed in the centre of the current, and special steamers propel themselves against the force of the water by help of the chain, which passes over their bows and falls out at the stern. A steamer thus assisted will tow in its wake several heavily-laden barges or rafts. The shores are protected in many places by strong embankments, and every encouragement is given to the growth of trees and brushwood, thus binding the soil together. We saw lots of cormorants, wild geese, and black-headed gulls; but the strong wind made it impossible to face down stream, and though Andrew had made me very snug by arranging our rugs and bags behind a large case which kept off the draughts, I had to see everything backwards as we went along.

A little beyond Petronell is a ruin called the Heathen's Gate, Heidensthor, a triumphal arch, built to commemorate the conquest of Parmonia by Tiberius. Next comes Deutsch-Altenburg, a rustic-looking village surrounded by woods, possessing sulphur-baths which were famous as far back as the Roman occupation. Just outside the town there is a quaint little Gothic church of the thirteenth century, with a low steeple and curious buttresses. An odd-looking mound beyond it is called the Hüttelberg, from having been raised by the people in *hatfuls* to commemorate the expulsion of the Turks. Below is Hainburg, with two antique, castellated

gateways, and above it, on an isolated peak, stand the ruins of the old Acropolis, the whole surrounded by lofty wooded hills. In sight of the river is the large building of the Austrian pioneer cadet school; but the one really fine object between Vienna and Presburg is the famous castle of Theben on the left bank, perched like an eagle's eyrie on the very summit of an apparently inaccessible rock, at the junction of the March with the Danube, the boundary between Hungary and Austria. This was in former days one of the most powerful strongholds in Europe, and with its glacis and parapets, ramparts and watch-towers, was called the Porta Hungaria. It is now a mere ruin, and was reduced to its present shape by the French in 1809. It owns, of course, a romantic legend, besides its many tales of war and bloodshed. Perched on a peak of rock stands a solitary tower known as the "Nun's Tower," from a nun who had broken her vows and married its knightly owner. They were besieged in their stronghold by the troops of the outraged bishop, and rather than surrender to their fate, the lovers, clasped in a last embrace, leaped into the Danube.

A short way below the castle is the royal free city of Presburg, where the kings of Hungary were crowned since time immemorial. It is now a very old-fashioned place, more Austrian than Hungarian, more conventual than a cloister, and more Catholic than Rome. It seems a clean, airy place, with quaint old buildings, and a steep street leads up to the royal palace, the favourite residence of Maria Theresa, now but an empty shell burned out by some Italian soldiers about

seventy years ago. It commands a beautiful view of the winding Danube, flowing amidst rich woods and meadows of vast extent ; but the building itself, with its four square towers, could never have been a thing of beauty. It was here took place the romantic incident, when Maria Theresa, deserted by all her allies (except England), received the deputation from Hungary. Clad in deep mourning, in the Hungarian dress, with the crown of St. Stephen above her long streaming hair, and girt with his sword, the young queen made her famous Latin speech, in which she threw herself on the fidelity of her Hungarian subjects. Her beauty and her helplessness had such an effect on Magyar chivalry, that in an instant every sword was drawn from its scabbard, and amidst the cries of "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa,*" they swore to assert her rights, and to shed their last drop of blood in her defence. The remains of the Königsberg, an artificial mound to which every new-made king used to repair on horseback after his coronation, and there swear to defend the country from all enemies on every side, is close to the bridge of boats ; it is surrounded by a stone railing with two gates, but the ceremony is now, I believe, performed at Pesth. At each end of the bridge there are gay-looking *cafés*, with striped, green, white, and red flags flying above them, instead of the yellow and black of Austria, which we had now left behind us.

The "blue" Danube sadly belies the reputation of its colour, for it is muddy and dirty to a degree. The scenery below Presburg is uninteresting, the banks flat and unvaried by



towns or villages, as the fearful inundations occurring nearly every spring drive the people to higher ground. About midday the wind seemed to lull, and the singing of the black-birds sounded sweetly from the thick copses on either side; but the only human beings we saw were swine-herds watching their droves as they grazed on the banks, startling the little water-hens and their chicks, or the sand-martens from their holes above the high-tide mark. Game seemed to abound, for the crowing of the pheasants and the whirr of the partridges could be distinctly heard, and quantities of teal and duck lay amongst the low bushes in the creeks. The plaintive cry of the sea-mew rose above all other sounds as the birds circled round us, and increased the dreary aspect of the immense stretch of green forest, which was only broken by here and there a thatched cottage, or the distant steeple of some little village. A couple of sailors stood at the bow of the steamer sounding the depth with long poles, for the shifting mud makes the course variable, and the navigation amongst the sandbanks is very intricate; we had to zig-zag and make long detours to avoid them, the tremendous swiftness of the current increasing the difficulty of the passage. A great mass of black mud curled up in our wake along the shore on either side.

Between Presburg and Gran we stopped at several small villages, first passing Karlberg, a modern castle belonging to Gróf Zichy-Ferraris, then the accacia-shrouded hamlet of Körtvelyes, with immense herds of cattle on the banks in its neighbourhood. We passed close to Gönyö, but could not

stop, so a number of newspapers were put into a bottle and thrown into the river, a boat rowing from the shore to pick them up. The approach to Komorn is defended by a strong bomb-proof circular fort, three tiers in height, with guns commanding the river, immense green ramparts well garrisoned with soldiers ; O-Sgöny is its name, and a bridge of boats connects it with the left bank, on which stands Komorn. This is said to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, but the low green ramparts hardly rise above the level of the plain, and the daisy-covered slopes have by no means a formidable appearance. The fortifications are, however, of great extent, and a series of redoubts communicating with each other stretch for a considerable distance along the bank. The town rises above the narrow glacis, but we could see little of it, for a number of bomb-proof buildings hide it from the river. Flocks of geese lined the shore, hissing at us with outstretched necks ; I had never before seen so many of these birds together, or so many pigs as we had passed since leaving Vienna in the morning. Pigs, geese, and horses seem indigenous to Hungary.

The country seemed to grow more populous after Komorn, and villages appeared closer to the banks ; they all have quaintly-built churches, with pointed domes or steeples like those of a Chinese pagoda. Almas and Piszke were passed, surrounded by vineyards ; large floating timber-rafts like those on the Rhine began to encumber the river, and barges, towed by six or eight horses, or perhaps by a team of hardy peasant girls, who seemed to do the work equally well. The

swell from our steamer would sometimes overtake them, and then we could plainly hear their shouts and cries, and see their threatening gestures; but our stolid captain received both with equal indifference. The forests now began to retreat and vines to take their place, giving the hills a bare look. One of the best Hungarian wines comes from here, that of Nesmühl, which is made on the estates of Count Esterházy.

Before reaching Gran the stream widens considerably, and the fine cathedral comes prominently into view. The river flows round two sides of the town, which is built on a precipitous rise, crowned by the cathedral with its cloisters, chapters, and convents. Were it not for the dome, surrounded by pillars, and raised above the body of the building, it might be taken for a fortress, from the square solidity of its river-frontage. This is said to be the richest see in Europe, the prince-primate's income being not less than £80,000 a year, and his power almost royal. Below the palace are the remains of the walls of the old fortress, terminating close to the bridge of boats which joins Gran to Parkany, a village on the opposite bank. At this spot the mountains begin to close in; the high cliffs on either side are overgrown with oak woods, and the channel of the stream, unbroken by islands, has more the appearance of a lake than a flowing river.

Between Gran and Vissegrad the Danube is said to be even more beautiful than the Rhine; but though the river winds through a fresh, green country abounding in picturesque

views, I cannot say that we saw any part of it deserving of quite so high praise. On a lofty promontory, round which the river sweeps, are seen a cluster of towers and battlemented walls, connected with a corner tower several stories in height. This is Vissegrad, in ancient times the stately summer palace of the kings of Hungary. On the opposite bank lies the village of Gros-moross, nestling in vineyards, and sheltered by deep forests. The houses here seem to be more solidly built than any we have seen since leaving Vienna, and even of the village around Vissegrad the same may be said. Little white-washed shrines, leading to churches on the hill tops, look like large milestones from the river, and at first we could not understand their purpose, till we noticed that each line of little arched buildings lead upwards in the same direction. Later on we noticed many of these "holy ways" dotting the hills, especially round Pesth. Waitzen was soon reached, on our left, with its extensive vineyards stretching far into the distance, and a cathedral built in the same style as Gran; but the evening had grown so dark we could distinguish nothing else.

It was nearly 11 p.m. as we sighted Pesth. We could just make out the lofty mass of the Blocksberg frowning down on the town; but the brilliant illumination caused by the lamps along the quay, and those garlanded across the two bridges, dazzled our eyes to such an extent that everything else seemed dark and indistinct. Nothing could be more beautiful and brilliant than this moonlight approach. On each side of the river stretched long avenues of light, and

hundreds of steamers, showing different-coloured lamps, were moored along the piers ; while high above us stretched from shore to shore the double wreath of lighted globes which hang over the fine suspension bridge. Beyond was another illumination over a second bridge ; and between its piers the twinkling lights on Marguerite island were plainly visible.

On arriving, a dienstman took possession of our luggage, and placing it on a truck, conducted us to the "Hotel Hungaria," which is thought the best in Pesth. On entering, late as it was, we heard the strains of a Hungarian band, and saw beyond the glass door the immense court crowded with people who had just dined and were enjoying the music. We were too tired to go down amongst them, and glad to rest after the long river-voyage.

Nothing can be in greater contrast than the dead level on which Pesth is built (only a hundred and fifty years ago no more than a morass), with its lordly buildings and wide, handsome streets, and the quaint, steeply-built, irregular old city of Buda, or Ofen, opposite. No expense seems to have been spared in embellishing the Hungarian capital. A magnificent embankment, bordered with a double avenue of trees, lines this side of the Danube, and such care is taken to preserve it that no animals of burden, carriages, or even trucks are allowed to use it. Handsome buildings separate it from the interior streets, and rows of ornamental iron chairs are placed under the line of trees. This is a delightful promenade, provided that you have no objection to being



stared at by the hundreds of idlers who lounge at little tables, drinking coffee and reading the papers; for one half of the buildings are *restaurants*, and during the day-time the good citizens of Pesth take most of their refreshment in the open air. The first morning of our arrival being Sunday, we tried to find a Protestant church, but passing close to what is called the "parish chapel," near the embankment, we entered, and were witnesses of a pretty ceremony—the first communion of about three hundred girls. They were all dressed in white, and looked very charming in their long, soft veils. We saw some lovely faces among them, and complexions far finer than the Viennese. After the ceremony their friends gathered round and distributed presents amongst them, the locketts and rings appearing quite to banish all thoughts of the solemn ceremony they had just gone through. In the same way it seemed strange to listen to the church bells pealing overhead, while around us we heard the unmistakable clink of billiard-balls, and watched the card-players through the open windows in the houses next the church. Sunday in Pesth seemed in no wise different from other days, for every shop was open and full of customers, and the markets crowded. The fruit and flowers are sold in a square opposite the Rathhaus, near the end of the embankment, where the country people come to sell their eggs and butter.

We had put off so much time in church and at the markets, that, instead of returning to our hotel, we lunched at a large restaurant, with tables separated from the street by a hedge

of ivy grown in boxes, and trained up on iron screens. I saw here for the first time the paprika, or red pepper, the Hungarians use at every meal; it is made of red chillies dried and ground, and one becomes so accustomed to it, that on leaving it off everything tastes flavourless. Venison dressed in a variety of ways was on the bills of fare, but we never liked their manner of cooking it, to say nothing of the fact that it was out of season. Tokay seems *par excellence* the wine of Hungary, as it is entirely cultivated by Magyars; Eedenburger and Rusyter are grown by the Germans, and Menescher (something like Tokay) by the Wallachians, but both here and at Vienna we preferred beer, as they give it to you iced to perfection, and yet brisk and frothing.

After lunch we drove to the Stadt Wäldchen, the Prater of Pesth. The cabs are not nearly so good as those of Vienna, and the horses are poor, starved-looking animals, worse even than those you may see in London. We soon dismissed our cabby, and enjoyed walking through the alleys, and under the fine trees of the park. Again we remarked that Sunday was no day of rest here: about twenty bands were playing discordantly, crowds of flushed and heated people were noisily riding in merry-go-rounds on imitation giraffes and ostriches; puppet-showmen and Aunt Sally players were shouting at the tops of their voices, and polka sets were being made up in all the spots where the ground was smooth enough for dancing. The women seemed a superior class to the men, all prettily dressed in clean cotton and muslin gowns, with

natural flowers in their hair, but the men looked rough and common, and many of them seemed half tipsy. Cab after cab brought the richer bourgeois to the different restaurants, and, dinner having been ordered, they would continue their drive up and down the avenues till sunset. The eating-places seemed to do a good business, for the waiters were all bustling about, lighting up the rows of outside lamps, and covering the tables with the red and blue cloths used throughout Germany. It was all a scene of busy bustle and confusion, that made one think of a bank-holiday or some such festive scene in England.

There is a very good Zoological Garden in the Wäldchen, with the finest lions and tigers we had ever seen. We were delighted to find here a small herd of Moufflon, the only big game left in Cyprus, but we had never come across any till now; they have fine thick horns, and hair like that of a real deer, with slender, antelope-like legs, and altogether have much more the appearance of deer than sheep. There were also some magnificent wild white Hungarian bulls, which we stopped to look at, when, without the least provocation, two of them charged straight at us with such a rush that we distinctly heard the railing crack! I did not wait to see more, but, gathering up my skirts, flew away as hard as I could, and springing over a wire fence, found myself on a railway embankment; Andrew followed in a more leisurely manner much amused at my activity, but he said that the fence was actually broken through, though luckily an outer paling proved a more effectual barrier. We had to make a long

detour to get home, for I declined to go back by the gardens; not only on account of the bulls, but because I feared the men in charge might think we had been teasing them to cause such a savage onslaught; but I have since heard that these animals are notoriously fierce, and have killed more than one keeper.

A look in at the Jewish Synagogue closed our Sunday. This building is entirely of brick and clay; the walls ornamented with patterns of a pretty red and cream colour, and the mouldings, borders, and all the decorations only of baked clay, yet the building is very beautiful. In front there is a short cloister and a little court, and it is not unlike an English church in appearance. A beautiful gilt screen hides the east end, and the ceilings of the whole building are painted in the richest mosaic. It is said to have cost £20,000, no unreasonable sum, for one-third of the inhabitants of Pesth are said to be Jews, and some of them are very rich. We had noticed all day that here, as in Vienna, refugees were constantly arriving from Russia; wretched and travel-stained they looked, and a large group of them were gathered outside the synagogue, resting on their bundles, till the service was over.

All the streets are called by Hungarian names, and as but very few have the German ones written below the Magyar, and all the policemen, cabmen, dienstmen, post-office employés, etc., pretend they only understand Hungarian, Pesth is a most troublesome town for a stranger to walk about in without an interpreter. I confess I have no

sympathy with their intense aversion to everything German. There is a great deal of vanity and selfishness amongst all these little states, and if Hungary was to be separated now from Austria it would become nearly as ridiculous as Bulgaria or Servia, or any other petty kingdom. How much grander and more important Germany has become since the union! The perpetual grumbling or vaporous vanity of the Hungarians is too like what we see in the Levant for us to feel much sympathy with it. It may be that the days of chivalry are gone by, but whenever I hear of any man trying to pose as a popular leader, and doing his best to undermine the authority of those above him, I always think of Parnell and Co., and feel that in all their so-called patriotism there is beneath it a keen love of notoriety, and much cunning shrewdness in making use of others to one's own ends. There is too much of this in Hungary, and the people are weak-minded enough to think it a fine thing, and use their own barbarous language on every occasion, instead of good honest German, which can be understood by most people. They have even different coins and different postage-stamps from those used in Austria, and the consequence is that a great deal of unnecessary trouble is given to travellers.

On the following day, immediately after our chocolate, partaken of, German-fashion, under the trees, we started for Buda or Ofen ("Stove"), as it is sometimes called, on account of the hot spring in its neighbourhood. We crossed the suspension-bridge, a grand monument of perseverance, for the foundations of the piers was a work of the greatest difficulty



owing to the velocity of the current, which flows here at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. In front of us rose the picturesque city crowned by the fine old Blocksberg, then the old town of Ofen, with its narrow winding ways and high-peaked roofs and old churches, conspicuous amongst which is the celebrated "white church" erected by Saint Stephen in 1015. Near it are the palaces of Prince Bathyány, Count Andrassy, Count Teleki, Count Sándor, and the palace of the Palatine, or royal residence, a great yellow pile. The whole upper town has the air of a feudal citadel, though the original fortress has been destroyed, and the massive walls below the palace have been changed into pretty terraces and lawns called the Ellipse, where a band plays twice a week. The easiest way of going from the bridge to the upper town is by Count Széchenyi's tramway, an almost perpendicular ascent, up which the carriages are drawn by a stationary engine and wire ropes. The rails are laid at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the first time one makes the ascent one feels as though mounting right into the air. There is a fine tunnel pierced beneath the hill on which the town stands, so that direct communication exists between the river and the country behind Buda, without having to ascend through the town.

The hills around are covered with vineyards producing three well-known wines—Ofner, Adelsberger, and Turk's blood. We walked through the vines to the Blocksberg, past lanes bordered with wild roses and privet, and over fields of new-mown hay, till we came to a long, winding road marked out

by small stations or chapels which lead to the entrance of the fort. We saw a number of artillery soldiers inside the gateway, but did not care to go over the building. An immense extent of plain lay stretched below us, barely interrupted by the Mátra hills; we had a good bird's-eye view of Pesth, with the little Wäldchen, and were able to follow the course of the train for a long distance towards Gran.

In the afternoon we went up the Schwabenberg, a beautifully wooded hill with a still finer view than that from the Blocksberg; but the ground is rapidly being bought up by contractors; villas and towns are taking the place of the fine old forest, and in a few years this lovely spot will have become merely a suburb of Buda-Pesth. The ascent is made from a station behind the Schlossberg, it is within an easy walk, through the tunnel and over the suspension bridge, or one can go by tramway round the foot of Ofen, and then get into what is called the Zahnradbahn, or rack-and-pinion railway, and so up the steep ascent with the assistance of a cog-wheel and an engine pushing from behind. On our right we passed the great national lunatic asylum, beautifully situated between wooded hills and surrounded by fine scenery. We continued upwards through vineyards, which gradually gave way to oak trees, with lilacs and dog-roses sweeping against the windows as we pushed along. We stopped on the summit of the hill, and had a delicious ramble through oak and hazel woods, with mossy shaded dells and sunny banks covered with thyme and

diminutive strawberries and wild-flowers. Here we sat for several hours, Andrew lying on his back with his favourite pipe, sending curls of smoke up through the leafy roof above us, enjoying the perfect rest and quiet, and the glorious view over a great expanse of wood, with the winding river and white city beyond, the latter enlarged and idealized by distance.

I was very tired on reaching the hotel, for we had been on foot since 8 a.m.; but we enjoyed our dinner all the more, and sat till nearly midnight listening to national airs played by the gipsy band. Hungarian music is sad and plaintive, and these musicians play their time-honoured airs with great feeling. Besides the violins and violoncellos there is the zither, which has a sound so rich and full and wailing, yet so sweet and clear, that it is impossible not to feel the strain thrilling through one, and to understand the excitement of the people over their national melodies. The gipsy musicians are dressed in so-called evening clothes which sit very badly on their small spare forms; the deep yellow tinge of their skins, their long deep black hair and dark eyes, make them look more like natives of India than of Europe.

Pesth boasts a most interesting museum of Hungarian antiquities, founded by the father of the famous Count Széchenyi, the modern hero of Hungary, and containing, besides many numerous rare coins, ancient armour and trophies taken in battle. The finest collection of antique jewels I have ever seen. Orders, necklets, agraffes, old

spoons, gold cups, silver tankards, with every imaginable kind of ring and armlet, bangle and girdle, from the simple bands of gold worn by king Bela I. and his queen, down to every conceivable variety of jewelled groups set in enamels of every hue and form, with an eastern luxuriance and a western refinement which makes the collection unrivalled by any other museum. The silver and enamels are especially unique, the latter are as quaint in colour and design as Byzantine jewels. Besides these there are hundreds of terra-cotta vases and lamps, and Parmonian antiquities found in the tombs which abound in Hungary. In the upper rooms are the zoological and mineral collection, and also an Indian museum; but these are all open to the public on different days, and we could only take a hurried glance through them, as our special attendant got impatient over our long examination of the jewels.

The Hungarian Landhaus, or House of Commons, is opposite the museum. On Andrew's sending up his card we were admitted, and given places in the centre gallery. The members sit in a semi-circle below, and at the time of our visit a bald-headed old gentleman was making a very vigorous speech, which was received with considerable laughter by the opposite side; but no one seemed to pay any very close attention to what was going on, and the majority of the members seemed far more interested in their newspapers, among which I was able to recognize several English ones. The galleries were well filled with the exception of ours, which I suppose was kept for a

more select class of strangers. The noise of conversation was incessant ; no one seemed to think it in the least degree necessary to lower his voice, and even could we have understood a word of the debate, it would have been impossible to hear it. The chamber is small, and not very comfortably furnished with cane seats, and the galleries round the roof are entirely open to view ; admittance is granted to any one who chooses to give his name and address.

The Hungarian have now quite discarded the National costume ; the high boots, frock coats, and heron plumes have all disappeared, and the last remnant is to be seen only in the turban hats worn by the cab-drivers.

Andrew went one afternoon to a Magyar athletic meeting, called the Tavasyi viadal Budapest. He thought the boxing was the best part of the programme, and was astonished at the science displayed ; the competitors were all light-weights, and had been instructed by an American prize-fighter. All the races were well contested, especially a six mile walking-match, won in good time and with great pluck by a young Austrian officer. Indeed, he said that this meeting was quite as well worth seeing as the races at Vienna, and that all the competitors would have been well placed at Lillie Bridge.

On his return, I asked him how he had got on without being able to speak German ? "Capitally," he said, and told me that on arriving at the place he followed the crowd, and took a ticket in what seemed the most popular place, but seeing a better one, he quietly walked over to it.



Presently a gentleman wearing a badge came up to him, bowed, and said something; Andrew took off his hat in return, whereupon the stranger, with some more observations, produced a ticket, making signs for Andrew to show his. But all my husband did was to ask, "*Parley vous Russe, Monsieur?*" The gentleman shook his head, and began an energetic conversation, at every pause of which Andrew politely enquired: "*Parley vous Russe?*" At last, with a final bow and a shrug of his shoulders, he went off, only to be succeeded by another and a third, who all went through the same ceremony of bowing and producing their tickets, and to each of whom Andrew in return propounded the same question. At last, in evident despair of making him understand, they beat a retreat, leaving him in possession of the field, and no doubt thinking what dull people the *Russians* were. It turned out that he had taken up a position in the steward's stand, and could not have had a better place for seeing and judging the games, even had he been Gróf Miksa Esterhazy himself!

The "Margaretheninsel" is reached by steamer from the pier below the National Academy. It is a large bathing establishment on an island, about twenty minutes below Pesth. The May flowers were in full bloom when we went there, and the delicious perfume of the syringa bushes could be scented long ere we landed from the steamer. To a delicate nervous invalid I can imagine no more delightful place to spend a few quiet weeks in. The island is covered with fine trees, and flowers and shrubs are planted

with the greatest care, combining natural wildness with cultivation. The sward is perfection ; short, smooth, emerald grass, on which a fine spray is kept showering nearly all day long, by tubes connected with the river, and directed by women-gardeners. There are several good hotels in the island, in which every one seems to know every one else, and all live as happily together as in a large country-house. The whole property belongs to the Erz-Herzog Joseph, who has bored an artesian well on it, from which a large column of hot sulphurous water rises to a height of about twenty feet from the ground, supplying the bathing establishments, and forming a curious waterfall, which is one of the sights of the place. The surrounding rocks are of a bright yellow streaked with darker veins of red, and the effect of the brilliant colouring against the green trees and flowing water is very pretty. An old lady sits in a rustic little house below, ready to serve visitors with glass mugs of the liquid, which she tells everybody has been her sole drink for ten years, during which time she has never had an hour's illness. I longed to have plenty of books, and leisure to sit all day under the trees listening to the bands of music and watching the people ; it would be a delicious holiday of perfect rest ! For though our travels are supposed to be our holiday, still we have always to keep "onwards," and never seem able to pause and linger as we would like over the spot that suits our fancy. Like that of many others, I fear our real holiday will only come when we are too old to enjoy it. I often

feel how wasted the lives of many people are, especially of the rich and free, with their eternal complaints of ennui, and the lack of interest in life. I feel very certain that to us, were we in their position, this world would be a paradise ; for even as it is, and in spite of our ever-imminent work, our friends often laughingly marvel at the amount of real pleasure and enjoyment we manage to get.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PESTH TO RUSTCHUK.

Wretched accommodation and high charges on the steamers—"Fresh air"—Filthy habits of the people—Singular sameness of the scenery for the first day—Slavonia—The Drave—Fortress of Peterwardein—Peter the Hermit—Carlowitz—Semlin—Belgrade—Servian pigs and pig-dealers—Semendria—Basiaseh—All-Moldona—Rocks, castles, and legends—Remains of Roman forts—In the rapids—Change of steamers—Beauty of the scenery below Drenkova—Reefs and rapids—The defile of Kazan—Orsova—Ada-Kalesi and Kossuth—The "Iron Gates"—The bridge of Trajan—Turn-Severin—The Turk—Kalafat—Widden—Rustchuk—Turkish emigrants—Painful scene—Russian influence in Bulgaria—Scenery of the Danube hardly repays the discomforts of the voyage.

ABOUT ten on the night of May 24th we left Pesth in the Danube steamer for Rustchuk in Bulgaria. The accommodation in these boats leaves something to be desired. The cabins are in the hold of the ship, and so dark that even in the middle of the day I had to grope about for everything I wanted. For the use of twenty-five berths there were only two washhand-stands, and the supply of water was neither liberal nor easy to be obtained. I was the only lady on board who asked for a tumbler and

*caraffe*, and these had to be produced with a great deal of grumbling from the steward's cabin. Neither sheets, pillow-cases, towels, nor blankets are provided, although the prices charged for the tickets are very high, and we had to pay an extra rate of two shillings a day each for these necessities. I noticed that the Hungarian ladies were aware of these regulations, for they all travelled with their own bedding.

Another most unpleasant habit is the smoking in the saloon, with the usual accompaniments on the floor, and the Hungarians, it must be said, are far more barbarous in this respect than the Germans. The first object I saw on leaving my cabin in the morning was a rather bold-looking Hungarian countess sitting in the saloon, with her feet crossed in an ungraceful manner, and puffing at a huge cigar between the mouthfuls of her coffee. And not a single window open! We got close to the nearest available, and after a hard struggle Andrew managed to get it open, when quite a wrathful murmur passed round the tables, to which, however, we listened with British stolidity. Foreigners look on the English love of "fresh air" as a kind of insular madness; and even in "*Angela*," Spielhagen's last novel, which has created quite a sensation in Germany, Lady Ballycastle, the eccentric Englishwoman, is represented in a satirical light as rushing to open all the windows of the bed-room, exclaiming, "Good gracious! Welch' horrible luft! Oeffen sie, schnell!"

While waiting for breakfast we amused each other by



relating our different experiences of the night. I told Andrew not to think that fine feathers make fine birds, for that all the ladies round us, who seemed so smart, had slept in their clothes, only taking off their gowns to save crushing, and that they had not a tooth-brush amongst them. Andrew on his side told me that the man next to him had made a great noise in the morning because there was no *public comb*! telling every one he had never before travelled on any steamer where the company did not supply one.

We got on deck as soon as we could, and found ourselves steaming between low sandy banks, with a flat plain or pampa on either side, studded with clumps of oak-trees, or willows where the ground was marshy. Pigs, geese, and a few dun-coloured cattle were the only inhabitants till we came to a place called Baja, or Viar, where a number of servants belonging to Prince Grassalkovich came on board. The Prince has a country place here, but it, as well as the village, was almost invisible amid thick trees. Further on we stopped at Mohács, an ugly place, where the shore was covered with heaps of coal brought from the mines of Funf-kirchen, wetted, and made into bricks for burning. Women, dressed in skirts which hardly reached their knees, were busy loading barges with the brown blocks; and here, as elsewhere on the Danube, they seemed to be doing all the hard work, while the men were invisible. On the right-hand the plain is broken by a low ridge of hills, dotted over with thatched cottages, surrounded by little vineyards. Nearly every half-hour we stopped at small villages, but at

none of any importance or interest, and all bearing a strong resemblance to each other. Near Apatin is a little village of tent-shaped huts, built of reeds, inhabited mostly by the fishermen who catch and cure the magnificent sturgeon of the Danube. Along the banks many of their nets lay drying, while others were staked nearly across the river.

Throughout the whole day there was hardly one object of real interest to be seen, or one pretty view. The most conspicuous features of the landscape were the gaily-painted water-mills which every village boasts, each raised on a couple of boats moored in the stream, in one of which the miller and his family live. We caught a glimpse of Slavonia at Dravatorok-Essek, where the Drave joins the Danube, and where great droves of shaggy ponies were waiting to be ferried across on a promontory near this place, and in Slavonia is the ruined castle of Erdöd, represented by two towers, a round and a square one, joined by a wall of masonry to another square one. Beyond lies Gombos, where the banks of the river are thickly planted with willows, a pretty if not effectual barrier against the frequent inundations ; and Dályá, a village of Slav swineherds and fishermen ; Vukovár, on whose pier we saw the first Turks we had seen since leaving Smyrna ; and Illok, a large village belonging to the Odescalchi family, whose property extends for hundreds of miles amongst the dark, interminable Slavonian forests, for the most part untrodden save by innumerable herds of swine, and the wood-cutters, who gather thence masts and planks for the navies of Europe. Here the

waters of the Drave, mingling with those of the Danube, the river swells, and the scenery begins to get more picturesque.

On the right bank the sky is broken by a distant range of hills called the Fruskagore, their tops crowned with forest, but the lower slopes planted with vineyards, and from these comes the wine called Karlowitz, though the name it is best known by in its own neighbourhood is Syrmia. The Hungarians think it their best red wine. A German merchant on board told us that he used to send all his inferior qualities to France, where it was made into Bordeaux, but that now the French merchants were actually coming to Scharingrad and Illok, and making their Bordeaux on the spot.

Before reaching Kamenitz, a large building on the right shore was pointed out to us as the famous manufactory of Portland cement, the only cement strong enough to withstand the force of the Danube, as the fine bridge at Pesth still stands to testify. Above Kamenitz is another huge building, a school for military cadets; and hence a subterranean way leads to Peterwardein. The scenery between the village and the town is lovely, shady trees and open glades, like some rich park. Slowly in front of you rise the lofty walls and ramparts of the rock-built fortress of Peterwardein, the Ehrenhreitstein of the Danube, though it is hardly so towering and imposing as the latter. The fort, bristling with guns, and with the sheen of the sentries' bayonets glittering in the sun, rises in tier after tier of formidable walls, pierced with port-holes, above green bastions, like turf-covered cushions stuffed

with earth. The guns sweep the whole of the surrounding country for many miles, protecting the newly-built town of Neusatz, or Ujvidék, as the Hungarians call it, on the opposite banks, and connected with Peterwardein by a bridge of boats. On leaving it the fortress remains long in sight, for the navigation is here so intricate, and the curves of the river so tortuous, that we passed three sides of the promontory on which Peterwardein is built before we quite lost sight of it. It was here that Peter the Hermit marshalled the soldiers of the first crusade, most of whom perished soon and miserably at Semlin, where 24,000 soldiers were cut to pieces, and 200,000 fanatics of both sexes disbanded, only to die of starvation and misery in the surrounding country.

Beyond Neusatz is Carlowitz, the village which gives its name to the famous red wine, and we could just make out the vineyards through the fast growing darkness. A bride and bridegroom came on board here, both carrying huge bouquets of flowers, while handfuls of blossoms, and dolls dressed in long clothes, were thrown after them by their friends on the pier. The happy couple threw the latter back as fast as they were thrown in, and then sat comfortably down to share a bottle of beer in the saloon! We stayed up to see Semlin, with the castle of John Hunyadi, built above the town, on the Zigeunerberg, or Gipsies' Hill as it is called, from its original inhabitants. At this spot the Save flows into the Danube, and at its mouth is a long island covered with reeds, the haunts of myriads of wild-fowl and many kinds of heron.

Immediately behind it stands Belgrade, for so many centuries the frontier city alternately of Christianity and Islamism. It is now the capital of Servia, and was formerly known as the "white citadel" by the Slavs, who first dwelt in the land. It is situated at the junction of the Save and the Danube, and is so picturesquely built, with so many handsome churches, mosques, and minarets, crowned by the citadel on the cliff, that it is far and away the finest object on the Danube below Pesth. It was formerly a famous place, a fortress of great strength, the key, in fact, of the lower Danube; but its glory has long since passed away, and the terrible fortifications are sadly dilapidated now. We had passed now through the great plain of Hungary, through part of Slavonia, with a glimpse of Bosnia far away on our right, and had come to Servia. All these little states and kingdoms are very confusing, and it required close attention to the map to discover at any given moment our precise geographical position.

Below Belgrade the river banks sink down again to their former flatness and monotony, and the night hid little from our view. But as the sun rose we caught a distant view of the Carpathian range, and on our right, the Servian plain stretched away to the horizon in pretty undulating meadowland. It is said that nearly all the Servian proprietors are large pig-dealers, and it seemed very probable, for vast herds of the animals could be seen in all directions busily engaged in grubbing up roots from the sward.

Semendria is a Servian fortress now fast crumbling into



ruin; it is built in the form of a triangle, and was once flanked by twenty-two towers, the remains of which are still in fair preservation. A large cathedral with beautiful cupolas, rising from the centre of the town, is said to be the finest piece of architecture in Servia. We were struck now with the Oriental look of all the villages and towns we passed. A little south of Pesth the change had slowly begun, and now the domes and minarets rising everywhere above the tumble-down houses had quite a familiar aspect in our eyes.

We passed Uj-Palanka, an Austrian fortified post, occupied by a Wallachian-Illyrian regiment, and shortly after stopped at Basiasch, from whence the most interesting part of the voyage commences. This place is now fast becoming a flourishing river-port; a steep hill rises immediately behind the town, so that it has to make out in length what cannot be afforded in breadth. A number of steamers, barges, and small craft were anchored in front of it, and the engine of the Vienna train was letting off steam in a most aggressive manner. We had come exactly four hundred and thirty-five miles, and had passed two days and two nights on our steamer; by rail we should have made the journey in eighteen hours.

Alt-Moldova was the next place, a military village, and full of very unpicturesque soldiers, dressed in coarse brown homespun tunics, with white canvas trousers, and sandals instead of shoes on their feet. The country is well cultivated and the soil excessively rich, and to judge from the profusion

of vines and cornfields, the people should be an industrious race.

The river here widens out into the likeness of a great lake, and in its dead unruffled calm hangs reflected tree and shrub on gradual rising banks. Just below a spur of the Carpathians runs out to the river and seems to close all passage downwards. In front a silver streak, like a narrow ribbon, stretches across from shore to shore, and a faint mist seems to hover above the water. On a nearer approach a narrow channel is seen between the high and rocky banks, through which the river forces its way. At the entrance of this gorge, in the centre of the stream, there stands a large mass of rock like the nose of a huge water-beast, known as the Babakai. The legend says that a Turkish lady, having run away with a Hungarian knight, was recaptured and left to perish on this rock by order of her husband; and here her spirit is often seen floating in the mist above the stream by the solitary fishermen and wayfarers on the banks. This and other rocks below the surface produce an eddy which is the first real impediment to the navigation of the river. On the heights above the robber knights of old built the castle of Golumbacz, its towers perched on a succession of precipices, and connected by ruined battlemented walls, crown an almost inaccessible rock which is said to have been the prison of the Empress Helena. The castle derives its name from the Wallachian princess who built it, and who wrote to her sister in Semendria saying: "I am here in my beautiful castle, perched like a dove nestling on a rock,"

Golumba being in the Roumanyi language the same as Colomba. On the opposite bank is another small tower, which bears many a wild legend of war and rapine ; it is called the ruin of Laszlovar, and was once a formidable stronghold.

The granite cliffs on the right abound in caverns and fissures through which foaming torrents issue in winter, and above them eyelet-holes are pierced in the rock allowing the light to stream through. The left bank, though equally lofty, is clothed with lovely woods and verdure where trailing evergreens hide the yawning caverns that are tunnelled through the mountain side. The largest of these is the cave of Golumbacz, but amongst so many we could hardly make certain which it was. A fine carriage-road is carried along this bank, supported on terraces of masonry, or blasted out of the rock, where formerly there was not even a footpath. This work was completed by Count Széchenyi, who appears to have been indefatigable in his patriotic efforts to do good to his country.

A short way below Golumbacz are the remains of a square Roman fort, and a chain of similar fortifications stretches all the way to Trajan's Bridge. They were evidently designed to protect the wonderful road which the Romans carried through the defile, traces of which we distinctly saw along the banks. Long grooves or ledges are cut out in the face of the abrupt wall which forms the Servian bank, and just below highwater-mark are lines of square holes, the sockets for the huge beams supporting this *Via Trajana*. A great part of it

must have been cut out of the living stone, but in some places this appears to have been impossible, and the supposition is, that in such spots a wooden shelf was placed against the bank, resting partly on the platform, and partly on supports or beams inserted into the holes we saw. It must have overhung the river, and extended for upwards of fifty miles above the rushing water !

The steamer went down the gorge at a terrific pace, the wind whistling round and making it difficult for us to keep our places on deck. Great wreaths of mist whirled above us through which we caught occasional glimpses of magnificent fir and oak woods, and grassy glades below, which foaming torrents emptied their waters into the river. The unsteady jerking motion, and the whirlwind of air was sufficient to let us know we were passing over the rapids which begin almost directly below the Babakai, and continued till within sight of Drenkova, where the river once more spreads out as at Alt-Moldova, and the mountains gradually slope down to its brink. This is a pretty little town surrounded by hazel woods and pine-clad hills. We had to change our steamer here for a smaller one, as the Pesth boat was too large to pass the lower rapids between Drenkova and Turn-Severin. The river-lake was crowded with fishermen seated in canoes hollowed out of the trunk of a tree ; some of them had their unsteady little crafts half filled with glittering fish, which seemed to rise to every throw of the rod.

Beyond Drenkova the scenery is enchanting, the beautiful rounded hills one mass of shaded verdure from which a

chorus of bird-song continually arose, and the great sheet of water smooth as a polished mirror. Suddenly its colour changed to chocolate, ruffled with little foam-tipped waves ; rocks rose on either shore ; the pace of the stream sensibly increased, and a cold blast of air seemed to rise from its surface. The river grew rougher and more turbulent, dashing into eddies and tossing up its waves, proclaiming the uneven nature of its bed. Rocks rose out of the water in fantastic shapes, each of which is known to the boatmen by name. At one spot, where a stream called the Berzaska flows into the river, is a whirlpool which is considered very dangerous, and opposite to it is a round-backed fragment called the Buffalo rock. In the narrows below are several long thin lines of white breakers, stretching across from side to side as regularly as though drawn with a ruler. These are caused by reefs of porphyry crossing the river like a dam. The first is called the Tylas, and we could only skim over it by keeping so close to the shore as to appear within an easy jump of the land in event of the steamer going to pieces. Beyond this is another reef and a rapid known as the Taktalia ; it has tremendous currents and breakers, and the unsteadiness of the vessel was more felt here than on either of the previous rapids. Presently we rounded a huge rocky promontory called the Greben, projecting far into the stream, and polished smooth by the waves of many centuries. Beyond it the river expands till it again assumes almost the proportions of a lake. We glided over the calm surface, passing a small Servian island called Porcez, then Swienitzer beyond Milanovacz, a Servian town



called after Prince Milan, and presently found ourselves opposite a point on the left shore crowned by the ruins of three towers called Tricule, the lowest of which rises directly above the water's-edge. They are surrounded by rich red earth covered with fine young crops, sheltered by wooded slopes. The sunshine lit up the fresh foliage and venerable old stones, in lovely contrasts of light and shade, forming a fit entrance, to the defile of Kazan, which appears at the extremity of the broad expanse of river.

This is said to be one of the grandest and most remarkable sights on the Danube. Great masses of frowning cliff flank the entrance, forming a winding passage through which the gigantic river flows. For nearly half a mile it rolls over a granite bed two hundred feet deep, bounding and rushing along with immense rapidity; in one place the channel is only a hundred and twenty-three yards wide, and the cliffs rise up on either side to a height of two thousand feet. The black colour of the water, streaked with yellow foam, and shadowed by the overhanging cliff, the narrow channel, and the utter silence broken only by the rush of the stream, all combine to render the pass of Kazan a most impressive spot.

Golden eagles soared above us in quiet contemplation of poor humanity adrift below, the only living thing save ourselves amidst the solemn silence. Our course was now marked by the richest woods growing in every conceivable variety of foliage down to the water's-edge, alternating with massive walls of red porphyry and stern grauwacke, breaking into a thousand fantastic shapes. The loveliness seems to

rise above the grandeur, and as the steamer threaded the closely-winding channel it became a scene of beauty not easily described ; far grander than the Danube between Linz and Vienna, and lovelier even than the Rhine at Bingen.

The steamer unfortunately goes almost too swiftly for one to make close observations, but the most noticeable objects that caught our eyes were Count Szechenyi's road, and some fresh traces of the Roman one, both such wonderful works. Then the vast cave of Veterani, which holds six hundred men, and commands the entire river ; just above it in the jaws of the pass in the rock of Kazan rising in mid-stream, and forming a strong whirlpool with masses of boiling foam. At Duborac the channel narrows to its smallest breadth, but beyond the banks become less precipitous, and are gently wooded to the water's-edge, with mountain torrents flowing beneath the foliage, and visible only as they pour into the river. On the right bank, at the end of the defile, and just before the river again widens, there is a tablet engraved on the rock by the Emperor Trajan, designed to commemorate the construction of the wonderful road which it surmounts.

The defile of Kazan terminates here, and with it the most beautiful part of the Danube. Shortly after passing the last rapid we stopped at Orsova, the last Austrian town on the river, inhabited chiefly by Wallachians or Valachs, who were probably the earliest inhabitants of Hungary. They seem very poor, and are clad chiefly in sheepskins and coarse linen made by their women. The latter have a peculiar dress of their own. Over their inner skirt they wear another open

down each side, finished off by a heavy fringe ; the costume is completed by high Hessian boots of coloured leather like those in use among the Greek peasants of the Levant.

Most of our passengers left us here for the baths of Mehádia, sulphureous springs situated in a lonely wooded glen, and much frequented by the wealthier Wallachians and Moldavians. Below Alt-Orsova there is an island in the river which is strongly fortified, and had a yellow and black flag waving over the fort. This is called Neu-Orsova or Ada-Kalesi, the island fort, and is famous as the place where Kossuth hid the sacred iron crown and regalia of Hungary when he fled to Broussa ; the chest lay buried for two years till the Austrians, searching the place vigilantly as the scene of the hero's last effort for freedom, at length discovered it. On a line with the fortress is the hill of Alliom, at the base of which lies Werezeroma, the first real Wallachian village, or Bulgarian, as I suppose it must now be called. It is no more than a collection of miserable wattled huts plastered with clay ; the inhabitants live entirely on fish and Indian corn.

Just below this village are the famous "Iron Gates," the last and the most formidable object on the Danube. From the name one expects to find a narrow channel with steep banks on either side broken by stern gray rocks ; but the ridge of stone over which the water rushes, as over an inclined plane, stretches evenly across the channel of the river from either sloping shore. There are two falls of nearly eight perpendicular feet each, but at high tide they

are hardly discernible, for the river sweeps over them, writhing and twisting in whirlpools and eddies amongst the bristling slate-rocks which raise their sharp points above the surface; in fact the only indication of these falls is the extreme rapidity of the current and the seething water. Until Count Széchenyi made the experiment the passage was only attempted by small boats, but he had much of the rock blasted away, and light steamers built expressly for the purpose,—ours being named the Széchenyi after him. We remained on deck to watch the famous passage, first noting the yellow colour of the stream, then experiencing a curious rocking motion and that increased coldness in the air which we had noticed going over every rapid. Suddenly the steamer gave a great jar, staggered and quivered till it almost stopped, and then seemed slowly to sway round; in a second half-a-dozen men had rushed to the wheel, the long narrow boat again turned towards the channel, and with a grating rasping noise we cleared the rocks and steamed quietly on. The water was lower than expected, hardly affording a depth of four feet for draught. This was the longest and most turbulent rapid we met in our voyage.

Soon after clearing it we passed a place called Sip, near which are two small islands where caviare is made. It is dried, salted, and potted in many ways, the cheapest and most popular amongst the peasants being the white caviare, which is simply the eggs of the sturgeon dried and pressed into barrels with bay-leaves; a simplicity of preparation which entailed too fishy a flavour for our palates. Opposite the

village is Skela-Gladova, a Wallachian town with a dismantled Turkish fortress called Feti-Islam, or the Triumph of the Faith. Just beyond it are the remains of the famous bridge, over three-quarters of a mile long, built by Trajan A.D. 103, over which he led his legions to the conquest of Dacia, now Wallachia. It resisted the river and the ice for seventeen hundred and fifty winters, but all that is now to be seen are two pieces of solid masonry on each bank, with a few foundations of stone. The position of the other piers extending across the river is generally evident from the ripples which they cause on the surface of the water.

Turn-Severin is a prosperous town on the left shore, and from the numerous wharfs and workshops must be a very busy place. We saw a line of comfortable-looking cabs at the head of the pier, and a number of Wallachian ladies and gentlemen came on board. They all spoke French, and the former reminded me much of the Greek ladies I had seen in Smyrna, with their showy dresses, portly persons, and free-and-easy manners. They have decidedly a Jewish cast of face, and some possess moustachios and whiskers which almost rival those of their husbands. Some officers also joined us here, dressed in tight-fitting white overalls, blue coats and flat caps, all apparently much too small for them; they had anything but a distinguished appearance, and it certainly is a strange fact that the only natives of the East who are well-bred, or who have any air of "race" about them, are the Turks. You *never* hear an Englishman speak of the native Turk as a "snob," and yet it is the familiar word applied to



so many others in the Levant who consider themselves "gentlemen." There is a kind of simplicity and naturalness about a Turk which makes you always think of him as one of Nature's gentlemen, while the noisy ostentation and ineffable conceit of the majority among the Greeks, Arabs, Levantines, and Bulgarians, make English people turn away from their contact with strongly unsympathetic feelings. I have no doubt that all these people have very excellent qualities, and that there are really good kind souls amongst them, but their innate vulgarity is, to me, repulsive, and often I have felt myself more akin with the poorest shepherd than with the class who consider themselves my equal.

There is little variety in the scenery of the river throughout Wallachia; it is mostly flat, varied by sandbanks or belts of wood, the latter more dense on the Bulgarian side. There is undoubtedly a marked difference between the banks; on the southern side they rise high and steep and immediately overhang the stream, while on the Roumanian or Wallachian shore they are flat and muddy, and invariably inundated when the water rises. We passed little villages with neat gardens round them, enclosed by wattle hedges; the intense verdure of the uncultivated land reminded us of emerald Styria, and the soil generally seemed very fertile. Berza-Palanka is a pretty village, with sweeping lawns around it, and little wooded copses out of which rise the red roofs of the cottages.

Towards evening we reached Kalafat, a rambling town of

low huts, with better houses on the shore. Above the landing-place is a Russo-Greek church, surmounted with those bulb-shaped Tartar domes which we had noticed as so picturesque in passing the Wallach villages. A number of peasants, clad in sheep-skins, with long streaming black hair, were waiting the arrival of the steamers, many of them in rude carts, drawn by four fiery little horses. Opposite to Kalafat is Widden, a Bulgarian fortress. At a distance it looks imposing from the number of its spires and minarets, but on a closer approach, the houses wore a very ruinous appearance, and indeed some of them still show visible signs of a bombardment. We saw a number of Turks on the pier, and heard their language again spoken for the first time since we had left Smyrna. The neighbourhood of Widden is famous for its wheat crops, and the finest vegetables along the Danube are grown here ; to judge from the many well-filled gardens we had noticed on our way, the whole country from Pesth to the Black Sea must be a perfect paradise to vegetarians, but the only fruit we saw here were some splendid cherries, which were sold on board for a few farthings a pound. Here, too, we saw for the first time the Bulgarian national colours, blue and white painted along the rails, and on every possible bit of wood. A number of Circassian passengers joined us here ; they came from a village called Palanka, where they are employed in preserving kid-skins, the gloves made from which are more valued than any other kind.

Between Widden and Kalafat there is an island in the middle of the river, and here the Turks, under Omar Pasha,

threw up strong earthworks in 1853, and effectually barred the approach of the Russians to Constantinople ; on passing it we seemed to have left all trace of the purple hills of Bulgaria behind, and nothing but an endless flat extending to the sea stretched before us. We passed Nicopol during the night, also Sistova, with its ruined old castle overlooking the town, and as daylight dawned we were on deck taking our last view of the Danube. It was but a dreary one ; the mud-coloured river corresponding with the mud-built houses on the muddy banks, peopled, as it seemed, only by pelicans looking for food. About eight o'clock we arrived at Rustchuk, and found ourselves in Turkey, or at least in what seemed to be Turkey. Many mosques rose above the crumbling walls ; crowds of white-robed women were squatted along the banks, whilst Circassians and Tartars wrangled with each other. The town is strongly fortified, and the earthworks extend for a long distance round it ; but these are hardly visible from the river, and it was only later when walking round them that we were struck with their extent and strength.

We were witnesses of a most painful scene here. About two hundred Turkish emigrants were leaving Bulgaria, owing to the tyranny of the inhabitants, and making their way to Anatolia ; which accounted for the number of women we had noticed near the landing-place. A kind of overseer seemed to be in charge of them, who flourished a cow-hide whip over men, women, and children indiscriminately. I could see the young Turks scowling fiercely at him, for in their eyes it is

a cowardly crime to strike a feeble woman, and cases of *wife-beating* are unknown amongst them ; but they seemed too dejected and bewildered to interfere. They were thrust along the gangways, pushed on board, and left to scramble up wherever they could find a foothold. The decks were already crowded with Wallachs, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, Gipsies, Circassians and Germans, so that it seemed impossible that the wretched refugees could find an unencumbered space. But they were forced on, one after another, and had to make good their footing somewhere, or fall into the river ; many fell into a sail that was stretched over the engines, and their screams were piteous as they felt the cloth giving way below them. Their bedding, yorghans (quilts), pots and pans, and baskets of provisions were tossed in after them without the least regard where they might fall ; half of them went into the water, and I felt my cheeks burning with indignation as I saw the poor little household goods of these homeless and inoffensive people floating down the stream. All their wealth, their very lives almost, were contained in these things, for they had no money to buy others, and would need everything they possessed on landing in a strange country. It was heartrending to see them, and I turned to a Greek priest near me, and told him plainly that I was glad to have been a witness to "Bulgarian atrocities," and that henceforth the words would have but one significance in my ears ; adding, that the scene I had witnessed was a disgrace to any nation, and was a conclusive proof to me, at any rate, that the Bulgarians were not worthy

to be a free nation. The men took it all very quietly, the women alone displaying anything like anger, the poor old agas, with their flowing beards and clean decent garments, showed a quiet dignity and resignation, which was unspeakably touching. The younger men were indefatigable in their endeavours to help the women, and keep the little children from harm, but all, as I have said before, seemed too heartbroken and dejected to resent the cruelty of their treatment. The German officers on board appeared accustomed to such scenes, and told me that the Bulgarians (instigated by Russians) were chasing all the Turks out of the country, or treating them so tyrannically as to make it impossible for them any longer to remain in it.

All my sympathies went with these brave, patient, ill-treated Moslems; I felt a contempt too great for words towards the Russian—cat'spaw—race who were turning the only honest inhabitants out of their country. Let English people say what they like, the Czar of Russia is the real and absolute sovereign of Bulgaria. Prince Alexander of Battenburg is a feeble, amiable, pleasure-loving young man, bound body and soul to Russia, and never does an action or writes a letter without first consulting his Muscovite master.

On embarking the mohodgirs or emigrants, we steamed about a couple of miles down the river to the railway-pier; an excellent arrangement, as through-passengers can go with their luggage straight from the steamer to the train, which waits by the river-side. We disembarked here, heartily



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glad to leave the boat, which is not exactly to the taste of English travellers, either in its cabin or saloon arrangements. One has to live as at a *restaurant*, paying on the spot for everything ordered, which would not in itself be a bad plan if the cooking was good and the cabin clean ; but these boats are very nearly as dirty as those of the "Hellenica Compagnie" at Athens, and the scenery of the Danube is hardly fine enough to repay one for the three nights' and two days' discomfort which we had endured since leaving Pesth. The only part of the Danube really worth seeing lies between Basiasch and Gladova, which includes all the rapids and the Iron Gates. Of course many of the towns and fortresses one passes by the way are familiar by name and historically interesting ; but though I can never regret having made the journey once, it is not one I should care to make again.

## CHAPTER XII.

### RUSTCHUK TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Scene of a Russian defeat by Omar Pasha—Town and fortifications of Rustchuk—Custom-house—An obliging guard—Rustchuk to Varna—Varna—The “inhospitable Euxine”—“Cyamean Gates”—The Bosphorus—Too beautiful for description—European shore—Therapia—Castle of Roumelia—Bridge and throne of Darius—Villages and Kiosks—Kandili—Asiatic side—Imperial palaces and their associations—Scutari—Galata—Pera—The “Sublime Porte”—The “Golden Horn”—Scene in the harbour and on shore—Hôtel de Byzance.

**O**PPPOSITE to Rustchuk is Giurgievo, the port of Bucharest, which is easily reached by train in two or three hours. An island lies in the centre of the river between the Roumanian and Bulgarian ports, as between Kalafat and Widden, and here also the Russians were defeated by Omar Pasha in 1854. On this occasion the Turks were assisted by General Cannon and some English officers, who persuaded the Ottoman commander to take the initiative and cross the Danube. Three days afterwards Gortchakoff appeared on the scene with his whole army, but on seeing the strong position of the Turks, and the English gun-boats under Lieutenant Glynn, he beat a rapid retreat.

We had two hours to wait at Rustchuk before the train left for Varna, so we hired a cab and told the driver (who talked Turkish) to take us through the town and round the fortifications. Before entering the former we had to cross a deep dry ditch; on the other side were wide lanes, or streets as I suppose they are called, with tumbledown hovels on either side, and little one-storied lath-and-plaster houses with shops open to the roadway. The barracks and a few houses near the quay and the railway were the only stone buildings we came across; without these and the mosques in the Turkish quarter Rustchuk is really nothing more than a mud-built village. The surrounding country is very flat, and partly cultivated in gardens. Donkey-loads of mushrooms were being carried into the market-place, and in the cooking-shops they appeared to be the principal article of food. The town was full of Circassians, loitering at the street corner, or standing in groups round the blacksmiths' shops. Many of them were Araba drivers, and sent their horses along three abreast, at a rapid pace. Others were apparently harness-makers. All had the same wiry bodies and evil countenances that had grown familiar to us in Asia Minor two years ago, and seemed to keep entirely to themselves, as is the wont of the Circassian, who very rarely adopts any of the habits of the people he lives amongst. There is decidedly an Oriental look about Rustchuk, but like all Eastern places where Western civilization has been introduced, the picturesque has departed, and only the dirt and squalor remain. Time may make a great difference in the future of the town,

but we were strongly impressed with the number of idle people to be seen in the streets, and with the scarcity of the attempts either to build new houses or repair old ones.

Our luggage went through a thorough search at the Custom House. New brooms sweep clean, and the dirty-looking official who looked over our portmanteaus left nothing unexamined. French is spoken by all the *employés*, so there is no difficulty on the score of language in travelling through Bulgarian towns. Their principal newspapers also are published in the same tongue. I bought a couple of them from curiosity, but, like the Greek papers, they were full of personalities and presumptuous fault-finding, and the leading articles were obviously inspired by Russia in every line. Surely this kind of captious literature can tend to no good; it leads all the younger portion of society into a discontented, envious frame of mind, and, as I have said before, it does the greatest harm by alienating the sympathies of right-thinking people, and engenders a distrust and contempt for those who are satisfied with such a low stamp of literature. Just as our train was starting, the guard heard me asking for an English paper; presently he came to the carriage and thrust in at our window half-a-dozen copies of the *Daily Telegraph*, and told us to be careful and refold them so that he could slide on the addresses and put them back in the bag. It was very obliging of him, but if such courtesy is frequent it may partly account for the frequent loss of newspapers through the post.

It takes seven hours to go by train from Rustchuk to Varna, and half-an-hour is allowed at Sheytanjik for luncheon.

The country is green and pretty, but very empty; long sweeps of undulating ground covered with dwarf oak and thick scrub, diversified with patches of cultivation, all the ploughing being apparently done by buffaloes. Beyond Rasgrad, herds of horses, cattle, and pigs, and thousands of geese covered the plain; but the black tents of the shepherds were the only human habitations we saw. We passed Schumla on our right, "Schumla road" being written in English above the station. The fort is situated near the foot of a group of hills to the north of the Balkan range, which we could distinctly see. At Bravady the country became more hilly, and the pasture-land ceased. Here a number of German officers employed in the Turkish army got into our carriage; they seemed to eye us rather suspiciously; at any rate they conversed only in whispers, apparently about a survey of the country they had been recently engaged in. A picturesque lake heralded the approach to Varna. All the land here is very swampy, and the quantities of wild duck and snipe, teal and plovers we saw, promised well for the sportsman. We got into the station at 6 p.m., and during a delay of half-an-hour had time to glance at the outside of the town.

Varna is a large place, partly built on rising ground, and partly at the head of Lake Devna; is situated close to the shore, and the southern part is washed by the Devna where it flows into the bay. The town has a melancholy, deserted air, and the wide-stretching marshes in the neighbourhood must make it very unhealthy, though at the same time green



and fresh-looking. Strong outworks have been erected round the town which the Turks were busy in strengthening and improving, for Varna and Schumla are of the first importance as strategical frontiers north of the Balkans.

A few carriages were detached from the body of the train, and the Constantinople passengers were taken close to the harbour, so we only had a few steps to walk from the train to the boats, waiting to take us on board the Austrian-Lloyd steamer. It is a very comfortable arrangement, and in all such matters the management of the Danube Company is very complete.

The "inhospitable Euxine" greatly belied its reputation, for not a breath ruffled the waters, not a cloud flecked the glowing sky, and only rosy hues were thrown over the retreating landscape of the mountains. The "Urano" left Varna at seven p.m. and we saw no more land till daybreak next morning, when the fortress of Kilia announced the neighbourhood of the European side of the Bosphorus and that of Riva the opposite shore of Asia Minor. We passed the volcanic boulders called the "Cyamean Gates," through which Jason steered his Argonauts to the search of the Golden Fleece; beyond them the stern rocks closed in on either hand, and we shot at last into the Bosphorus.

A strong surface current running at about three knots an hour flows from the Euxine into the Sea of Marmora, but it has been discovered that a still more powerful under-current runs in the opposite direction, and so strongly that it will actually by means of a weighted bucket attached to a rope

and sunk to some depth, tow a boat against the upper stream.

To me the Bosphorus seems too beautiful for description ; it grows upon the mind, as perhaps is the case with all very beautiful scenes, but this one transcends all others, for no matter how high the expectation one brings to it, no one yet, I suppose, was ever disappointed with the living picture. We steamed slowly over its sunlit waters, round graceful curves and vine-clad hills, looking back through lovely vistas on the winding sea, which marks a chain of lakes formed by the wooded promontories on the one shore, and the bays on the other. The beauties that a thousand ages of poets have sung were before us—ruined castles, grim bristling fortresses, shining marble palaces, gilded domes and inlaid minarets, mosques, kiosks, villas, terraces, colonnades, lofty flights of stairs, walls draped with the blue westeria, gardens like paradise—all so warm and glowing, and of such infinite variety of beauty that it can be compared only to one of Turner's gorgeous pictures, and can be rivalled by no other place that I know of in the world.

The European shore was naturally the most interesting to us. We caught a glimpse of the old pharos or lighthouse, where in the old times torches were held up at night to save the mariners from shipwreck on the Cyamean rocks ; then we sighted the Genoese Castle, or Roumelie Kanak, and the Annadalou opposite, which in time of war were joined together by a great chain cast from shore to shore, closing the straits against the enemy's ships. Further on came villages hid amidst

gardens of cherry-trees, and Buyukdereh, the summer residence of the greater portion of the European Embassies, with wooded heights above, and the pretty giant's mountain opposite. The "valley of the roses" and a point called the "fountain of the chestnut trees" explain themselves. Beyond is Therapia, shut in by a range of hills, the sides of which are covered by charming residences and princely houses, amongst the finest of which is the English Embassy, and in the glassy surface of the sea below hang motionless the shadows of the cypresses and pines above. Beikos bay and village fronts it on the opposite coast, formerly renowned for the "raving laurel-tree," but now better known as the favourite feeding-ground for sword-fish, which are caught here in great abundance. The palace of Beikos, in red and white marble, is built on a height overhanging the sea. We next passed Yeni-Keui, a favourite Greek and Armenian resort, with lovely walks through woods and vineyards; then the fairest, largest, and most remarkable harbour of the Bosphorus, the Bay of Stenia. Below is Baltah-liman, with a splendid villa bought by Sultan Abdul Aziz for his daughter Fatimah. By the height of this building the promontory appears to tower over all the others, and the summit is crowned by a grove from whence rises a roof of a Mahomedan tomb. Perhaps the finest view of all is that of Roumeli Hissar, the Castle of Roumelia, in the narrowest part of the Bosphorus. The history of it is so curious that I quote it briefly. The building of the castle was the immediate preliminary to the conquest of Constantinople by the Ottomans. Mahomed I. had already built a castle on the

Anatolian shore of the Bosphorus, and this one, to the great terror of the Byzantine Emperor, was added in 1451 by his successor Mahomet II. In the beginning of the winter the Turks drove together a thousand masons and a thousand lime-burners, and by the spring enough lime and wood had been collected to commence laying the foundations. A place called Phonias, the echo, so called from the loud roaring of the waves, was chosen for the site. The foundations were traced so that the circuit of the walls should imitate the Arabic letters of the word Mahomet, the name of the prophet, and the whole received the most extraordinary shape ever given to a fortress. Three high towers were raised at right angles, which give at first sight the appearance of a triangle to the building; it was finished in three months, the walls being 30 feet thick and high in proportion. Walls and towers are ruined now, but picturesque in their decay; they wind up the craggy sides of the promontory covered with ivy and clematis, and their massive and fantastic shapes still rise high above the surrounding woods. Here and there a gaily-painted house or quaint-looking kiosk nestles beneath the buttresses, and the general effect of the whole surpasses all the efforts at least of my poor pen.

The current here runs so strongly that it has obtained the name of "Sheitan Akuntusu" or the devil's current. A little higher up the celebrated bridge of Darius once spanned the strait, and on the promontory where now stands the castle of Roumelia, was the rock called the throne of Darius, a great stone cut in the form of a chair, where the monarch

sat to watch the march of his army from Asia to Europe. Above Bebek is the new American College, a large and handsome edifice. Opposite on the Asian shore stands the handsomest of the Imperial kiosks built by Sultan Mejid; the lawns and fountains and trees, the beautiful valley below, called the "Sultan's Vale," and bordered by a rivulet known as the stream of the "heavenly water," unite to form perhaps the most lovely of the many lovely scenes on the Bosphorus. Village after village rises on each promontory, surrounded by amphitheatres of hanging gardens and Chinese pagodas, summer-houses and kiosks all aglow with a blaze of flowers, showing how the rich folk of Constantinople appreciate the natural beauties of the land. One village in particular seemed to surpass all others; in olden days it was known as the "stream girt," and held supreme for the loveliness of its site and the purity of its air. It goes now by the name of Kandili, and its houses command one of the finest views of the Bosphorus, embracing both the upper and lower mouths of the channel. A legend attached to Kandili recounts that this is the meadow where Jupiter found Europa playing with her maidens, and from whence she was carried to Crete mounted on the plunging bull.

The Asiatic side has always been the most favoured by the Sultans, and the number of Imperial palaces and gardens are greater there than on the European shore. In almost every village there is a residence or pleasure-ground belonging to the Imperial family. On the other hand, the Turkish Pashas seem to have preferred the European shore, for Abdurrah-



man, Khaireddin, Ali, Musurus, Khamil Rushdi, Mahmoud Nedim Pasha, and many others, have their palaces there, all very fine and picturesque, and some painted in pale green or yellow with Oriental colonnades. At Ortakeui is the "Yildiz," or star Kiosk, in which lived the Valideh Sultan, the mother and councillor of Abdul Mejid; it is surrounded by high walls and trees, and occupied now by Hamid, the present Sultan. Nearer to Constantinople is Cheragan, a long stone building, only a few yards from Beshiktash, the family palace of the Sultans. It was to Cheragan that Abdul Aziz was removed after his deposition, and here he is supposed to have committed that mysterious suicide for which Midhat Pasha is now doing penance in his Arabian exile. There is still another Imperial palace, the Dolmabatche or "beautiful garden," a great dazzling white building, covered with wreaths and ornaments of the same stucco as the walls. After Abdul Aziz was dethroned, *fifty-two boat-loads* of his wives were emptied out of the harem and conveyed to the Seraglio! High enclosures surround the palace, but its beauty may be imagined from the wealth of various foliage that towers above the walls, and the luxuriant richness of the creepers that overhang them.

We had passed altogether forty villages on the Bosphorus, and were gradually nearing Constantinople. The cypress groves and mansions of Scutari lined the Asiatic shore, the seven low hills of the city of the Crescent (like those of Rome) rose before us, covered with domes, minarets, and buttresses, its dense array of fantastic houses swelling

upwards from the water's-edge and spreading over the sunmits of the hills. The old Genoese tower of Galata forms a noble landmark, above which rise the heights of Pera, unmistakable from the size and glistening newness of their buildings. Stamboul, the old city, was in front of us, surrounded by towered walls and crowned by the Seraglio, the "Sublime Porte." The bridge shut out the Golden Horn, but we could see the masts of ships and steamers and ironclads flying the red flag and crescent, beyond an endless line of palaces, Government buildings, mosques and ruins, with dark groups of lofty cypresses glooming out from the whiteness of the houses as crowning points above the general mass.

We glided through a crowd of Turkish ships and foreign steamers; hundreds of Kaiks gay and swift as dragon-flies flitted round us, filled with veiled women, gold-bedizened officers, Greek sailors, English blue-jackets, and turbaned Turks, the most gay and animated scene I had ever beheld. We dropped anchor at the mouth of the "Golden Horn," and in half-an-hour were landed at the Galata Custom-House. To explain our surroundings I may say that the Golden Horn is a narrow arm of the sea which branches from the Bosphorus, and curving round divides Constantinople into two parts. Stamboul, the ancient Byzantium, lies on a tongue of land between the Horn and the Sea of Marmora, where it narrows at the entrance of the Bosphorus. Galata is the business quarter of the Europeans, and lies along the harbour. Tophane is a continuation of Galata extending

along the shore. On the summit of the hill above Galata is Pera, where all the ambassadors live.

The scene on shore was very strange, for the loveliness of the approach had ill prepared us for the narrow streets and rugged pavements, for the dirt and ugliness, the rickety wooden houses, and the horrible beggars which greeted us. Our luggage was hoisted on the backs of a couple of *hamals*, and we were witnesses of the truth of the stories we had heard of the weights these men can carry. In a very short time they led us through Galata, and up the steep streets to Pera ; till, close to the "Grande Rue," we found ourselves at the "Hotel de Byzance." The "Hotel d'Angleterre" is generally recommended to travellers for the parrot-like reason, I suppose, that Murray tells you it is the best. But the house has much changed since those days, and putting aside the fact that it is very much more expensive than the other hotels, it has greatly fallen off in comfort.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

Sweet waters of Europe—Cemetery of the Jews—Eyoob—A sultan's sister and her children—Turkish women—Christian women—A novel bath—Pera and its palace—"White eunuchs"—Mosque of St. Sophia—Ancient Hippodrome—The "burnt column"—Constantinople "a whited sepulchre"—The bazaars and their keepers—Far-away-Moses—Dragomen and their charges—The much-maligned Turk—Shops and their contents—The Sultan's state procession to the mosque on Fridays—The Circassian Imperial Guard—A Turkish regiment—The appearance and manners of the Sultan—A dinner-party at the Yildiz Kiosk—Eastern manners—Scutari—English burial-ground—Turkish dogs—Anecdote of a "skilly" dog.

I HAVE no intention of acting as guide through all the scenes and sights of Constantinople, not even the Mosque of St. Sophia, or that of Sultan Beyezid II., with its beautiful arabesques and flocks of doves,—the only two that we visited. Turkish mosques are like Italian picture galleries; if you go at all, you must make up your mind beforehand what is to be the particular object of your visit, otherwise you get only a confused impression of having seen such and such a place, and sink into the common drove of nose-led tourists who scamper over the Continent every year like Panurge's sheep.

The most part of our first day in Constantinople was spent at the sweet waters of Europe. All the Turkish women congregate here, to smoke, eat, chatter, and thoroughly enjoy themselves. We went by *kaïk* from the Galata bridge; there are no seats in these crafts, the passenger reclining on a cushion placed at the bottom of the boat, with only his head and shoulders appearing above the gunwale. They skim along with a gliding motion, something like that of a gondola, but I thought them steadier and smoother; the oars are peculiar, being very thick and heavy between the handles and row-locks. It took us an hour to reach the suburb of Eyoob at the end of the Golden Horn. After leaving Galata we passed on our right Kassim Pasha, separated from the former place by a large cemetery overgrown with cypress trees. Andrew was much interested in the old hulks preserved as store-ships lying along the shore, and adorned with the quaintest variety of figure-heads, mostly representing animals and monsters. On the heights above is Ok-Meidan, or Place of Arrows, where former sultans used to practise shooting with their bows; stone obelisks mark where the arrows fell, witnesses to the prowess of each different sultan. Then comes the cemetery of the Jews, a horrible and desolate spot, entirely bare of trees, a sort of Golgotha, where you would expect only criminals to be thrust out of sight beneath the ground. It is strange what a peculiarly dreary aspect all Jewish burial-places have. Beyond lies Haskeui partly inhabited by Armenians and partly by Jews. Then comes the pretty suburb of Eyoob,



stretching beyond the furthest extremity of the Horn, and surrounded by verdant gardens as well as Turkish cemeteries thickly planted with the gloomy cypress. There is a beautiful marble mosque here and many *turbehs* or tombs ; amongst others those of the two little children of Adilé Sultan, the sister of Sultan Abdul Aziz, murdered, after the Imperial usage, in their infancy, to prevent any accession through a lateral line to the throne. The biers are covered with embroidered velvets and shawls, and on one is the following touching epitaph : “ A flower that had scarcely bloomed was prematurely torn from its stem : it has been removed to those bowers where roses never languish : its parents’ tears will supply refreshing moisture.” The poor broken-hearted young mother survived her last child only a few weeks.

The sweet waters are about ten minutes’ walk from Eyoob, in a little narrow valley with a winding stream and lofty trees, in the midst of which is a kiosk and an ornamented weir. The place was excessively crowded, especially under the trees, where the poorer women sit all day long, while the rich drive about in small broughams with black servants sitting beside the coachman. Some of the ladies are exceedingly pretty ; the thin *yashmaks*, or veils of white muslin, are like a slight cloud over the sun, “tempering the brightness which lies behind,” and in fact only setting off and enhancing the beauty they are supposed to hide. Most Turkish women have pure complexions ; the constant cover naturally preserves them from wind and sun, and tight-lacing being

unknown, one never sees the flushed or sunburnt skins that so often disfigure Europeans. Nearly all Easterns have colourless white faces, but the skin is often coarse in texture, with symptoms of a moustache amongst the Greeks and Levantines ; the Turkish women only have complexions as delicate and fine as the prettiest you see in Europe, and even among the poorest there is a kind of refinement in their appearance, which comes, I suppose, from their never doing manual or coarse labour. Once in Kyrenia a poor woman, the wife of a zaptieh, who had been stabbed in the street, was brought into our house ; I stayed beside her till the doctor came, and I remember well how silken and soft her hair was, and her hands, feet, and skin as fair and delicate as those of the best-born lady. Even her clothing seemed made of fine, soft materials ; muslins and jacconet, instead of the rough unbleached cotton or coarser stuffs worn by women of her class in other countries. Their manners, too, are retiring and gentle, and for this reason I always prefer staying in a Turkish village, where you are invariably left in peace. I have often left the door of my tent wide open, or sat out all day under a tree reading or writing, and the women would never dream of approaching me without first sending to ask permission. But amongst the Christian women it is a very different matter ; they crowd round you, coming even into your tent, if the zaptieh on guard is absent for a moment, fingering everything, laughing and chattering without the least shyness, and never leave you before their curiosity is completely satisfied, unless absolutely ordered to do so. As I

write now I can't help smiling at the thoughts of an absurd scene that happened only the other day.

We were encamped in a sesame field, not far from a large village in my husband's district of Kyrenia, in Cyprus. At daybreak the women began to arrive, and sat in a semicircle on the rocks above us, looking down and taking note of everything we did. Andrew's tub and washing apparatus were placed a few yards from the tent, and all was ready for his toilette, so he sent his servant to tell the ladies he was going to have his bath. "Eh! Kalo!" I heard them say, settling themselves closer together, evidently with not the slightest intention of moving. A second injunction was attended with a like result, so the servant was ordered to explain to the ladies that the English were in the habit of removing their clothes when they washed themselves. "Kalo, kalo," \* was the answer, and a further settling down and shaking into comfortable seats. At last my husband in despair called out, "Well, if they don't mind, I am sure I don't!" and presently I heard a tremendous splashing and swishing and sponging going on, while the Greek ladies in high delight giggled and laughed and twisted about to get a good view, not in the least ashamed of themselves, and I am quite sure that only downright force would have driven them away! It is impossible to imagine such behaviour from a Turkish woman. Poor ignorant gentle creatures, they may be very stupid, and *may* be very wicked in their own houses, as I have read in books, though I certainly cannot

\* Good, all right.

corroborate this fact from my own knowledge ; but at any rate they are outwardly modest and retiring, and either their nature or their manner of living gives them a kind of innate refinement which is as surprising as it is agreeable. I know no Turkish ladies of high rank in any intimacy, beyond that of a single visit and a few minutes' conversation ; but I have seen a good deal of those who belong to the middle and lower classes, and they seem to me excellent wives, very good housekeepers, and the kindest and gentlest of mothers.

We were rowed back to Galata in time for dinner, and finished the evening by taking our coffee and ices in a public garden, where, in spite of its being Sunday, a band was playing. It was very pleasant to sit there in the calm moonlight and look down on the many lights of the Golden Horn, and amusing to compare the European company around with the Turks we had seen a few hours before. Andrew came here every evening to finish his cigar when we had no other engagements ; sometimes some very good fireworks were to be seen, and there was always a band, which generally played till nearly midnight.

In spite of our resolve to abjure the regular tourist's programme, we soon found that there was really but very little else to do. After we had written our names in Lord and Lady Dufferin's book, and Andrew had left cards on the gentlemen he knew, we were compelled in sheer self-defence to fall back on " sight seeing."

From Pera to Galata there is a short subterranean railway called " Le tunnel " ; trains run to and fro every five minutes,

being drawn up the steep incline by a wire rope, something like that of Count Sczéchenyi at Buda. We never left Pera in any other way, and found it most convenient. Instead of going by the bridge we took a *kaïk* across to Stamboul, and were landed just below the seraglio. The palace is surrounded by gardens and enclosures, which are said to be three miles in circumference, and are laid out in slopes and terraces to the shore. They occupy the extreme point of the promontory, facing the entrance of the Bosphorus, and are surrounded by a wall, with flanking towers, which forms a continuation of the Stamboul fortifications, though practically separated from the city by another wall. Since the time of Sultan Mahmoud the palace has ceased to be occupied by the sultans, except during the feast of Bairâm, so that it has now a neglected and melancholy look, with barely a trace of its former splendour. The outer court is anything but picturesque, surrounded by poor-looking houses which are called offices, and by kitchens and stables. At one end of the great grass-grown square is a plane-tree, said to be the one on which the janissaries were hung, and flourishing greenly still. A large gateway flanked by two loop-holed towers debarred our entrance to the inner court, the home of a number of widowed sultanas who have never been remarried. Over this gateway two stones project from the flat surface of the wall, and on these used to be placed the heads of criminals who had been condemned to death by the Grand Vizier and his councillors without appeal; in the towers are the cells whence the condemned were brought out to die;—



a grim entrance to a palace, indeed ! As we were looking about us a man of gigantic stature, and the strangest white face I ever saw, passed through the court. Beneath his fez his shadeless eyes gleamed out, oblique like those of a Tartar, and his nose was flattened to his face, which bore a most repulsive expression. He was presently joined by another, of smaller size, but no more engaging in appearance. These, we were told, were the "white eunuchs," a creature fortunately very rare now, and commanding enormous prices ; yet they were shabbily and untidily dressed, and very unlike the European idea of Imperial servants. We could go no further than this gateway without a firman, which can be procured from the ambassador, but as we did not know of this, we were unable to see the interior of the seraglio. The armoury is kept in the church of St. Irene, within the seraglio walls, and so is the treasury, where the Imperial jewels and ornaments are ; but neither of these sights, and for the same reason, did we see. Within the Imperial precincts is a small museum containing a number of fragments of sculpture, and inscriptions, statues, and sarcophagi. One of the most interesting objects in it is a piece of a frieze from the mausoleum at Boudroun, representing an Amazon rushing forward with uplifted battle-axe ; there is also the bronze head of a serpent said to have been broken off from the celebrated triple serpent of the Hippodrome, which came from the temple of Apollo at Delphi. With this our tale of the Imperial palace is told, and we left feeling hardly as impressed as we had expected to be with the "Sublime

Porte," or with a spot which has perhaps been the scene of as much luxury, cruelty, and treachery as any other upon earth, in which respects there was little perhaps to choose between the Christian emperors and their Moslem successors.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the side entrance of St. Sophia. We stopped by the way to drink at Sultan Ahmed's fountain, one of the finest in Constantinople ; it is shaped like a Chinese pagoda, and gold inscriptions on an azure ground celebrate the praises of the water. St. Sophia is the chief "lion" of Constantinople, and it certainly is a colossal church, yet at first sight it seemed to me little more than a huge, clumsy, naked mass of brickwork and white-wash, surmounted with cupolas and minarets and crescents ; on the top of the central dome is one of the latter, the largest ever wrought, and visible for many miles out at sea. I believe the chief beauty of the mosque lies in the plan and proportions of the building, qualities which I fear I am hardly architect enough to appreciate as they deserve. But the columns are glorious ! a hundred and seven of them, and all monoliths ! Eight were brought from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, eight from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek, others from Heliopolis, Athens, and Delos ; they are of porphyry, of serpentine, of green and Egyptian granite, and of many coloured marbles. The capitals and details of the arches are of the same materials, and wrought with such exquisite incised tracery as to look like petrified lace-work ; all the mosque is lined with mosaics, but they are partly hid now by the hideous whitewash and plaster. On the wall of the

western dome may still be distinctly traced the head, crowned with its halo, of our Saviour in the act of blessing the adoring multitudes below, but the rest of the figure is almost obliterated by paint. On one side of the mosque is the Sultan's gallery, enclosed in a network of gilt tracery to conceal his Majesty from vulgar eyes, and opposite is a small gallery kept for descendants of the Prophet to pray in. But little of the marble floor was visible for the fine matting which overlaid it, strewn in its turn with carpets of every shape and hue. On either side of the principal entrance are two huge marble jars to hold the water brought from the island of Marmora, a present, as our guide insisted, to the late Sultan from Napoleon III.! Near them stands the "sweating column," in which there is a hole worn into the marble by the fingers of the faithful, who believe that the dampness it emits produces miraculous cures. It was strange to see the number of pigeons who had made their nests in the cornices of the columns and above the protruding capitals ; they appeared to be unmolested, and were cooing and rustling above our heads, evidently quite at home in the building. A long sarcophagus-shaped brass box rests above the door at the great entrance, said to contain the body of a Christian empress, a statement which seems, to say the least, a little improbable.

Not far from the mosque is the At-Meidan, the ancient Hippodrome, and there are three other objects of interest in the square : the obelisk of Egyptian granite brought from Heliopolis, with its surface engraved with figures of the machines used in raising it ; the remains of a pyramid with

four faces, the top of which has fallen off ; and the column of the three serpents, formed by three bronze snakes twisted spirally together as far as the neck. One of the missing heads we saw in the Seraglio Museum.

Close to the Hippodrome is another museum of a very different kind, a sort of waxwork show of figures of the size of life clad in ancient costumes. Here one may see all the officials of the court, from the Sultan's dwarf, pipe-bearer, executioner, &c., to the Sheik ul Islam himself ; and though the dresses are not very fresh, the exhibition is certainly interesting. We next visited the cistern of the thousand and one columns, making our way over mounds of rubbish and *débris*, the remains of a fire that had lately burnt down the surrounding lath and plaster houses. This cistern, said to have been originally built as a reservoir, is situated in the very centre of Constantinople ; a flight of stone steps takes the visitor some forty feet below the surface, till he finds himself in a wilderness of tall slender granite columns, with archways and colonnades losing themselves in the sombre twilight of the place. Lastly, we finished our sight-seeing with a visit to the "burnt column," a pillar nearly one hundred feet high, made of porphyry jointed together with copper rings, and owing its name to the repeated visitations of the fires from which Constantinople so frequently suffers. We could not refrain from thinking what good a strong-minded Sultan might do with a Midhat for his Vizier, by setting fire to the whole of Stamboul, saving only the mosques and turbehs, and so clearing away all the wretched houses and narrow streets

whose poverty and squalor detract so sadly from the many fine buildings which lie hid amongst them. For its situation, Constantinople stands first of all the cities in the world, and even now from a distance I think there is no one that can compare with it, but a closer acquaintance shows it to be only a whited sepulchre. The houses, or hovels rather, of the poorer classes are all built of wood, and the streets are choked with indescribable masses of filth and rubbish, which it seems every one's business to add to and no one's to remove. In Stamboul alone has any effort been made towards improvement. Here there are a few wide streets which are tolerably clean, and that have been fairly well paved ; but they only serve to make the surroundings appear yet poorer and more neglected by force of contrast.

The bazaars had better be visited at the beginning of the week, for Friday is the Turkish Sunday, and Saturday the Jewish. The centre of Stamboul is a perfect network of bazaars, but the oldest of them, known by the general name of the "Betestin," are grouped together under one roof, guarded by large iron doors, which are locked every night after sunset. It took us several days to thoroughly explore them, but in fact the first two were spent in trying to frustrate the attacks of the Greek and Jew guides, who attach themselves to you the moment you have crossed the bridge which leads into Stamboul, and follow you about everywhere with the most extraordinary persistence. You see a respectably dressed man walking in the same direction as yourself, but probably pay no particular attention to him,



even when he happens to stop where you are contemplating a purchase; but as soon as you commence bargaining he joins in with the air of one taking your part against the shopman. On going away you probably give him "good morning" for his courtesy, and are passing on, when to your astonishment he stops you with a claim varying from two to five francs "for his trouble," besides the ten per cent. commission on your purchase that he receives from the shopman, even though he has never entered the shop. For the first two days then we were persecuted by these men; they simply *refused* to go away when ordered, but would disappear round a corner, only to be found waiting for us a little further on. The shopkeepers are afraid of them, or at least they pretend to be so, saying that they will prevent travellers from using the shops which refuse them their percentage; but in most cases the touts and the shopkeepers are leagued together against the unwary traveller. At first neither the one or the other had any idea we could understand their talk, and the untruths the guides would tell us, under pretence of repeating the words of the seller, were perfectly astounding. So far from taking our part and trying to get things cheaper for us, they would often represent them as dearer than they really were, and then bully and threaten the dealer into refusing to lower his price. In fact these Levantine guides, or *valets de place*, are the greatest rogues I have ever come across, and few of them, I think, would hesitate at robbing any unprotected female opportunity might throw in their way. A well-known dealer, called Far-away-Moses, had

about seven of these touts waiting by the bridge, who so annoyed me by their pertinacity that I purposely made most of my purchases before visiting his shop. Mr. Moses has a great many high-sounding Turkish names on his card of address, and gets himself up carefully in native costume, but he is no more a Turk than I am, and the firm in reality is in the hands of several Spanish Jews. A gentleman belonging to one of the embassies told me an amusing story of a visit he had once paid Mr. Moses with a friend. He knew Spanish perfectly, a fact of which "Far-away" was unaware, so while his friend was selecting his purchases, he quietly took notes of all that passed between the partners. Eighty-four pounds was the price asked for the lot, the actual value by the private marks being only thirteen ! I was asked fifty pounds for the embroideries I bought, but eventually got them for twenty-six ; had I taken a dragoman this price would have been considerably increased by his commission, though in helping me he would have been doing no more than the work he was paid for. The hotel dragomen are just as bad as those who ply on their own venture in the streets. We took one the first day from the "Hotel Byzance," and agreed to give him ten francs for his services, but at the end of the day he must have made at least thirty, for wherever we went, and whatever we did, the charge was invariably a medjidé (three shillings and sixpence). However, when he told us that this was the charge for visiting the Galata tower, we began to doubt whether even the Turks were quite so grasping as he made out ; so Andrew answered that he would pay this time himself, and

the man in charge was perfectly content with the franc handed to him, while the interpreter looked as sulky as a bear. He made the wickedness of the Moslem his plea for these extraordinary high charges, and related to us with the greatest gusto all their enormities and untrustworthiness. Our silence seemed to encourage him, for he went on to paint the Turks as the most degraded monsters that ever lived. But I rather astonished him, on arriving at the hotel, by telling him plainly that I knew of no better refutation of the charges he had made against the Turks, than the fact of their allowing such an ungrateful old "agitator" as himself to live and thrive unmolested in their town for the sixteen years he had boasted of being guide. And I added, that if he lived in England and dared to say one quarter of the treason against our queen and against the government that he had said against the Turks, he would very soon find himself in prison. We had passed a Turkish officer in the morning, and this very man had bowed down to the ground before him, treating him with every mark of obsequious respect.

The poor Turks are the least pitied, and yet the most worthy of compassion, of all Eastern nations. Absurd and maligned, harassed and worried by intrigues on all sides, the calmness and dignity with which they treat their traducers are worthy of the deepest respect, for it is as natural as it is genuine. If the British House of Commons had to legislate for twenty Irelands instead of one, it would perhaps understand the difficulties of government in Turkey, and be more generous in its judgment of the Turks.

One can sometimes pick up in the shops some handsome waifs and strays from the palaces, such as embroidered satin quilts or divan covers, many of them worked with pearls, and so heavy that they are not easy to lift. The interior of the "Betestin" is so dark that one has considerable difficulty in making out what there is for sale. Amongst a few good articles there is an extraordinary assortment of rubbish, which is no doubt palmed off on the unwary traveller under the name of antiquities, and it takes a long time, and requires much judgment, to make the dealers produce their really good wares. The drug bazaar is the most Oriental place in Stamboul, with its vaulted roof pierced with skylights, which produce ever-changing and striking contrasts of light and shade, and the whole place looks full of mystery, as befits the destination of its goods. Behind is the place where coffee is ground, called the Tahmis bazaar. Open streets are gradually taking the place of the old tumble-down lanes of no particular architecture, and shaded from the sun by mats stretched across on poles from side to side. One sees long rows now of the shops of harness-makers, tinsmiths, shoemakers, sweetmeat-sellers, and every other trade ; less crowded, but at the same time far less picturesque, than the dark "Betestin," which is gradually being forsaken.

Every Friday the Sultan goes in state to one of the mosques, attended by the high dignitaries and a body of troops. This procession is called the Salaamlik, and on the first Friday we spent in Constantinople we started with Miss Warlock and Colonel Warlock, the popular consul of

Anatolia, for the Yildiz Kiosk, where the Sultan is now living. We drove from Pera by a tolerably good road, and dismissed the carriage at the gates of the palace, near which is a small mosque, which the Sultan generally uses. A guard-house stands on either side of the road leading to it, and in the open portico of one of these we were given places. It was twelve o'clock when we arrived, and his Majesty was expected to pass in half an hour. Cart after cart went by full of fine sand, which labourers scattered over the centre of the road, thus making a special way for the Imperial carriage. Troops began slowly to fall in and form a double line down the street ; aides-de-camp galloped about giving orders and carrying out the arrangements. Ours was the only party allowed in the guard-room, which was otherwise filled with pashas, generals, and court officials in full uniform, blazing with stars and orders. Suddenly a whisper spread about that the Sultan was not coming, and we were preparing for disappointment, when one of the mounted officers galloped up and told Colonel Warlock that his Majesty had changed his mind, and was going to pray at the mosque of Beshitash, about two miles off. The strings of carriages that entirely blocked the lower end of the street filed off, then the soldiers and ourselves followed. It was pouring with rain, and we had anything but a pleasant walk. Men behind us were hard at work covering the ground with fresh sand, so that the Sultan, at any rate, should not be inconvenienced by the mud. Opposite the mosque was a guard-room like the last one, in which we were politely allowed to stand, while the



open space in front was surrounded by the Circassian Guard, as fine a body of men as I ever saw: tall, stalwart, bearded figures, admirably mounted, and dressed in a neat grey and gold uniform. The nearest squadron was commanded by quite a young officer, mounted on a most fiery charger, which he sat like a centaur, and his horsemanship called forth quite a murmur of admiration, even from the unimpressible Turks. It was strange to look at this man, an "infidel" and a "barbarian," conspicuously taller than all the crowd. His well-shaped head, covered with close-shorn hair, made one wonder how long ringlets could at any time have been cited as a proof of strength of manhood, or considered a type of masculine beauty; the blue eyes and fair moustache gave a youthful look to the face which the firm jaw and commanding glance belied, as he gravely and fearlessly scanned the countenance of each person that passed. He looked born to sway the men under his command, and was well worthy of the undisguised admiration of every woman present; for with the Turks, as with ourselves, admiration always goes to the strong. Next to his horsemanship, I think I was struck with his clothes and his boots; it sounds, perhaps, rather absurd, but it was undoubtedly a satisfaction to see that this Saladin-like hero was civilized enough to understand the effect of well-made clothes, and that in this respect at least he was as European as a Lifeguardsman. Andrew was enthusiastic over these Circassians; he is a soldier himself from the crown of his head to the tips of his fingers, and this splendid body of men raised him to the highest pitch of admiration. I

could see his face light up, and instinctively knew the thought passing through his brain—that with such men as these he could beat back all the Russians that ever existed. These Circassians were no “Cardwell boys,” but men in the prime of their life and strength, and form as fine a body of cavalry as there is in the world. I had often heard with amazement of the favouritism shown to the Circassians in Stamboul, and too often witnessed the excesses, seemingly unpunished, that they committed in Asia Minor, wondering how such a despicable, cowardly race should be treated with such leniency; but the men I had seen, living by plunder and cattle-lifting, were very different from the fine fellows who form the Sultan’s most trusted guard. The latter men are probably all “picked,” and can hardly be thought typical of the Circassian race. Andrew went later to see them at exercise, and he says he never saw finer riders, or more complete sympathy between man and horse. One manœuvre especially astonished him. The Colonel stood at the head of the square, and the whole regiment dashed towards him at full speed, with an impetuosity which made the onlooker feel as if nothing could stop the charge. When within a few feet of their commander, at a given word each horse was pulled up as if by magic, and dropping to the ground, lay motionless, while his rider knelt behind, and resting his carbine over the saddle-bows, fired from this shelter. Almost simultaneously with the report the horses started up, and their riders springing on their backs, wheeled round and were out of shot before the smoke had cleared away. They can pick up the smallest object from

the ground while going at full speed, and can turn in their saddles and fire with an accuracy that would make them very unpleasant to a pursuing enemy. There is no doubt that the Imperial Guard is as fine a body as any in Europe, but, at the same time, all Circassians must not be judged from this particular sample.

There was also a very fine regiment of infantry on the ground, the Sixth of the Line, in the usual blue Turkish uniform and fez. The men were splendid as regards physique ; hardly one, I should think, under six feet, and certainly looked what Andrew called "magnificent material." The soldiers one sees in the streets are mostly dirty and ragged, but every man who passed us to-day, though perhaps hardly up to the English standard of "smartness," was well dressed and well shod. I don't know why it is, but English soldiers always seem well disposed to the Turks. There were several about us, and they all expressed their satisfaction as the Ottoman troops passed ; and I have noticed, even in Cyprus, that the English warders and drill-sergeants all instinctively turn to the Moslems, and seem to take pride as well as pleasure in teaching them.

The Circassians formed a square around the entrance of the mosque, closing every approach to it except the one left open for the Sultan. Within the square two broughams filled with ladies of the harem were allowed to remain, but purple silk blinds over the windows, and a black eunuch keeping guarded watch at each door, allowed us to see little of the occupants. His Majesty was preceded by two horse-loads

of furniture, consisting of gilt ewers and basins, cushions and carpets, which were all taken into the mosque ; then came footmen dressed in blue and silver, followed by the ministers and high officials of state, and finally a low murmur and flutter amongst the crowd announced the approach of Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan II., son of Abdul-Mejid. He was seated in a victoria drawn at a foot's pace by four bay horses, and two Circassian guards walked on either side. The people gave a strange kind of hoarse yell, it could hardly be called a cheer, as his Majesty came in sight, but his bow on leaving the carriage was received in unbroken silence.

The Sultan is a short, insignificant, almost common-looking man, with an air of deep dejection. The livid pallor of his face contrasted forcibly with the jet black beard and moustache ; his mouth and nose are good, but the most remarkable feature in his face are the keen, restless, ever-watching eyes ; we could see them glitter from where we stood, and in the comprehensive glance cast over the assemblage of people nothing seemed lost to him. They say that he has quite a royal gift in remembering faces, and is a very able man. But his great weakness is his mistrust ; he likes to do everything, and see and read every official paper for himself, and thus in attempting to do too much, important matters get hurried over or put aside, and his mind gets too over-worked by petty details to give the attention he ought to affairs of real moment.

While the Sultan was in church an attaché at the German Embassy gave me an account of a dinner-party

given at the Yildiz Kiosk two nights before. The Imperial carriages were sent to fetch the guests, accompanied by a Circassian guard of honour, and on their arrival at the palace, a band composed of equal parts of white and black musicians played the German national air. They were escorted to an ante-room, where the *Maître des Cérémonies* assisted them to coffee and cigarettes; but the latter were so bad that, though every one took them, they were put out of sight as soon as politeness allowed. He also instructed them in behaviour, and rehearsed the correct manner of bowing on entering the imperial presence. In spite of the bad cigarettes and the lessons in deportment, the magnificence of the scene was described as most impressive. The room, as it gradually filled, became a mass of gold; the embroidered hangings and cushions, the gilding on the walls, the splendid uniforms and dazzling jewels, made the air appear scintillating with light; really a gorgeous scene, my informant said. The Sultan remained in a small room adjoining, the floor of which was raised a foot higher than that of the ante-chamber. Each gentleman entered singly, and had to bow three times before actually approaching the Sultan, who said a few words to each individual which the *Grand Maître* translated into French. This must have been very tedious to his Majesty, who talks the language fluently, but it is contrary to etiquette for the Sultan to speak any language but Turkish when conversing in public. All the guests had to retreat backwards, and were especially warned to be careful of the step, as only quite lately a high British



official came to most undignified grief over it, and in making his final bow presented his heels instead of his head to the Padishah. They were next conducted to the dining-room, and all remained standing by their chairs till the Sultan took his place ; after dinner they sat or dozed in the ante-room till midnight, when the friendly *Grand Maître* came and told them his Imperial Majesty authorized them to come and bid him good-bye. The Sultan is a very moderate man, eating only sufficient to preserve his health, and drinking nothing but water. It is said he hardly ever sees his wives, or leaves the palace except to go to the mosque, and that he passes the greater part of the night in work, often sending for Said Pasha at two or three in the morning. His nephew, aged six, was standing beside us in the guard-room, dressed in full Admiral's uniform, with an order round his little neck and treated with great respect. As he moved about a way was made for him, and every one bowed as he passed, and when he drove off, sitting alone in the front seat, with his governor opposite, he made a salute in quite royal fashion, which was respectfully returned by the onlookers.

On leaving the mosque all the pashas gathered round the Sultan's carriage, and he conversed with some of them for a few minutes ; then, making a sign, he drove off, while every one salaamed to the very ground. In Turkey the subordinate officer never salutes first, always waiting to see if his superior will recognize his presence ; in fact it would be thought a great piece of impertinence if a captain was to salute a general unless the latter had first bowed to him. It

is rather awkward for an Englishman to return the recognition of a Turk, for our manner of uncovering the head is, in the eyes of those who are not acquainted with European manners, an insult. When the Moslem troops from India went to see the Church of St. John at Malta, the Maltese, with ignorant fanaticism, insisted on their taking off their turbans and keeping on their shoes. The Mahomedans gravely obeyed, inwardly wondering at the strange people who thus delighted to see their sanctuary defiled !

In the afternoon we took a boat at one of the piers on the bridge, and steamed over to Scutari. We passed close to the quaint-looking Maiden's tower, standing in the sea before the point. Tradition says that Sultan Mahmoud imprisoned one of his wives in it, but it now serves the more homely purpose of a beacon. Away in the distance are the Prince's Islands, where Baker Pasha lives. Scutari is now quite a little town, built along the shore, and extending up the hill-sides as far as the Turkish cemeteries. These are the largest we had ever seen, and the most celebrated after those of Eyoob. Each individual is buried in a separate grave, which is marked by a marble headstone, and those of men are marked by a fez, or turban, or a dervish cap, and a cypress towers above those of men and women alike. These funereal trees extend for miles inland, and must far exceed in number the present population of Constantinople.

Close to the large barracks is the English burial-ground. It lies above the banks of the Bosphorus, and is prettily shaded with trees and aromatic shrubs. The blue wall of the

mountains of Asia Minor, crowned with the snowy heights of Olympus, bound the horizon on one side, and the towers and minarets of Stamboul on the other, while in front lies the sea, with the peaks of the Marmora islands rising out of it in the dim distance. Truly the dead lie here in peace. The grounds are well kept and plentifully watered, and the turf is as green as in England. Beautiful flowers bordered the walks, and the newer graves were enshrouded with blossoms. Poor Captain Selby's seemed to be the latest; the wreaths placed there by loving hands were scarcely faded yet. A huge granite obelisk supported by four angels marks the spot where 8000 nameless British soldiers peacefully sleep, and no fairer resting-place could they have wished. On leaving, a care-taker asked us to write our names in a book under his charge, and gave me a small bunch of flowers in exchange for a franc bestowed on him. I wished I had known the address of any one in England to whom the flowers would have been a tender memory of perhaps a loved one lying there.

It was getting dusk when we left, and we had a two-mile walk before us, for the cemetery is quite that distance from the landing-place. But we fortunately found a sort of local carriage drawn by a shaggy little pony, which took us down the hill. Just at starting we were amused to notice the jealous care with which each Turkish dog preserves his own district to himself; even at this distance from the town each must remain within his proper bounds. We noticed a rough, gnarled, clumsy-looking "skilly" slinking up the hill, fancying

that he would get unobserved to the top ; but his enemies on the other side were on the watch, and had evidently winded him. They became uneasy, sniffing about in a suspicious manner, till suddenly finding out where the invader came from, they galloped up the brow of the hill and dashed down the other side like the charge of a squadron of cavalry. Their sneaking cousin gave a yell of dismay, and turning tail fled for his life, howling with fear. They chased him back to his own quarter with fierce barks, and then turning, trotted home in a leisurely manner, their looks saying as plainly as possible that they had done their duty.

This puts me in mind of a terribly shabby old friend who attached herself to us during our stay in Pera ; I allude to one of the renowned dogs of Constantinople, whose acquaintance Andrew had made one evening when returning from the gardens, where he had been finishing his cigar. He had inadvertently trod upon her tail, but instead of giving her a kick to quiet the howls he had raised, he stooped down and patted the poor beast's head. Such an unusual reception so astonished her that the yells stopped as if by magic ; she flew to the other side of the street, and after carefully examining us from a distance, came over to make a further acquaintance. Some rusks from a neighbouring stall were solid proofs of our good-will, and she tried to lick our hands in the most European fashion on saying good-bye. These street dogs are one of the wonders of Constantinople ; they support themselves, belong to no one, and seem to have no personal friendships amongst each other. I fear their

principal food is garbage, for they are the only city scavengers; and a hard task they have; but everything seems to come alike to them, from the rind of a melon to the hoofs of a goat! Each belongs to its own district, and woe to any that crosses his neighbour's border! They are all of the species known by Englishmen in the East as "skilly," and are yellow in colour, though generally so bruised, mutilated, and mangy that it is hard to say what may have been the shade of the hair they were born with. I was glad to see that they had a well-fed look, and that in spite of their unpleasant appearance the bones and ribs were fairly covered. This says much for the way they perform their duties, and likewise testifies to the charity of the Turk, who, though never allowing the dogs inside their houses, frequently distribute bread and other scraps amongst them. They sleep in the streets all day, curled up on the top of the freshest heap of rubbish, which they find, I suppose, cooler than the hot stones.

Let no one say that "skilly" dogs are lacking in intelligence or affection; our old lady-friend was a proof of the contrary, for the night after we made her acquaintance we found her waiting for us in the same place, and up she came at once of her own accord, greeting us with every mark of good fellowship, and insisting on accompanying us home to the door of the hotel; but there, at the sight of the porter, her joyful demonstrations at once gave place to the old intense abjectness and cowardice inherited from generations of starved, kicked, and down-trodden forefathers. The next evening that we spent listening to the music, we found her



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again waiting outside the gate, and this time accompanied by a great rollicking puppy very like herself, whom she introduced in the most human manner, showing it off with the greatest pride, fondling it all over to attract our attention to its merits. This went on every evening ; each night she would bring a new one, till the whole family had been produced, when they all accompanied us home to share in the provisions bought for them during the day. On leaving Constantinople I was truly sorry to say good-bye to our trusting old friend, and only hope she may find some one else who will take as much interest in her.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BROUSSA.

On the Sea of Marmora—Ormütlu—The village of Moudania—Importance and cost of a *teskereh*—A deserted railway—Destruction of mulberry trees—Distant view of Broussa—Ahmet Vefek Pasha, the governor—Utility of a haberdasher's bill—Beauties of Broussa—The "Hôtel d'Anatolie"—In the bazaars—Buying pottery—Turk and Christian—The mosques—The baths—A striking Oriental scene—Amusement of Turkish women—A visit to the pasha's wife—Her daughters and her surroundings—The pasha's own apartments—The return drive to Moudania—On the steamer again.

WE made an early start on the morning of June 4th for Broussa, which we wanted to see before leaving this part of the world for Syria. The steamer was very full, and the contact of the deck passengers, who crowded round us on the bridge, was anything but pleasant. The boats leave three times a week from the Bosphorus, every Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday, returning on Thursday, Tuesday, and Sunday. It is a pretty run of six hours across the end of the Sea of Marmora to the bay of Moudania. We passed the Prince's Isles, and thence along the coast of Asia Minor to Ormütlu, a little fishing-village embowered in trees, where the steamer stops for passengers. Large nets were staked out,

with men watching them seated on high perches in the middle of the sea. Very curious they looked, these solitary watchers, perched out in mid-sea on their small platforms like storks on a nest.

Two hours later we reached Moudania, such a pretty little village, with red roofs appearing through the soft background of olive trees. Very good carriages were waiting at the landing-place, but before leaving the pier we were asked for a *teskereh*, and on producing our passport were told it was of no use, as a special one was required for Asia Minor. They absolutely refused to allow us to pass without one, so we had to go to a small den on the pier, accompanied by a man who had offered for a couple of francs to be surety for our respectability. He had not the least idea who or what we were, and only knew that we had left Constantinople in the same boat with himself, but he described us as if he had known us for years. Andrew was a "Milord," travelling for "shooting wild animals," and England was our last destination; all this, with minute descriptions of our personal appearances, was signed without difficulty, and only cost two francs, though we had to pay a *medjidé* for the two *teskerehs*,—an imposition, for one *teskereh* is all that is required for a family party.

This troublesome business over, we started at once for Broussa with Mrs. Longworth, a lady well known in the East for her kindness to the emigrants. The distance is twenty miles, the road a very good one, and the scenery most lovely, so we had every prospect of a pleasant drive. Our

way frequently took us in sight of the line of railway commenced a few years ago, with the design of continuing it into the interior of Asia Minor ; but both the plan and the work were so bad, that when the rolling stock arrived it would not even fit the rails. No one seems to know precisely who was to blame for this, but I believe the engineer was a German ; I sincerely hope no Englishman had anything to do with the business. I fear the Turks themselves are not above suspicion in the matter ; at any rate it is well known that a certain pasha who had property in the neighbourhood insisted on the line going through it, though it lay outside the natural route, and then claimed a large sum as compensation ! The earthworks are still standing, though toppling over in places, and the logs across the line are so rotten that Andrew put his stick right through several of them. On the whole this deserted railway struck me as one of the saddest sights I had seen in Turkey. Another depressing incident on the way to Broussa is the uprooting of all the mulberry trees. The cultivation of silk was the prevailing industry of this part of Asia Minor, but a kind of blight has fallen on the trees, and there has been nothing to feed the worms on for the last three years. All the silk now made in Broussa comes in a raw state from Salonica and other places. The failure of the mulberry plantations brought great misery on a large part of the population, but the people seem now to be awakening from their torpor, and gardens of walnut, apricot, almond and other fruit trees are taking the place of the mulberries.

On reaching the crest of the hill, before descending into the Broussa plain, we had a glorious view. Behind us lay the lovely little lake-like bay, enshrouded in hills which stretched on to the Sea of Marmora ; in front and at our feet the plain, smiling in its richness, and bright with many colours, brown and red and green. Mountains of every variety of form and shade encircle it, while above towers the grand Olympus, its naked peaks crowned with wreaths of rose-flushed snow. On either side were little woods and gullies, copses of hazel and oak, and tiny villages protected by fences and lines of poplars. Many of these were inhabited by Mohodgirs, as the refugees are called, principally Moslems from Circassia and Bulgaria. Ahmet Vefék Pasha, the present governor, is a clever and enlightened man of whom every one speaks well, and he gives every encouragement to the refugees to settle in and about Broussa. He was formerly Prime Minister, but his ideas were rather too independent to suit the Sultan, so he was sent to Broussa, where his energies might find full scope without interfering with the views of others. It is owing to him that the road is kept in such good order, and marks of his "sweeping improvements" are everywhere visible in the neighbourhood.

We stopped at a coffee-house half way, and rested under some magnificent oak trees. Hard by was a guard-house, where a soldier demanded to see our *teskerchs*. Andrew drew out of his pocket-book a bill from a well-known firm of haberdashers in Bond Street. The poor man studied the coats of arms at the top of the page, and saying "tummun" (all



right), told us to go on! We only did this to see if a *teskerch* was really necessary, and I could hardly keep my gravity as I saw the soldier solemnly studying the number of socks and neckties that Andrew had lately received from England. Thence the road crossed several small streams, winding between gardens of maize and melons, bordered by hedges of huge burdock leaves and elder bushes. Splendid groves of walnuts hid the town from our sight, though here and there above the foliage appeared the dome-shaped roofs of the bathing establishments. One by one the rare beauties of Broussa unfolded themselves to our view, till, passing the dismal Jewish cemetery, we saw before us the town lie curling up the mountain side, crowned by a bold rock which projects from Olympus, and on which stands the citadel.

I don't think I have ever seen a more picturesque place in any country. The streets are narrow and winding, most of them radiating from the principal thoroughfare, in which are all the hotels. The sound of rushing water is heard everywhere; the houses are built with projecting balconies and high-peaked gables, with here and there bits of the old walls and towers and Byzantine gateways. Amongst them rise the domes and minarets of the three hundred and sixty mosques which are said to adorn the town, while above are the ravines and deep clefts, almost hid by the dense rich foliage. The whole is surmounted by the overhanging mountain, of incomparable grandeur and wildness, yet rich with all the luxuriance of Eastern vegetation.

It was dark when we arrived at the large hotel, kept by a Greek, at the entrance of the town. We were shown into wretched uncarpeted rooms at the back of the building, for each of which eighteen francs a day was asked. Hearing there was another hotel a little further on, we immediately went in search of it, and found a clean little house, like a Scotch inn, with “Hotel d’Anatolie” written over its door. The boarded floors were white as snow, and carefully sanded; the table laid for dinner was homely, but everything looked clean and comfortable. Our rooms were the same, and the French landlady told us that her charges were only ten francs a day; and though she modestly called the cooking *cuisine bourgeoise*, nothing could have been nicer than the food she gave us. I had got so sick of the regular hotel dishes—brown soups, and cutlets, and tasteless lamb, and *soufflés*, with dry figs and raisins—that the excellent fish, and game, and splendid vegetables from her own garden was a most grateful change. The supply of *kaimac*, or cream, was unlimited, and was equally good with coffee or strawberries. We were glad indeed next day that we had chosen this place instead of the dingy splendours of the larger hotel, which was filled with ostentatious Levantines. The “Hotel d’Olympe,” recommended in guide-books, is now closed; we noticed the barred windows and sign-board higher up the street.

Next morning was spent in the bazaars, which are far more amusing and picturesque than those of Constantinople. Broussa is celebrated for many things, but chiefly its embroidered gauze, made of a white filmy material, with the

richest designs worked all over it, or along the edges, in gold and silver or colours. Enough material to make a dress can be bought for ten pounds. It is also famous for its cotton towels and bathing gowns, made of that white fluffy texture used in bath towels. The robes have hoods to them, and can be bought from two feet in length to six ; they are the most comfortable things imaginable to wear by the sea-side. Some of them are very smart, with gold and coloured embroidery down the front ; others have only ribs of white silk shining through the material, but all wash equally well. Another important industry is the manufacture of *seggadehs*, or praying carpets, made of camel's hair. They are white or gray in colour, and very tastefully embroidered. There is also the Broussa pottery, now, under the patronage and encouragement of Vefék Pasha, becoming quite a famous manufacture ; it is made of black, yellow, and red clay beautifully glazed. His Excellency is an enthusiastic admirer of it, and has been at great trouble to procure good patterns for the potters, who make useful as well as ornamental articles. The trade is greatly increasing, and promises soon to equal any in Europe. I also saw in the bazaar some extremely pretty coarse native pottery ; it comes from Kutayha, and is glazed in turquoise or peacock-blue colours. The former is the prettiest, and makes a charming contrast with some of the olive and pale yellow I got later at Chanak Kalesi.

I have so frequently drawn comparisons between the Turks and Eastern Christians that I fear they may have become

wearisome, but the mention of the pottery reminds me of an incident of our stay at Broussa. I first noticed this blue ware in a large corner shop in the bazaar, and the Greek owner, seeing us admire some large vases, asked a lira, or eighteen shillings, each for them. While I was bargaining Andrew was sauntering about outside, and saw, in a shop kept by an old turbaned Turk, some exactly similar for which five piastres or one franc only were asked. He returned just in time to prevent me giving the six shillings which the Greek had come down to, and I can't describe the rage of the latter; he wished us and the old Turk every sort of ill-luck, and to hear his free language there could be little doubt that the Christians have an easy time of it, at any rate in Broussa, under Moslem government. He attacked the governor and the inhabitants of the town in the most outrageous manner, and I certainly question whether an English policeman would not have been in two minds about taking any one in charge for only one third of the abuse against the Government this man shouted openly in the Broussa bazaar. Quite a crowd gathered round us, and highly delighted they were when we bought a whole hamper full of crockery from the old Turk. My experience is that a genuine Turk does not cheat you, and the proof is that they rarely come down in their prices except in the large towns, where they have been corrupted by Christian traders, and are driven in self-defence to do as others. We also bought fetiches for our horses, which are quite a specialty of the place; they are ornamented with boars' tusks, silver chains and coins,

and are placed either over the forehead or hung round the neck.

Mrs. Longworth and I had arranged to go and call on the Pasha's wife in the afternoon, while my husband went to see his Excellency at the Konak. This left us a very short time to drive round the town and visit the bazaars and mosques. The latter have been so frequently described by travellers that I will only say that to us they appeared much more beautiful than those of Stamboul. They are all richly decorated with arabesques and wreaths, fountains, recesses, and niches filled with graceful designs and tracery, and above all with such exquisite porcelain tiles and mosaics that they can only be called perfect "gems" of mosque architecture. I never saw anything more beautiful than the enamelled turquoise blue and green of the rich full colours, and lovely designs; one mosque in particular looks as if cut out of a gigantic turquoise inlaid with gold. All these tiles were made at Kutayha, in the interior of Anatolia; the manufacture still exists, but the modern tiles are only imitations of the old ones.

The principal *hamman*, or baths, are at the west end of the town; a shady road bordered by hedges of clematis leads to them, and small donkeys, with their gay red velvet saddles, are in waiting near the hotel for intending bathers of either sex. These baths are celebrated throughout the East, and invalids from every part of Turkey and the Levant congregate here during the spring and autumn. The baths are chalybeate and sulphurous, and the houses are handsome buildings ornamented inside with coloured marbles and mosaics. The



one I visited is called the "Yeni Kapliji," and the heat of the water is about 180° Fahrenheit. I entered through a court into a large room, filled with about a hundred women and children, some lying or squatting on divans, some gathered round a tray of eatables, a few combing out each other's hair, while others again were under the hands of a female doctor. All were clothed in Broussa towels wrapped round their waists, and in nothing else. I never saw so diverse an assemblage : lovely fair young girls and old withered hags, ladies as white as snow and jet-black negresses, some so enormously fat that they could hardly bend their bodies, and others thinner than the living skeleton ! The little children were pattering about barefoot in the tepid water which overflowed the floor, and enjoying themselves immensely. Turkish children are lovely ; travellers cannot fail to remark what beautiful faces there are amongst the boys in the streets, and some of the little dots splashing about here looked like little angels, with their fair hair and sweet baby faces. Bundles of brilliant, many-hued garments were lying about, and mother-of-pearl or cedar-wood pattens strewed the ground. It was a strikingly Oriental scene, but the strangest sight of all was a kind of raised marble platform in the centre of the hall, on which sat a blind black fiddler. His sightless eyes were turned upwards till only the whites were visible, and with his white-turbaned head thrown back, he fiddled away unceasingly, the only male admitted to the building. The women took little notice of him, and chattered and scolded as if there was no music to be heard ; but he seemed accustomed to that, and the louder

they talked the more vigorously he played. It was the quaintest picture I had ever seen, and long shall I remember the blind fiddler amongst the scantily-clothed Odelisks in the Broussa bath! The next room was deserted, but from one beyond came screams and laughter and much splashing and noisy glee. On first peeping in there was so much steam, and the light was so dim, that for a few seconds I could only distinguish a leg here and an arm there, and now and then a head of streaming hair. Gradually, however, I became aware of a large round tank under the central dome, and romping and splashing about in this some eighty women, young and old, fair and ugly, with nothing but their hair to cover them. In recesses round the room were taps of still hotter water, and round each knelt, in every attitude, graceful or otherwise, groups of twos and threes, laving each other with brass or silver-gilt bowls of water. They did not notice Mrs. Longworth or me at first, but when we were discovered a number made a rush towards us, inviting us to come and join the sport. The sight of all these strange-looking women running and laughing towards us gave me a kind of panic, and I turned and fled, once or twice nearly losing my balance on the slippery marble floor, over which water is perpetually trickling. This is their only treat, poor things! Once a week they come here and spend the live-long day in the bath, going into the cooler rooms at intervals for food and rest; and if their sport is at times a little boisterous, it must be remembered that this is the only variety in the dull monotony of their lives.

The Pasha's private house stands a few yards below the last building, an unpretending looking villa, whitewashed like all Turkish houses, and surrounded by green meadows. During the daytime the Governor lives at the Serai or Konak, and only comes here in the evenings. We were admitted by a black woman-servant, and the delightful airiness and freshness of the house struck us at once. It was carpeted throughout, even to the stairs, with grass matting, and clean white dimity curtains hung from every window and covered the divans, which were the only articles of furniture visible. This was evidently an eminently Turkish family, and carefully conservative of all the old Moslem customs. The receiving-room was at the head of the stairs, and here Adevieh Hanoum Effendi, the Pasha's wife, came to meet us. She is certainly rather startling to look upon, the fattest person I have ever seen, and her costume as airy as propriety admitted. I expected to see her gorgeous in all sorts of silks and satins, gauzes and jewels, but I fancy that kind of thing prevails only in books, for even the highest Turkish ladies seldom dress in anything but cotton, unless on very grand occasions. The Hanoum's costume consisted of white stockings, white Turkish trousers, and a white skimpy petticoat and loose jacket left open across her chest. Not a frill or bit of lace visible, but I noticed that the linen was of the very finest quality, and spotlessly clean and fresh. She was accompanied by Atteyeh, her married daughter, and Béhan, the youngest one. They were dressed in loose dressing-gowns of a striped crinkly material which suited to

perfection the slight graceful figure of the girl. She is a lovely creature, as tall and lithe as a reed, with a lily-white face and straight little nose, above which her eyebrows lie almost in a straight line. Her great blue-black eyes, like those of a deer, reminded me of those of Mrs. Thistlewayte, whom I once saw preaching in a French mission-house in Paris; the great lustrous eyes, all pupil, haunted me for long afterwards, and these of Béhan were just the same. She is her father's great pride and joy, and no wonder! In spite of her painful stoutness, the Hanoum Effendi's face grows upon you. She was a great beauty in her youth, but an attack of small-pox has deeply marked her skin and changed her features; still she has so sweet and gentle an expression that the general impression of her face is very pleasing, and I was quite ready to believe all the stories told of her charity and kindness. The only European things in the room were some yellow-backed French novels by authors little known in England. I gave the Hanoum a list of all those of Madame Reybaud and Octave Feuillet that I could remember, telling her she would find them much more interesting than those that had been recommended to her by the French *modiste* in Stamboul. Coffee and sweetmeats, with sherbert, were handed round by negro women-servants, and after an hour's conversation we said good-bye. In spite of his high position Vefék Pasha is not rich, which I think redounds greatly to his credit; but I was told that his own apartments are not quite so simply furnished as those of his wife.

Most unwillingly did we leave Broussa at daylight on June

6th. The place was so enchanting and delightful that we longed to stay on, but we had to catch the Russian steamer for Alexandria on the same afternoon, and could not afford a longer sojourn. The drive in the early morning back to Moudania was very pleasant, but it was with keen regret that we looked back and back, as we drove over the grassy meadows studded with clumps of trees, for yet another and another glimpse of the glorious mountain with its wild ravines and gorges, the noblest view, I think, to be seen in all the East.

We were soon on board the return steamer to Constantinople, and reached the mouth of the Bosphorus an hour before the departure of the Russian boat—just in time to call for our letters at the Galata post-office and get our luggage from the agents.



## CHAPTER XV.

### CONSTANTINOPLE TO JAFFA.

On board the "Odessa"—Our fellow passengers—A Syrian Turk and a Greek merchant—Conversations with the Russian captain—Russian influence in the Levant—The fare on board—Russian pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem—Chanak Kalesi and its pottery—The town and its surroundings—The Hellespont and its memorable associations—Lemnos and its Amazons—Tenedos—Molivo—Mytelene—Its site and scenery—The wine of Lesbos—Its inhabitants—Sapho—The Empress Irene—Smyrna—Rhodes and Scarpento—Reflections on the rising of the Arabs—Alexandria—In the harbour—A drive along the Mamoudieh canal—In the Place d'Europe—In the Arab quarter—Sunday, June 11, in Alexandria—Depart for Port Said—Arab ladies on board and their servants—Characteristics of the Arabs—The Turk and Arab—Servility and cowardice of the Arab—Port Said—News of the outbreak at Alexandria—Port Said and its inhabitants.

THERE is duty on export as well as import in Constantinople, and we had to give the usual *backsheesh* to be allowed to leave with our baggage. It was with a feeling of relief that we felt ourselves at last on board, and knew that for eight days at least we were safe from hotel-keepers, dragomen, boatmen, porters, and all the other plagues of travellers. We were delighted with the accommodation on board the "Odessa"; a long covered saloon

occupied the deck, with small state cabins off it. Each little room was fitted up with brass beds, folding-chairs, wash-stands, plenty of hooks for hanging loose things on, and two or three windows to allow the entrance of fresh air. Such luxurious accommodation was a great improvement on the stuffy, old-fashioned Austrian-Lloyd boats, and we never had a pleasanter voyage than that from Constantinople to Alexandria.

We had only two fellow-passengers: one a rich Syrian Turk, Ayoub Effendi, a well-known man in Damascus; the other a Greek merchant of Alexandria. These two men were a source of great amusement to us; at meal-time we were all very friendly, but if either could get us alone, nothing was too bad for him to say of the other's country. Selim Ayoub puzzled us a good deal; although a Turk he joined in all the meals, eating everything placed before him; moreover, he was perpetually writing, finishing off sheet after sheet of his pocket-books, writing backwards and with great rapidity. He was very anxious to learn about the administration of Cyprus, but I always referred him to my husband for information connected with the Government. I used to admire the way in which Andrew avoided giving direct answers to indiscreet questions, pretending not to understand when interrogated on subjects he did not care to discuss. Our Greek friend improved on acquaintance; he was in a minority, so was civil and unpretending, and after the first day or two grew more careful about his appearance. The Russian captain always dined with us, and after dinner the conversation would generally turn on politics, the Russian,

the Greek, the Turk, and myself freely exchanging ideas. Andrew would allow me to do all the talking, seldom taking a share himself in the conversation; as he said, preferring rather to listen to the opinions of others than to give his own when there was no necessity for doing so. Now and then in the midst of an argument he would put in a word, which always carried weight, and most disputed points were ultimately referred to him for confirmation or denial. The Greek would accuse the Turk of apathy and procrastination, while the latter would reply with the assertion that his countrymen had derived all their bad qualities from the Christians, a taste for luxury and venality having been handed over to them together with the Byzantine Empire. The Russian would accuse them both of falseness, and say there was no truth or honesty in either country; a strange criticism, truly, to come from a Moscovite, and which never failed to rouse me into telling him outright that the less one of his nation spoke of truth and political honesty the better, for that ever since the reign of Peter the Great the Russians had continued that system of organized intrigue which is slowly bringing poor Turkey to ruin. It is well known that the insurrection in Herzegovina was incited by Moscovite agents and supported by Moscovite gold. Who also incited the Montenegrins to rise against the Turks, and brutally mutilate the poor Moslem soldiers by cutting off their ears and noses? Who organized the rising in Servia, and actually carried out a scheme for exciting the animosity of the rival creeds and races in Turkey, the one against the other?

Who manufactured the insurrection in Bulgaria, and sent across the Danube bands of brigands to stir the people to revolt, and, if need be, force them into war by exciting their passions, and accusing the Turks of committing the unparalleled cruelties and horrors which they themselves alone were guilty of? We ought never to lose sight of the fact, that it is among the Greek Christians that Russia seeks to establish her influence and make herself a political power on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean; and the Greeks themselves, I fear, are too self-satisfied to understand that they will only be made use of as a cat's-paw. Russian agents are everywhere paid to excite fanaticism and foment rebellion; never, or hardly ever, has there in modern times been trouble in Turkey which could not be traced to the influence of such men. My oration generally concluded by informing the captain, as a further proof of the "truthfulness" of his countrymen, that their chief statesman Ignatief was known throughout Europe by the name of the "Father of lies." The poor man would only feebly reply that all English people were Philo-Turks, and hated the Russians; to which I would point out that it was not the nation we despised or disliked, but the underhand and unmanly acts which the history of modern times shows her to have so frequently committed. But at last, to prevent him going on the bridge with sore feelings, I would turn the conversation to the praise of his ship, and tell him that it was only justice to say that the Russian company was the best of all those in the Levant. And this I could say truly, for not

only were the cabins most comfortable, but the food and attendance equally good. The stewards wear a livery of blue coats and brass buttons, and actually gloves while serving the meals! a most necessary precaution, for many a time on board ship has its neglect deprived me of a considerable part of my dinner!

Everything on board is *à la Russe*. We had tea in the mornings served in tumblers, with a slice of lemon in it. Dinner commences with a number of *hors d'œuvres*, such as olives, anchovies, black and white caviare, pickles, salt fish, sausages, black puddings, wafer slices of black bread, and tiny glasses of yellow or white vodka. Then came the soup, generally a substantial kind, with gherkins, cabbage, or olives floating about in it. The fish is always served with horse-radish sauce, and quails, guinea-fowl, or game of some kind follow. The sweets were invariably excellent, Macédoines, ice-puddings, Charlotte Russes, or chocolate-creams; and if these are supposed to be Russian dishes, they are far superior to any of the Vienna Mehlspeisen which have such a false renown. Crimean wine, both red and white, is served at table, and the former is very good.

As there were only four passengers, the deck above the saloon was crowded with baskets of Constantinople strawberries; I should think there must have been more than five hundred of them; each basket costs a franc, but is sold in Alexandria for three, and though only half the quantity arrive in an eatable condition, it pays the merchant well. I wondered afterwards what was the fate of these straw-



berries, for by the time they were landed there were no Europeans left to eat them, so sudden was the rising of the Arabs and the exodus of the Christians. The thousands of baskets of cherries that we took on board at Smyrna probably met with the same fate, and must have proved a dead loss to the senders.

The hold of our ship was filled with a living freight, hundreds of Russian pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. It seemed a strange time of the year to choose for a pilgrimage, but the captain told us that they carried batches of them all the year round. Their distinguishing characteristic was "dirt," the proximity of cleanliness to godliness not being recognized in the Greek Church. The men all wore the Russian dress, consisting of a long coat hanging in thick folds round the waist, and high leather boots, with a round fur cap over their matted hair. The collars and sleeves of the coarse canvas shirts looked as if they had never been washed since first put on, which I believe is not seldom a fact, for they are worn till they will hold no longer together. The women were fair and comely, but so noisy and rude that Andrew would never let me go amongst them for a closer inspection ; however, I used to watch them from the bridge, and certainly their behaviour to the sailors was anything but becoming in "pilgrims to the Holy Land." The men slept all day, awaking only to scratch themselves or sip brandy and tea, and eat caviare, which they carry in tin boxes, their only food during the voyage save bread and onions. If these were ordinary specimens of Russian

peasants, I don't wonder at their being thought a degraded race; they lived just like animals, passing their lives in sleep, food, and an occasional fight. They seemed never to say a prayer, or to show any curiosity about the countries round them, and certainly they did not feel the necessity of washing themselves; sucking their fingers and rubbing them on their coat-tails after the meal was the only kind of ablution I ever witnessed amongst them.

We were most fortunate in the weather, and once again we felt truly on "Summer Seas." The broad Propontis lay around us without a ripple, and its glassy surface imaged as in a mirror the Marmora islands and mountains of the Asian shore.

It was night as we neared the entrance of the Hellespont, and I slept soundly through the time of our stay at Gallipoli; but we were on deck long before reaching the famous castles of the Dardanelles, twenty-five miles further south. The steamer anchored opposite to Chanak Kalesi, and we lost no time in going ashore, for the most curious pottery in the East is made here. It is grotesque and fantastic, but so very brittle that little of it ever gets to Europe. We landed at a small pier, where the chief official accepted a *backsheesh* instead of a *teskerah*. Turning to the left, we found ourselves in a long street, with shop after shop filled with the objects of our search, of almost every colour, red, black, yellow, white, and green; some highly glazed and covered with barbarous patterns in crimson and gold, these of course being the favourites amongst the natives. I discovered a very curious green vase about two feet in height, the mouth-

piece a sea-horse, with its scaly tail serving as handle ; the lower part a spread eagle in high relief, with flowers, leaves, and scrolls standing out all round ; certainly the quaintest specimen of its kind I have ever seen. Some of the pieces are in the shape of birds, lions, or dragons, with figures on them not unlike the grotesque animals found in Phœnician tombs ; some of the water-jars and vases are, however, extremely graceful, with pretty lips folded in like a flower. We bought as many as we could carry, and only paid a *medjidé* for the lot, though of course we were asked much more. There are many Jews here, who do not contribute much to the improvement of the morals or habits of the people. Quantities of fish, both cooked and raw, were brought for sale to the steamer, and we were told that in certain seasons fine oysters are to be found.

Just beyond the town, a little to the south, stands the castle called Sultanieh Kalesi ; it has the appearance of a large square tower, surrounded by a strong wall, and mounted with guns which command part of the strait below and above the town. A short distance again beyond the fort is a massive earthwork protecting a huge Krupp gun weighing forty tons. Above the town are more batteries, and on the European shore opposite is another fort called the Khilid-bahri, built in the shape of a Turkish horseshoe, the tower on the upper part, and the walls spreading out below. A small village lies near the shore, with strong earthworks extending on either side for some little distance. The Thracian-Chersonnesus on which it

stands looks bare and sterile and very destitute of trees, the only relief of colour being the olive wood round Maitos, a small village in a hollow north of Khilid.

Before reaching Chanak-Kalesi the Hellespont forms a bay, bounded on the Asiatic side by a low point of land with a mound upon it, which is said to be the site of Abydos ; and here it was that Lord Byron performed his memorable feat, covering the two and a half miles in one hour and ten minutes ; here also Leander swam to Hero. Near it are the tombs of Ajax on the one shore, and of Hecuba on the other. It was here, too, that Xerxes built his two famous bridges, and here, in 1360, the Turkish crescent was first planted in Europe by Suleiman. The spot is rich indeed in reminiscences, for beyond Chanak we saw the bay where Agamemnon's fleets lay at anchor, away inland the peak of Mount Ida, and coasting along the plain of Troy we passed the mouth of the Scamander, and so between two more castles which guard the entrance of the Dardanelles, and through the narrow channel steamed out into the ocean beyond. These last fortresses have a ruined look, especially the Asiatic one, where trees and shrubs have sprouted between the stones of the walls, and destroyed all its once formidable appearance. To the southward rises Janissary Point, a cliff with a village perched on its brow, and a number of windmills crowning the summit. The Thracian promontory terminates in a fort built close above the shore ; beyond is a rock covered with a cluster of houses, and the furthestmost point is marked by a lighthouse. All this peninsula has a bleak, desolate look, and

seems uncultivated except in rare patches. Close to the mouth of the strait are the Rabbit Islands, a number of barren rocks, the largest of which is four miles in length, and between them and Tenedos lies Besika Bay.

Further off we saw Lemnos, vast and mountainous, on whose bold rock once blazed one of the signal-fires which told the fall of Troy to Clytemnestra. It is still famous for its labyrinth, which has never been fully explored, and for the beauty of its women, whose ancestors made "Lemnian deeds" a bye-word through Greece for every kind of wickedness. They are said to have killed all their husbands and founded an Amazonian state, permitting no man to set foot on the island. However, when the Argonauts went that way, the women greeted them well with food and wine and garlands. Some of the heroes settled there and became the fathers of the Minyæ; these latter were in their turn overcome by the Pelasgians, who brought with them some Athenian women to Lemnos. The children of these Athenians despised their Pelasgian brothers, and the latter resenting this, promptly removed all cause of dispute by murdering the mothers of Attica and all their offspring.

To the north of Lemnos, dim and misty, lies the low ridge of Imbros, whence Neptune looked down on Troy from the bare peaks of Samothrace; and beyond, again, but out of our view, Thasos, the gold island, the last and most northerly of the Ægean Isles.

After passing through the Rabbit Islands we steamed close to Tenedos, about twelve miles from the mouth of the



Hellespont ; we had a good view of the town and fortress. Small vineyards lie in the plains, surrounded by low hills which shelter them from the rigour of the wind. The wine made here is very good, and fit for exportation, a rare thing among the Greeks, who generally content themselves with making enough for the local consumption from year to year. The island has now a bare and ugly look, for all the trees which once covered it have been destroyed by the Christian inhabitants.

We coasted along the indented shore of Asia Minor, the coast retreating and advancing as if in coquetry with the blue waves. At noon we made Cape Baba, on the extreme point of which stands a castle, having a square wall round it enclosing a group of modern buildings used as a barracks for Turkish soldiers. Above the fort stands a flourishing little village, though the neighbouring country looks parched and burnt. Mytelene, the ancient Lesbos, the birthplace of "violet-crowned, sweetly-smiling" Sappho, is only a few miles south of Baba, and we steered for Molivo, on the north-east end of the island. Hereabouts our steamer made a curious course, zigzagging so much at times as almost to form a circle, and leaving a clearly-defined white streak across the surface of the sea. The navigation in these waters seems difficult, for our captain never left his post for a moment. We approached so near the cliff on which stands Molivo as to make certain of stopping there, but when almost under the shadow of the rock we swept eastwards and coasted along the northern point of the island. Molivo stands on a

detached hill bordering the sea, and separated from the mainland by a plain covered with cornfields. The top of the hill is occupied by a Genoese castle, having sharp battlements with two small towers crowning detached points on either side. From Molivo we passed on to the scala of Skammia, behind which rises the highest mountain in the island; here we were just opposite the Gulf of Edremet. Across the sapphire-blue sea rise the famous mountains of Mysia, blue and hazy, with light wreaths of mist and snow, while to the north-east, straight above the gulf, stands the graceful peak of Ida, her crest covered with eternal snow.

Alas! the fine groves and lovely glades beloved of "beautiful-browed" Ænone have all disappeared, and the mountain where "evil-hearted" Paris adjudged the apple to Venus has sunk now into the "mountain of the goats."

This "noble and pleasant" island of Mytelene is certainly very beautiful, a worthy rival to Corfu. The strait separating it from the mainland is about seven miles across, and the sea rolls through like a majestic river. On one side the eye is taken by the Anatolian mountains, on the other by the varied bays and headlands of the island; an ever-changing view of hill and dale, clad in a continual variety of the richest colours; the golden corn now ripening in the June sun, reddish amber-coloured rocks, the forests of pine and cypress, the soft sad-coloured olives, and the fresh green of the fruit-trees, and below all the undergrowth of myrtle and oleander, juniper and arbutus. The red roofs of the little chiftlicks and the country houses of the richer inhabitants cover the

slopes of the mountains as high up as cultivation is possible, while the whole island rises from a sea so calm, so blue, that it looks as if inlaid in lapis lazuli. Through scenery like this we sailed from the little Skammia lighthouse to Mytelene.

Mytelene, like Molivo, stands on a rocky promontory connected with the mainland by a low isthmus, on either side of which is a small harbour. A fine Genoese castle, once held by the Italian family of Gateluz, occupies the whole of the little peninsula ; the outer walls are carried along the shore, and then up the hill, enclosing a number of houses and buildings occupied by the garrison. The bright-coloured town curves round the little bay, from which the mountains slope upwards clothed in richest foliage, and studded with gray rocks and boulders overgrown by purple heather. The scenery is most sweet and lovely, never grand or stern, the scenery rather of Italy than the East.

The wines of Lesbos were amongst the most celebrated of the ancient world, and are still thought good, though the fig groves are rapidly uprooting the vineyards, and little beccaficoes are exported instead of wine. These birds are caught with bird-lime at certain seasons on the fig-trees ; they are partially cooked, and then steeped in wine or vinegar, and only require heating again to be fit for the table. Truffles are also found, and even oysters, while the women pride themselves on their jams and preserves.

The inhabitants, unfortunately, are not in harmony with the beautiful scenery. Most travellers agree in speaking of their parsimonious habits and want of hospitality, and

it is a significant fact that no Jews have ever been able to exist in Mytelene. The Turks tell a story of some unhappy Hebrew merchants who came to settle in the island, and on the morning after their arrival saw the Mytileniotes weighing the eggs they had bought in the bazaar, to see if they were worth the *paras* they had given for them. "This is no place for us," said the Jews, and away they went to settle elsewhere. But not in Cyprus, for a similar story is told of the Cypriots. A boat-load of Jews once landed on the island, and asked the first natives they met about the cost of living there. "For one piastre," answered the Cypriots, "we can get our meat, our drink, and all the amusement we require." "But how is that?" said the Jews. "Well," was the reply, "for one piastre we can buy a water-melon, the flesh of which is our food, the juice our drink, and the black seeds make our pastime." In such frugal ways the Hebrew merchants would hardly have found their account, and they never made another attempt to settle in Cyprus.

There is probably the same difference in the inhabitants of Mytelene, as compared to their predecessors of the days of Sappho, as there is in the rocky, barren-looking isles, with their soft serrated hazy peaks, that now dot the Ægean, and their appearance of old, when they were all hung with forests and covered with blooming masses of vegetation; when everywhere reigned the primitive joyful Greek life, instead of the restless struggle for wealth and political strife of the present age. Thoughts of the olden days

bring us back to Sappho and her peaceful life at Ereso, on the southernmost point of the island, where she lived with her husband Ker-Kylos, a rich landed proprietor. One can imagine her walking on the sandy shore with her fair little daughter, whom she would not give up for the kingdom of Lydia, or even Lesbos itself. It seems much more natural to imagine her thus, and to think of her as the sweet-looking woman of noble birth and gentle breeding, with her soft golden hair and heavenly eyes, as shown in the Pompeian picture of her in Naples, or as beautiful as the image on ancient coins represents her to be, than as the foolish woman who in her sixtieth year committed suicide at Santa Maura for love of Phaon!

Another famous woman, no less beautiful, but whose cruelties overshadow the fame of her beauty, lived for many years in Mytelene; the celebrated Empress Irene, wife of Leo IV., who ruled the Eastern Empire after her husband's death till sent into banishment by her son. The story of her escape and conspiracy is well known, and how she captured her son and imprisoned him in the porphyry chamber where he had first seen the light, and where he saw it for the last time, for his inhuman mother had his eyes put out! She reigned with power and brilliancy for many years afterwards, but retribution at last overtook her, and tradition represents the once mighty and luxurious Empress as earning her bread in exile by the use of her distaff! surely a stroke of most poetic justice.

From Mytelene we held our course southward, and



found ourselves at evening once again in pretty Smyrna. We landed next day to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, and take a hurried walk through the bazaars, where I found the Kutayha china considerably raised in price during my two months' absence, though the season for visitors was not yet; at least I had to pay considerably more for it than on my previous visit.

For the fourth time we steamed down the now well-known gulf, passing old Karabounar, and threading our way between the islands we had stopped at before. Leaving Rhodes on our left, we sailed close to Scarpento, or Carpathos, a steep, inaccessible rock, full of ravines and hollows, with a few poor villages on the shore. Purple rocks and islets remain in sight for some distance beyond Scarpento, but all seemed uninhabited except by occasional fishermen. The sea was like a sheet of satin, in its smoothness absolutely waveless, and shining like an opal in the rays of the evening sun; from purple the isles turned to silver, and we saw no more of land that night.

I look back with strange feelings on this journey. We were calmly sailing on into what might have been the jaws of death; and indeed I have often thought since what a difference the delay of even a couple of hours might have made in our lives. We had no more idea of a rising amongst the Arabs than of a revolution in England, and had any one warned me that there was danger in landing at Alexandria, I should have laughed them to scorn. Living in the East gives one a sense of security, from the unexpressed

contempt that one feels for anything native; and this sort of blind confidence causes English people to run into dangers which would never be incurred could we only have a deeper faith in the possibility of boldness and unanimity of the Eastern races.

The following evening we sighted the sand dunes of the coast of Egypt, like clouds on the horizon, floating in a hazy mist, so rich, so soft, so enchantingly vague and dreamy, that we were almost sorry when the steamer stopped outside the roadstead of Alexandria for the pilot to take us in. The lighthouse, the improvements ever going on in the harbour, the sea-wall, the Khedive's flour-mills, and the palace of Ras-el-Tin, are among the features of Alexandria that first strike a stranger's eye. We had ample time to take them all in before one of the small pilot boats came swiftly skimming to us over the waveless sea; they are handled with great dexterity, and gaily painted in many colours. We dropped anchor in the midst of men-of-war flying so many different ensigns, that it made one think some great fête was taking place to which guests from all parts of the world had been invited. We lay sandwiched among English, German, French, Italian, Austrian, and Turkish ironclads, to say nothing of a host of merchant and mail steamers, mostly under the British flag; but although rumours of disturbances and of approaching troubles were afloat, no one really dreamt of anything serious.

The first people we met on landing were a number of young English middies in cricketing clothes, and then some

jolly sailors careering along on little donkeys, and shouting in high spirits to their Arab guides to keep up the pace. I had been to Alexandria on my way to Cyprus, and seen the few objects of interest in the town, so we contented ourselves with hiring a carriage and driving along the Mamoudieh Canal, the usual evening promenade of the inhabitants. Thoughts of Arabi and his savage crew were as far from our minds as from those of the rich merchants and natives who were driving rapidly backwards and forwards under the acacia trees, looking very well satisfied with themselves and their carriages. I shall always remember that drive; everything seemed to be so peaceful, not the smallest indication of future trouble, or any sense apparently of the insecurity which was said even then to be rife in the country. At a later hour we walked round the Place de l'Europe; all the shops on the ground-floors of the tall buildings that walled in the square were brilliantly lighted; we went into one of them, a bookseller's, and bought up all the English papers we could find, and then sat for some time under the trees listening to the music. Numbers of Arab ladies and gentlemen, or at any rate well-dressed people, and Europeans, were promenading on either side, while others were seated at the small tables smoking and eating "granite," or water ices. The air was full of music and merry voices, and altogether the scene was as bright and spirited and full of cheerfulness as possible. We finished our evening with more ices and lemonade on the balcony of a well-known *café* called the "Paradiso," built out on wooden

piers into the sea, where you sit in the quiet white moonlight, with the water gently washing the shore below you. Very soft and dreamy and beautiful it was. From a large inner hall came the sound of music and singing and the clinking of glasses, but on these outside balconies you can hear the music without seeing the people, and enjoy the cool air as privately as if in your own house. Before returning to our ship I took a fancy to see the Arab quarter. It was Saturday night, and I remember once seeing something like it on a similar night in London, when we went to see a "poor man's" market. The little shops were brilliantly lit up with paraffine lamps, and paper lanterns hung on poles; crowds of gaily-dressed Arabs belonging to every tribe in Africa, from Algeria to Egypt, or from Abyssinia to Ashantee, were sauntering about or bargaining at the fruit stalls for melons and apricots. Women crouched on the pavement with flat cakes of bread piled in front of them; cooking-shops were overflowing, and sherbert-and-water sellers clinking their glasses at every turning. It was a busy and animated scene; an endless chatter of women's tongues and bargaining and begging in deep guttural tones, and now and then a half-tipsy nasal song rising above the other noises. But the people, those who on the morrow were to behave with such tigerish ferocity, seemed as childlessly happy and as peaceful as if Arabi had never been born or rebellion heard of. Till long past midnight we roamed about unmolested and unheeded, save for here and there a passing glance of curiosity. The only difference of opinion we had

with any one was with our boatman, who insisted on being prepaid before taking us off to the steamer ; but Andrew had lived too long in Malta to trust to such an arrangement, and he threatened to take the boat off on his own account, unless they got under weigh at once ; which, after grumbling a good deal, they accordingly did, though they stopped once or twice to renew their demand before they reached the ship.

Next morning, on Sunday, June 11th, we landed once more, and walked up the street past the Custom House to the " Place " ; it was crowded still with happy thoughtless people, bent only on their own amusement, as on the previous evening. Natives were swarming everywhere, gathered round the cab-stands, or lying along the pavement half-asleep, or squatted in corners lazily puffing at their cigarettes. They were perfectly indifferent in manner, and respectful as usual when, once or twice, we had occasion to address them ; nothing, in fact, could have been quieter or more orderly than the aspect of the town. We went to the Arab quarter, and engaged a little boy to carry a basket of fruit and flowers we had bought, and then walked leisurely back to the harbour steps, arriving there at half-past twelve o'clock, and getting on board by half an hour later, immediately steamed off for Port Said.

Our things had been changed to another Russian boat, very much like the last one, only the deck cabins were fewer in number, and most of the passengers had to sleep below in wretched berths as on ordinary steamers. To our surprise



we found every cabin full, and the steward told me a number of passengers had come on board within half an hour of the time of starting, so little expected that he had been obliged to send off a boat in a hurry for more provisions. This was the first time I had ever met the upper class of Arab society ; many of them were said to be exceedingly wealthy, worth many thousands a year, but I must say I have seldom come across a less attractive class of people. They were very like Levantines in their ostentation and their free-and-easy manners, but having more money, the ladies were even more gorgeous in attire, and the men more covered with jewellery. There was one family on board who visit Paris every year, and travel with five servants ; but such servants !—negresses with gowns all askew, and stockingless men, so redolent of garlic that Andrew complained of their admittance to the saloon. The ladies of this family were dressed in the richest silks, rather *décolleté* about the neck, and with elbow sleeves, below which was a barbarous assortment of diamond bracelets and glass bangles, and nails which were tidied in public by a hairpin pulled out of their chignons ! The poor little neglected children were as dirty as children can be, with little trousers of unequal lengths and queer-shaped, common-looking clothes, very different from their dressed-out mothers. They fed anyhow with the servants, who, by the way, were all deck passengers, and slept amongst the filthy pilgrim hadjis and the poultry, so that their presence in the cabin, where they were always squatting about, was very far from agreeable.

Before arriving at Jaffa the negresses turned all their dresses inside out, much to Andrew's amusement ; but in this respect they were not a whit cleaner than their mistresses. No race of people are fonder of fine clothes and cheap jewellery than the Arabs, and both men and women spare no labour or money in decking the outside of their persons, while beneath . . . . but the less said about that the better !

By listening to their conversation, which was carried on in a jumble of languages, we were able to make out that without any immediate fear of a rising, they had thought it better to clear out of Alexandria, and knowing that there would not be another steamer for a week, they had started in this one. Many of the men had left their wives and families behind them, pretending that they were going in advance to select houses for them ; but they had taken very good care to carry away all their trinkets and gold, for the captain's cabin was almost filled with small cases put under his care. These men were worse even than the women, and the more I saw of them the more I disliked them. There appeared something so despicable in these great, hulking, able-bodied men flying from what was after all, at that time, to them only an imaginary danger. To be sure they seemed rather ashamed of themselves, hiding away in corners with their shoulders up to their ears, and glancing furtively out of the corners of their eyes at all who came near them. Meal-time would rouse them a little, but it was not an appetizing sight to see the exertions caused by that incentive ! These men all belonged to the same class, and were so like each other they might well have been taken for

brothers, though there were about thirty of them on board. The Arabs are a tall race, and the lower classes thin and wiry, but those who lead a sedentary life in shops and counting-houses soon become unwieldy. These, though most of them were young, had all a flabby, flaccid look, with pale unwholesome faces, and small cunning eyes peering from beneath the fez, which all wear in spite of their pretensions to European civilization. What a vast difference between them and the real Turk, who might often be mistaken for an Englishman, with his clear-cut features, bronzed complexion, and quiet steady gaze! and the manly bearing and slow, dignified step, how they contrast with the cringing manners and mean look which forces upon one too frequently a certain sympathy with the Turk in his contempt for the Giaour!

These Arabs had the self-same servile manner, and as we travelled later with many who were flying from actual danger I cannot describe the contempt I felt for them. Hundreds of strong young fellows, who for sheer terror had forsaken their homes, their business, their families even, would sit crying like children, moaning and bewailing *their own* fate; they seemed so utterly cowardly, so unworthy the name of men, that I used to feel my heart grow hard as steel towards them. And now and again a horrible idea would flash on me, that *my* husband might be called on to fight for these wretched creatures! for the country they had deserted, and the dependents they had left to the mercies of the mob! It seemed monstrous! I confess I did not try, or care, to enter into political questions, or to understand the necessity of Egypt

being governed by Europeans ; I only felt that these miserable specimens of humanity before me had forsaken their country when it had most need of them ; that they had saved their bodies and their money, and would live and eat and sleep at ease while others fought their battles, and then go back, like the jackals, to feast and fatten on the labour of others.

Why were these men allowed to fly from Alexandria ? Why were they not forced to unite in defence of their homes and their property ? They had arms, they were wealthy and numerous, and could easily have kept the foe in check. They ought to have been told that they were leaving at their own peril, and that no one would be responsible for any evil that might befall their families, their houses, or their property ; the latter threat might perhaps have had some weight with them, for most of them seemed to be under the impression that by making out a list of all that had been left behind, and lodging it at some Consul's or Government office, either the English or the French or the Turks would be forced to make good all losses.

On the morning of June 12th the captain called Andrew's attention to three men-of-war going at full steam towards Alexandria ; he fancied it might mean something, so we were all eagerly on the watch for Port Said, to know if anything had happened in Alexandria. It gave us quite a shock to hear, immediately on anchoring, of the massacre, which must have actually commenced before we had left the town. We were told that the Arab population had risen and murdered a number of Christians, amongst whom were

several English people ; that a whole street had been pulled down, and many private houses destroyed. We could hardly credit the news till it was confirmed by Captain Napier of the "Coquette," who further added that the English Consul had been wounded. I felt very thankful to think of our own providential escape, for all that morning we had been walking about in the very heart of the Arab quarter, and but half an hour after we had left, two young Englishmen had been pulled out of a cab and murdered in the street we had passed through to reach the Custom House ! It appeared to us incredible that the outbreak had been premeditated, and even now as I write I can hardly believe it. At half-past twelve the streets are rather deserted, and most people engaged at their luncheon ; and over and over again that morning, had the people wished us any harm they might easily have done it, for no European aid was at hand, and Andrew had no weapon of defence save the light walking-stick of olive-wood he generally carries. Captain Napier told us that the news had been telegraphed to Port Said shortly after the outbreak, and that all night the captains of the French and Italian ships had boats out, rowing round and round the harbour for fear of torpedoes, or some treachery on the part of the Arabs. It was plain to see there was great excitement on board most of the men-of-war ; the English alone taking the matter with their wonted calmness, and everything as quiet and orderly on board the little "Coquette" as though she had been lying in Portsmouth harbour.

I won't attempt to describe the scene on board amongst the



Arabs when they heard the news. The ladies all rushed out of their cabins regardless of appearances, and the gentlemen, who ever since we had left Alexandria had donned dressing-gowns and slippers, "*se mettre à leur aise*," as a French lady on board indignantly expressed it, fell into the most frantic state of excitement, shrieking and jabbering in their guttural Arabic, and for the moment quite forgetting all their affectation of Europeanism. In spite of the intense heat we determined to go on shore, preferring to run the risk of being attacked to listening to the babel on board.

A row of white houses, the largest of which is a deserted hotel, line the beach, and a long street leads from it through the town, apparently the only thoroughfare with any business in it. We amused ourselves by staring in at the windows and looking at the collections of ostrich feathers, Maltese lace, and China and Japan ware, till we knew the contents of every shop by heart. A good many appeared to be kept by Frenchmen, and some by Maltese. Monkeys, parrots, and pelicans were for sale in the streets, and these and the tropical plants and shrubs growing in the small town-garden made one feel how far from home we really were. We walked to the mouth of the canal, and saw the dull unruffled water winding out of sight between flat beds of sand, without even a palm tree to relieve the dead monotony of the plain. An ugly and depressing place, and not even the huge porpoises tumbling all round the ships in the harbour could enliven our feelings. The Arab population seemed quiet and indifferent, or else they were afraid of the guns pointed at the

town from the ironclads, for no one showed us the least incivility, and we felt as secure as if we had been in Cyprus. Nevertheless I was heartily glad to get away, for the heat was overpowering, and we longed to be once more free of the ship and our despised fellow-passengers. All night long they forced their noisy, obtrusive grief on us, and for many weeks afterwards the harsh guttural tones of their voices would ring in my ears.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

In the roadstead of Jaffa—The landing—The “Hôtel Jerusalem”—Mr. Cook’s first dragoman—Becomes our guide to Jerusalem—David Tamal and his commonplaces—The house of Simon the tanner—Leave Jaffa in a waggon drawn by three lean horses—The house of Dorcas—Sharon—Timnath—Lydda—Ramleh—Its famous “white tower”—The natives and the sun’s rays—A gang of robbers—Site of the royal city of Gezer—Vale of Ajalon—Joshua—The tombs of the Maccabees—Cook’s hotel at the foot of the mountains of Judæa—The cistus—Kirjath-jearim—Abu Ghaush, the robber chief—Mizpeh—Mishap to our horses—The fountain of David—First view of Jerusalem—Beauty of the surrounding scenery—Arrival at the city—Mr. Cook’s placard at the gate—Distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem—Nature of the road—Cost of the journey.

WE anchored off Jaffa on June 13th, out in the open roadstead, a mile from the town, as there is no regular harbour. A cluster of square, flat-roofed houses lay spread in front of us, and behind them rose a sloping bank of verdure, the famous groves of Jaffa “the beautiful.” The landing was accomplished with considerable difficulty, as we had to pass over a bar of rock, through which there is but one narrow channel, and set foot for the first time on “Holy Land.” We took up our quarters at the “Hôtel Jerusalem,”

in a new suburb inhabited mostly by Germans. The place looked quite deserted, and we were standing rather disconsolately under the wooden doorway, wondering what on earth we should do next, when a pleasant-looking man hurried up to us, introducing himself as Bernard Heilpon, Mr. Cook's first dragoman at Jaffa. Andrew and I could hardly suppress a smile as he offered his services, inwardly thinking of the party we had left at Athens; but he soon contrived to interest us so much with his talk, that we agreed to put ourselves under his auspices, and see as much as we could of the Holy Land at the rate of fifty shillings a day for the pair of us. This was to include everything so long as we contented ourselves with the regular routes, but the hire of tents and horses to out-of-the-way places was to be an extra charge. On our side we stipulated that Mr. Bernard was to be our guide, and ours only, and that no one else was to be invited to join the party. It was a great relief to have all the responsibility taken off our shoulders, and for the first time of going to Jerusalem I doubt whether we could have done better; but should I ever pay another visit there, I should prefer independence and an interpreter when necessary to a guide. Mr. Bernard is a Hungarian; we found him very clever and intelligent, and should have been very well pleased to keep him with us through our little tour in Palestine, but before it was over business took him back to Jaffa, and we were handed over to a man called David Tamal. David, too, did his best for us, but it was done in a sort of automatic way, like one who is accustomed to jog at

the head of fifty tourists, stopping at every place of interest, repeating the history as told in the guide-books, and then saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll now move on!"

In the Holy Land you want more than that ; holy associations cluster round you, scenes of history are ever rising before you ; glowing spectacles of fields powdered by the "lily of the valley," plains spangled with the "rose of Sharon," waving mountains and forests crowned by the "excellency of Carmel," are all in the mind's eye. Historic names are very suggestive, especially when connected with the Bible, and when the eye rests for the first time on the places to which they are attached. When my mind was full of the great events of other ages, and I was thinking of the apostles and Roman centurions, proud crusaders, and mail-clad knights, I did not want to be troubled and irritated by stupid modern inventions and absurd traditions, beyond which the ideas of honest David did not travel far.

We begged Bernard to arrange for an immediate start after breakfast, as neither of us cared much about Simon the tanner's house, which is at the opposite end of the town, and is now only a modern building with no pretensions of antiquity. One of the rooms is used as a mosque, and the house is still "close to the sea-shore," the waves beating the low wall of the courtyard ; a rude staircase takes you up to the roof, flat now as of old. The long bright sweep of the Mediterranean stretches in front of it, the waves breaking on the rocks where Andromeda was exposed to



the sea-monster. I had read the description often, and we were contented with that.

We left Jaffa at 10 a.m., Andrew and I and Mr. Bernard. He had procured us an extraordinary kind of conveyance, like a waggon with three wooden seats placed cross-wise, without cushions, and with only an iron rail to lean against ; there was not even an awning to shelter us from the fierce sun. We were assured, however, that it was the best kind of carriage to be got, and the only one suited for the road to Jerusalem. It was drawn by three lean horses, fastened with rope harness, and driven by a negro. Our heavy baggage was stowed at Mr. Cook's offices, and we only took with us our hand-bags and a small bundle of wraps.

The idea that it is Holy Land seems to pervade the whole atmosphere ; I felt so keenly interested in the scene around that I never thought of the heat, though the June sun in the land of the Philistines is not to be despised. On leaving the town we first passed through perhaps the finest orchards in the world ; acres of trees covered with the scarlet blossom of the pomegranate, golden oranges, mellow apricots, purple plums, while away beyond them spread out an almost boundless plain. The jolting of our carriage was indescribable, and the noise deafening. We sank into hollows of sand and then bounded over heaps of stones, till we felt that our heads, spirits, and elbows were all equally shattered. However, we were in the vale of Sharon, and that seemed recompense for even greater suffering. The road was bordered by cactus hedges, over which towered feathery

trees bearing little downy yellow balls which emitted a sweet perfume. Beit-Tabitha, or the house of Dorcas, was passed about two miles from Jaffa ; a little Turkish mosque has been built upon the site, but Christians are allowed to pray there once a year. A few ragged Bedouins were sleeping by it, who roused themselves up for *backsheesh* as we passed.

We were really in Sharon now, and in the rich golden sunlight the curse seemed to have fallen lightly over the fields of barley, maize, and water-melons, though patches of uncultivated land broke the undulating surface here and there. Poppies, asphodel, yellow and blue thistles, and white camomile grew in abundance, dispelling the monotony which characterizes the summer colouring of the East. The blue hills of Samaria rose on our left, and Judæa lay in front of us, while the palm trees and broad-leaved bananas of Ramleh formed a land-mark in the distance. Before reaching it we passed Timnath, a small village fenced round by an impenetrable hedge of prickly pear. It was here (to quote Mr. Bernard) that Samson met his first wife, and came down from Gaza to catch the three hundred foxes with which he set fire to the cornfields of the Philistines. Two miles beyond Timnath is a road which branches off to the right, and winding over a sandy hill goes direct to Gaza, the shortest route to Cairo through the desert. On the left another village appears, marked by three palm trees, Beth-Dagon, also connected with Philistine tradition. From this point begins the line of small square towers, guarding the road at regular intervals of a mile as far as

the hills of Judæa. Lydda was shown to us, standing out at some distance on the plain, surrounded by shady orchards, with a lofty minaret rising above the palms.

Ramleh, which we reached in two hours' time from Jaffa, is a most picturesque town, hedged in with prickly pear, and surrounded by rich gardens and cornfields, sheltered by groves of olive and palm. Our *araba* stayed beside a ruined khan, while we went to the "Frank Hotel" for water to quench our thirst. Close to it stands one of the largest convents in Syria, where travellers to Jerusalem are lodged when the hotel is full. All the convents in the East, Greek, Armenian, and Latin, have accommodation for travellers, and the monks look forward to the tourist season with scarce less eagerness than the hotel keeper.

After a welcome draught of water we went off to see the famous "white tower," which stands alone now in the midst of an olive grove. It is square and beautifully built, the angles supported by slender buttresses, and the sides tapering upwards in stories. Andrew burst open an old wooden door at the base, and we climbed up a winding staircase of a hundred and twenty steps, getting splendid glimpses of the country through the small windows pierced in the masonry. The tower is surrounded by ruined cloisters, and beneath the foundation are galleries of close brickwork covered with cement, supported on rows of columns, and very curious to see. Richard Cœur de Lion lived here with his crusaders for a season, and here it was that St. George was first declared the patron saint of England.

For many miles we journeyed on over the plain, noting the habits and appearance of the natives. I was astonished to see how careful they are of exposing themselves to the rays of the sun, the head being always protected by numerous folds of linen or thick *kufiyehs* (square handkerchiefs), with the ends covering the shoulders. The poorest labourer while resting from the heat would make a temporary shelter by supporting his *abbas*, or cloak, on three upright sticks, and taking his siesta under this impromptu tent. We also met a gang of robbers, who had been captured near Jerusalem, on foot and guarded by mounted *zaptiehs*. I asked why they were not handcuffed, as escape seemed so easy. "*Backsheesh*," was the reply, as that settles most things in Syria.

The corn is cut by the sickle, and the deep stubble leaves good "cover," as Andrew called it. We noticed, too, that horses are used instead of oxen on the threshing-floors. The "cornfields" of Palestine are still remarkable, and strike the traveller even here. We passed a large village called Kubâb, entirely surrounded by these floors, and having large fields of tobacco growing in the neighbourhood. On our right, about two miles from the highway, stretched a low ridge called Jazar, said to be the site of the royal city of Gezer, which Pharach gave to his daughter, the wife of Solomon. Mr. Bergheim, a rich banker of Jerusalem, has bought the site, and is building a house on it. Here we left the plain of Sharon, and descending a steep hill at a terrific pace, came into a broad rich valley known as the

vale of Ajalon. It was here that Joshua drove back the five kings of the Ammonites, with the king of the Jews at their head, chasing them along "the way that goeth up to Beth-horon." To the left is the hill on which once stood the royal city of Gibeon, whereof "all the men were mighty"; a solitary tree marks the site of a mosque, but the actual village is out of view below the brow of the hill. This is the plain where Joshua, glancing back towards Gibeon, gave utterance to that wondrous prayer, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." It is three miles across, and actually lies between the villages of Kubâb and Latrôn. The latter is a small hamlet with the ruins of a fortress in the centre of it, called the "Castle of the good (penitent) thief," built by the crusaders to command the pass through the neighbouring glen to Jerusalem. About a mile further on is Amwâs, or Nicopolis, where are a number of tombs, said to be those of the Maccabees. Mr. Bernard hurried us past the place, professing to be very sceptical about the tombs, and declaring them to be an invention of Mr. Howard's, the rival tourist-contractor. Howard has a hotel here, where his parties always break the journey, and an invitation to visit the remains of the Maccabees is written on a large signboard by the road. Opposite to Amwâs is a large red-tiled building, a new Roman Catholic convent. From thence we descended into a narrow valley called the Vale of Thieves,



then came into rougher and more undulating ground, and finally pulled up at Cook's hotel at the foot of the mountains of Judæa, half way to Jerusalem.

This is a wretched place. On one side of the road is an open shed with a couple of fireplaces, where all the caravan drivers and *arabajis* (coachmen) smoke their narguileys or chibouks, and eat their dinners of bread with dried fruit, or any vegetables or salt fish that may be in season. They sleep on mats stretched on the ground; those who can afford it covered with a quilted cotton sheet. The camel-drivers generally sleep amongst their bales outside the khan, but as close to it as possible for security. The travellers' part of the hotel is a rather more pretentious building, on the other side of the road. You reach the rooms by an outside staircase, but they are not inviting, and literally swarm with fleas; the accommodation is of the very roughest, and far from clean. We tried to get a few minutes' rest on the divans in the large dining-room, but the place was too lively with mosquitoes and other plagues, so we told Mr. Bernard that the jolting of the *araba* was preferable to the miscalled rest in such a place, and he good-naturedly started as soon as the horses were a little refreshed. This place is called the Wady 'Aly, and the mountain range of Judah commences immediately after leaving it.

For six miles we slowly wound up a wild glen, the hills rising on either side of us in rocky banks or long terraced slopes, sparsely covered with dwarf holly, gorse, chiniah,

agnus castus, ilex, and caroub shrubs. The cistus grows plentifully over the rocks, but their delicate white and lemon-coloured blossoms were over, and only rather washed-out looking pink ones remained. The flower of the cistus resembles a wild rose, and the faint perfume is much the same, but the plant never grows above two feet in height, and the leaves are exactly like those of the sage. After it has done flowering I have noticed a very curious kind of orchid or fungus that grows from the roots, not unlike clusters of a fleshy plant, with white centres surrounded by the brightest scarlet outer covering. When very young they look like mushroom buttons bursting from the ground, but on tearing up the roots of the cistus it is seen that they are growing on their own stalks. A few trees, mostly olives, dot the hill-side, but they are fast disappearing, and soon I fear that even the shrubs will all be gathered for fuel. We passed by the tomb of Auman, shaded by fine evergreen oaks, and then, leaving the little hamlet of Saris on our right, wound round the head of the glen, and crossing several rocky ridges, descended through olives and fig-groves to Kirjath-jearim, the place where the ark was kept in the house of Abinadab. The village is perched on the side of a hill, its flat roofs rising one above another, and each house looking like a fortress with its strong stone walls and narrow windows.

The famous robber-chief Abu Ghaush lived here, and held the key of the pass, so that no one could go by without paying toll. For fifty years he defied the Government, and

killed more than one pasha sent against him ; but since his death in 1846, luckily none of his descendants have had the courage to follow in his footsteps. In a gloomy valley near Kirjath-jearim are the remains of a rude stone house where his family lived. The inhabitants of the village seem a wild uncivilized race ; they came out to stare at us as the carriage passed, the men covered only with loose shirts of white cotton, against which their naked legs and arms looked even browner than nature. The women all wear a blue robe open over the chest, and unfastened by any girdle round the waist. In the glen below are the remains of a fine aqueduct, near which is a modern khan surrounded by vineyards. Our guide pointed out Mizpeh to us, the "watch-tower" of Benjamin, conspicuous with its tall minaret. The crusaders built a church here, where the Moslems now worship and pray by the traditional tomb of Samuel. In front of us, perched on a hill, rose the fortress-like village of Kustul, and thence the road zigzags down into the valley of Elah to the village of Kolonieh. This road is a wonderful piece of engineering, and I believe was entirely planned and carried out by the Turks ; and stranger still was the pace at which we went down it, our black driver lashing his horses, and making them literally bound through the air, till I could hardly distinguish the objects on either side. Suddenly we felt a terrific jerk, followed by a dragging sound and a great squealing and plunging amongst the horses ; the centre one had fallen, and was actually dragged along for some way before the carriage could be stopped. No harm came to any one but

the unfortunate animal, whose skin was all rubbed off one side. On Andrew remonstrating with the driver, he said that they always went down a hill as fast as the horses could go, considering it safer, as the road was too steep for a walk, and unless the horses went faster than the carriage, it hit against their houghs and frightened them. It was no use arguing with the man, so we just made up our minds to get out at the next steep place; more especially as the rope harness was nearly frayed through in places.

At the bottom of the valley is a rustic little coffee-house, with splendid pomegranate trees round it; below is a well called the "fountain of David," the water of which is remarkably pure and cold, the dew remaining on the glass as though it were iced. A little further on is the brook whence tradition says that David picked the stone which slew Goliath. The view down the vale is very fine, the sides planted with olives and fruit trees, and terraces for vines built in between. All the ground belongs to the Convent of St. John, which is seen at the end of the valley. After crossing a brook we wound up a bleak hill-side, and found ourselves on a breezy undulating plateau, the broad summit of the mountain range, and in a few minutes more gained our first view of the holy city.

"Lo, towered Jerusalem salutes the eyes !  
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale ;  
'Jerusalem !' a thousand voices cry ;  
'All hail, Jerusalem !' Hill, down, and dale  
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, 'Jerusalem, all hail !' "

We were probably then on the very spot where so many way-worn pilgrims and crusaders had in bygone years fallen

down and kissed the sacred ground. One can imagine their arrival at the longed-for goal, when "all had much ado to manage so great a gladness." I need not say that we did not emulate them, but the first view of the city is involuntarily accompanied by a flood of thought too full to be expressed, however feebly, by words. No one can look on Jerusalem unmoved ; the first sight of the city must be a solemn moment ; there is nothing like it in the world, and one feels then what one probably never feels twice in a lifetime.

It was just sunset ; floods of fire and flame were spread over the horizon, above which heavy clouds of deepest purple were closing down, crimsoning the bare flat hills and distant domes, above which a strange orange glow was hanging in the air. Away to the right stretched the wilderness of Judæa, the rounded hill-tops, strewn with heaps of gray limestone, stretching as far as the eye could see in the uncertain light, and deepening from pale blue into indigo ; while further still on the horizon were the distant mountains of Moab, "*une ligne droite tracée par une main tremblante*," gradually changing from rose-colour to violet, till the glory faded away and the stars came out.

We could see a serried line of gray battlemented wall and a high Saracenic tower, but the rest was shut out by a row of almshouses inhabited by Jews, and a large white pile of stone, which is the Russian hospice, *el Moscobia*, as the natives call it. This ugly building, standing on a higher level, and looking like a huge new factory, sadly mars the first view of the city. On passing it our coachman whipped up his



horses and galloped down a steep road till he pulled up with a flourish outside the Jaffa Gate.

The streets of Jerusalem are so narrow that no wheeled vehicle can pass through them, and we had to walk to the hotel. Just outside the gate is an enormous placard of Mr. Cook's. The taste of this is, to say the least, questionable, and I should have thought the name was quite sufficiently known without such an ill-judged and ill-placed memoranda of the establishment. At any rate it only inspired us with disgust, and had we not previously engaged Mr. Bernard, the sight of this signboard would have been sufficient to have made us carefully eschew Mr. Cook and all his offices.

A Mahomedan sentry guards the gate, but he allowed us to pass through unchallenged, and at last our feet stood within "thy gates, O Jerusalem." We walked slowly on to the hotel, where we got good rooms looking over some of the finest views of the city.

I believe the distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is forty miles, and we had taken twelve hours, including two stoppages, to do it in. It seems extraordinary that there should be no really good road made between the towns, when the enormous throngs of people who pass that way during most of the year are taken into consideration. Until Abdul Mejid went to France there was no regular road at all, only a mule-track across the hills. Report says that it is due to the Empress Eugénie, who told the Sultan how she longed to go to Jerusalem, but was prevented doing so by the absence of a road. With unusual alacrity Abdul Mejid

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ordered the work to be commenced, and within one year the present highway was completed. Were it only kept in repair, it would be a splendid work, for the engineering is admirable, but unfortunately it is allowed to fall into a ruinous condition, till some prince proposes to visit the Holy Land, and then labourers are set to work to repair it; this was done lately for Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales, but too short notice was given, and the mending and patching have done more harm than good. While on the subject I may say that forty francs is the usual charge for a carriage from Jaffa; there is a good deal of competition, and twenty francs is sometimes taken when tourists are scarce. A seat may be had in a carriage for ten francs, but then one must take one's chance as to one's fellow-passengers.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### JERUSALEM.

First impressions—View from the balcony of the hotel—In the streets—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Mount of Olives—Jerusalem a mountain city—No suburbs—View from Mount Olivet—Desolate aspect of the surrounding country—Wonder how it can ever have been a land of milk and honey—Convent on the Mount of Olives—Bethany—The brook Kidron—Valley of Jehoshaphat—Its horrible surroundings—Valley of the Kidron—Its tombs—Pool of the Virgin—Tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zachariah—Siloam and its people—Pool of Siloam—Vale of Hinnom—Lepers—"Tophet"—"Potter's field"—Graves and tombs everywhere—Jaffa Gate.

TO tell the honest truth, neither Andrew nor I slept at all during our first night in Jerusalem. We pretended it was the dogs, the mosquitoes, the heat, neither quite liking to confess to the other that at our age we should feel so keenly excited about anything impersonal as to banish all thought of sleep and all sense of fatigue; but I confess at once that I lay awake for hours, the last scene of the previous evening remaining so vividly before my mind's eye that I could think only of the past. The names of Olivet, Mount Zion, Moriah, Gethsemane, Bethany were all before me as if written in letters of light. Longing for the morning, I rose

and went out into the balcony outside my window. The old square tower of Hippicus, or David, towering above the Jaffa Gate rose in front of me ; below it, and a little to the left, was the pool of Hezekiah, sufficiently full of water to hide the remains of the fine mosaic pavement at the bottom. The domes and minarets, and the pinnacles of the Holy Sepulchre and the great mosque, the rounded summit of Olivet, the flat roofs of the houses, and the towers above the walls, were all that I could distinguish of the city.

It would be very presumptuous, and equally useless, were I to attempt a detailed description of Jerusalem, but every new traveller has added a little to the picture, has brought out here and there a stronger light or darker shadow, and so gives a new impression to those at home who endeavour to realize that which they cannot see. It is of no use for an ordinary traveller to try and think for himself in Jerusalem ; he will soon find he is launched into a maze, an endless confusion from which he will only turn away in despair, feeling almost that as they cannot all be right, they must all be wrong.

The attraction of Jerusalem will always be in its name. The general view, the unchanged features of the country, alone remain untainted by childish superstitions, sordid populations, and lying impostors ; memories alone are rich here, but they make up for the poorness of all else. Real Jerusalem lies buried thirty or forty feet below the present surface, and yet the city has a strangely venerable look. It was the wish to study at leisure the general features of the scene, the

different elevations within and without the town, the chief buildings, and all the details that we could distinguish, before we lost ourselves in the confusion of crowded streets and narrow lanes, that made us turn at once towards Olivet.

We passed through narrow crooked streets, over which it was dangerous to ride, and nearly impossible to walk, owing to their being paved with flat stones which are worn so smooth that in many places they are as slippery as ice ; rags, poverty, wretchedness, and dirt assailed us on every side. We passed out by the gate of St. Stephen, or that of the Lady Mary, "Bab es sitt Mariam," as the Moslems call it, and descended into the valley of the Kidron, crossed the brook at the bridge (it is now but a dry ditch), passed by the Chapel and supposed Tomb of the Virgin, and the Grotto of Agony, the latter a lofty cave with an altar erected in it, before which a priest was praying ; thence up to the Garden of Gethsemane, where "Jesus was wont to pray,"—the traditional and probably also the real Gethsemane.

It is a small space enclosed by a high wall, which the Latin monks have turned into a flower-garden, within which grow eight venerable olive trees, the oldest in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem ; their huge trunks are gnarled and knotted, hollowed out and propped up in many places. The boughs are hoary with age, and they look as though they might be old enough to be the very ones our Saviour sat under. The rest of Olivet is a melancholy gray rock, with a few fig and olive trees looking infinitely sad as they grow out of the white stony ground. The trees in this enclosure are real



patriarchs, and their manifest difference in age to the other olives must strike the most sceptical. Their venerable appearance makes them almost the most touching memorial of Jerusalem. It is impossible to linger under them and not be impressed with the idea that this is the real spot where our Lord used to retire when He felt weary and sorrowful, and where, leading His disciples to the garden on the night of His betrayal, He said to them, "Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder,"—probably under the shade of these very olives.

"Who can thy deep wonders see,  
Wonderful Gethsemane !  
There my God bare all my guilt ;  
This through grace can be believed ;  
But the horrors that He felt  
Are too vast to be conceived.  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane."

Before leaving, the Franciscan monk in charge gathered a bunch of flowers for me from within the railed enclosure round the trees, but much more precious was the little sprig of olive which Andrew broke off as a marker for our Bible, to keep not only as a memorial of the spot, but as an emblem of "the peace that is to come."

The appearance of the Mount itself is very disappointing. One always expects to find something in a holy or historic place worthy of its history, but the Mount of Olives possesses no striking feature ; it is only a rounded, colourless ridge, with gray terraces and limestone crags on its sloping sides. The olive trees, though dotted all over it, grow far apart ;

barley and wheat are cultivated in the little terraces, and its rural sweetness has gone for ever. The highest part is crowned with the Church of the Ascension and the buildings of the French convent near it. There is also a little mosque with an isolated minaret, from whence the grandest of all views of Jerusalem is obtained.

Jerusalem is truly a mountain city, a mountain fastness, breathing mountain air, but it has a lifeless, mournful look. It is built over a series of hills, whose varying curves show the town to the highest advantage from a distance, and relieve the monotony of the colour. The most striking feature is the long line of walls and towers which surround it; they appear almost built on the edge of the rock, and the ravines all round form natural moats cutting off the city from the surrounding table-land. Jerusalem has no suburbs except at the Jaffa Gate, and the traveller enters at once within the city walls. Hence one feels that the outside appearance is the same now as in the days of Christ, though the city of Herod was built on the ruins of the city of Solomon, the city of the crusaders on the ruins of that of Herod, and modern Jerusalem is founded on the ruins of them all. If David, or Herod, or Godfrey were to rise from their tombs they would probably find as much difficulty in finding the old sites as we do.

From the heights of Mount Olivet it is certainly the "perfection of beauty." For the background on the left is Zion, with the mosque of David and Herod's tower and the two domes of the Holy Sepulchre. The palace of the

Knights of St. John emerges from the mass of ruins and white stones. Directly opposite is Mount Moriah, and on its summit is the platform of the Haram (where once stood Solomon's temple), surmounted with the Mosque of Omar, the "noble sanctuary," the Haram es Sherif, the most sacred Mahometan spot in the world after Mecca, and the most beautiful mosque in existence. Next to it is the now walled-up space called the Golden Gate. It is the Haram and its mosque which give such an impression of grandeur to the view of Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives; beyond it rise the white buildings of the city, undulating over the summits of Zion, Akra, and Bezetta, diversified with domes, minarets, towers, cupolas, convents, hospices, resplendent mosques, terraced roofs, and colossal walls, the whole encircled by the winding line of gray battlements.

On turning backwards one looks over an open country, bare and desolate, without a single building in view. Not a green spot is visible except a few dusky olives here and there; there is neither grandeur nor beauty nor richness in the scenery, all is bleak and featureless. The contrast of the surrounding country with the noble city crowning the battlemented heights, and encircled by the deep and dark ravines, helps one to realize how very beautiful in situation is the "city of the Great King."

One wonders how these stony hills, deserted valleys, and barren rocks can ever have been the land of milk and honey. Even the palm trees where the people must have gathered the branches when they escorted our Lord to Jerusalem

where are they? Where are the forests of Bethel, of Hareth, of Sharon, of Kirjath-jearim, the woods of Zipt, the palms, the pines, the terebinths? The destruction of the trees has allowed the rains to wash away the earth down the steep declivities, and have left bare tracts of land once gay with cornfields and vineyards, and the absence of verdure and vegetation undoubtedly causes drought. The hills of Judæa are as bare as the desert itself; one gets a fine view of the wilderness from the summit of the Mount, with its absolute nakedness of desolation, its jagged hills and yawning ravines, and from out this wild and lonely scene one realizes the weird mournfulness of "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Indeed it is all so bare and desolate that it makes the heart ache. The cliff's jagged lines drop suddenly and precipitously into the deep Jordan valley, where the river winds between verdant banks till it falls into the Dead Sea, which lies like a blue shield in the plain of Jordan. Beyond it rises as precipitously as the hills of the wilderness, an unbroken range of mountains extending along the horizon as far as the eye can see, the Moab and Gilead of the Bible.

On leaving the top of the Mount we passed by a small chapel built near the convent, said to be erected over the site where our Saviour gave the Lord's Prayer. Inside is a tomb waiting for the lady who built it, a French princess Madame Aurelia de Bossa de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon; a lovely marble effigy of the princess is erected over a sarcophagus, and the lady herself is said to be now

living in the convent which she has so richly endowed. We turned backwards along the Hosanna road, and walked towards Bethany round the projecting spurs of the southern shoulder of Olivet.

No romance of the imagination can ever make Bethany more now-a-days than a squalid, ruined hamlet. It looks shut out from all the world, and in truth its utter seclusion is its only charm, for there is absolutely nothing of interest save in its associations. The houses are all more or less in a ruinous state, rudely built in one story, and loosely put together, chiefly from old materials. Above the village is a ruined tower, whose walls have nearly all tumbled down. Martha's house is enclosed in a garden of fig trees, and only the traditional site is left. A number of ragged children, speaking a few words of English, brought us to Lazarus' tomb, and gave us each a taper to light up the inside. You enter through a low doorway cut out of the rock, and descend several steps into a square chamber, from which an aperture gives you a sight of the supposed tomb below you. It is strange to think of and account for our Saviour's love for this quiet spot, where He made a resting-place with Lazarus, and loving Mary, and kind hospitable Martha. It must have been the solitude that He delighted in ; where He could pass from the busy world and the noisy crowd, to enjoy the peace and tender love of those faithful and devoted friends. Of all the villages we saw in Palestine, there is none that struck us as so miserably poor, squalid, and unpicturesque as Bethany. A little distance from it, on the brow of the



hill, is Bethphage, or the House of Figs, a more prosperous-looking place than Bethany, and even now surrounded by a few fig orchards, though the "date palms" of the sister village have long disappeared.

We returned to Jerusalem by another road, the same which David took when he fled from Absalom, and went over the brook Kidron, by the way of the wilderness—only a rude rough path worn into many channels by the feet of countless wayfarers during long centuries. We again passed Gethsemane, and crossing the brook turned into the valley of Jehoshaphat.

We seemed to have chosen for our first day's exploring all the saddest and most desolate places in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, or perhaps it is the gray colouring and the general appearance of Palestine that has so sad and mournful a look to the new-comer. The barren rocks and absence of variety in the outlines, the want of verdure and the gray colour that pervades the stones, shrubs, olives, terraces, dry watercourses (white being even the prevailing hue of the flowers), all make the country look as if in deep mourning.

Truly this valley of Jehoshaphat is the valley of the shadow of death, the most melancholy place on earth, where "nature is worn out, and man is tired out." A gray despair seems to have settled down over the landscape, and a grim cast of sin and exhaustion lies on the scene. This has been the burial-place of the Jews for many centuries, and to this day their dearest wish and greatest ambition is to be buried with their fathers, or, as the captive said in Babylon, "the place of my fathers' sepulchres." Many and many a poor Jew

who has spent a lifetime in earning enough to bring him to the beloved city has only arrived in time to have his bones laid in Holy Ground. Wherever the eye can reach, far or near, above or below, one sees tombs, tombs everywhere. On both sides of the valley, even from the foot of Mount Scopus, beyond it to the dark ravine of Kidron below, the tombs lie as thick as the ears of wheat in a cornfield. They cluster in groups or extend in rows; they stand erect or cover the ground with their white melancholy faces. Simplicity seems to have been the chief aim in their form of burial; "Let me bury my dead out of my sight" is the general feeling. The graves are mere holes scraped in the ground, sometimes barely two feet deep, and then a flat stone laid loosely either at the head of the grave or over it; an inscription or piece of sculpture is never seen.

Horrible ghoulish stories are told of the unclean feasts amongst the jackals and dogs that prowl there at night, and we did certainly see a flock of thirteen gorged vultures, so heavy and stupefied with their meal that they would not move, though Andrew threw stone after stone at them. With painful vividness we realized the dire prediction, "Their carcases will I give to be meat for the fowls of heaven, and for the beasts of the earth."

"Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,  
How shall you flee away to be at rest?  
The wild dove has her nest, the fox his cave,  
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave."

From the valley of Jehoshaphat we turned back to the valley of the Kidron, which lies between Mount Moriah (the

platform of the Haram) and the Mount of Olives. Here also are more Jewish graves, both beneath the Haram and up the sides of Olivet. There are four very singular monuments amongst them, picturesque and fine excavations cut out of the living rock. The first is that of Jehoshaphat, but only the pediment, or top of the roof, is seen among the accumulation of rubbish, and the Jews are said to have filled up the interior. Beside it is the pillar or tomb of Absalom, ornamented with Ionic pilasters cut out of the rock; the upper part is of masonry terminating in the shape of a pyramid, and the inside filled up with stones, which are thrown in through a hole. This is done by those who believe it to be the real "pillar" of Absalom, and they wish to show their horror of his rebellious conduct by casting a stone as they pass; all the ground in the neighbourhood is covered with these pebbles of hate. A little way off are two other tombs, those of St. James and of Zachariah. The first is a large chamber excavated in the side of the cliff, having a Doric porch supported by two columns; inside are several chambers, and tradition says that St. James lived in them between the times of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Close by is a separated structure, cut out of the rock, but entirely isolated from it, having an Ionic pilaster at each angle, and a pyramid rising over it as over the tomb of Absalom. The Jews have a great veneration for it, believing it to have been constructed in honour of Zachariah, who was stoned in the court of the temple. The dearest wish of their heart is to have their bones laid near this place.

Proceeding down the Kidron we came to the hill of Ophel, and stopped to look at the pool of the Virgin. The water springs up from the bottom of a cave excavated in the rock of Ophel ; its sides are built up with stones, and a pointed roof arches over it ; the water disappears with a murmuring sound through a low passage, which has been discovered to be connected with the pool of Siloam lower down. A strange circumstance in connection with the fountain is the irregular flow of the water ; sometimes it rises nearly a foot, and then almost disappears. As this happens frequently and at uncertain intervals during the day, the exploration of the fountain is a very dangerous task, as the passage is in places so low that you have to creep along the ground to pass through, and should the water rise while he is in one of these narrow places, the explorer would inevitably be suffocated.

Opposite the fountain is the uncanny-looking village of Silwân, or Siloam, the houses of which are half built, half excavated out of the cliffs of Olivet ; the village stands on a necropolis, and the habitations are as much caves as buildings. It is a strange wild place, and the houses are so exactly the colour of the gray cliff they are built out of, that at a short distance it is difficult to distinguish dwelling from rock. The people have a bad reputation, and are certainly a wild-looking lot, gaining their livelihood chiefly by hunting amongst the graves for old copper coins, mites, and other pieces of Jewish money. It seems a strange choice to live on a cemetery. Their houses are bare of any comforts, and a recent visitor has told how he saw a baby cradled in an old

sarcophagus! We ourselves saw one carried in a curious way, which is not unusual amongst the peasants round Jerusalem. The infant was placed in a kind of diminutive hammock, through the end of which a broad band was drawn, and this was supported across the forehead of an older child, who thus carried the baby, hanging in the hammock, behind her back.

Passing the village we came to Isaiah's tree, a large wide-spreading sycamore supported by a wall of stone round the roots, marking the spot where Isaiah is said to have been sawn asunder by order of Manasseh; near it is a garden, the only piece of verdure within sight. Crossing it and passing the projecting cliff of Ophel, we arrived at the pool of Siloam. A large empty reservoir is built in front of the cave, and you have to descend to the water by several steps similar to those at the pool of the Virgin. We had to wait till some ragged urchins who were paddling about and washing their sheep in the pool came out, as it is too narrow for more than two or three people to stand below together. The water here is also intermittent in its flow, as well as very shallow and dirty; I only put my fingers in for tradition's sake, though our guide religiously washed his eyes and face with it.

The Tyropœan valley, that one often hears mentioned in connection with Jerusalem, commences from the pool of Siloah, and extends below the Dung Gate, close to the Haram. On the eastern slope, above the village of Siloam, is the Mount of Offence, where Solomon's strange wives lived, and it was there that he built for them altars to worship the idols of their own country. Indeed a whole



neighbourhood of horror and corruption seems to have gathered round these hills and valleys. It commences with the vale of Jehoshaphat, having Mount Scopus above it, the brow of which is covered with small stones heaped one above the other in little pyramids, telling of the farewells and greetings of generations of pilgrims to the Holy City. Then comes the valley of the Kidron with solemn Gethsemane below Olivet, beyond which are the four famous tombs I have already described ; next, the pools of the Virgin and Siloah, with the Mount of Offence ; and then the fearful vale of Hinnoum : south of this rises the Hill of Evil Counsel, where some say that the country house of Caiaphas stood, in which the Jews took counsel to destroy Jesus. Others again pretend that it was here that Judas hung himself, from a weird-looking, weather-beaten tree which is still pointed out on the very summit.

The vale of Hinnoum extends nearly from Siloah to the Jaffa Gate. At the junction of the vale with that of Kidron is Joab's well, "en Rogel," as the Arabs call it, a hundred and twenty feet deep, and arched over with fine masonry. Near at hand is a row of windowless houses built close to the rock, with the doors opening inwards. In these dreary dwellings the lepers are obliged to live. Many of them came hobbling down to meet us as they saw us stop, and thronged round us, a mass of maimed, deformed, and diseased humanity. Their rags, sunken cheeks, projecting bones, and the dull aching hunger in their eyes, needed no human tongue to tell of their misery.

All round this spot high rocks are honeycombed with tombs, whose dark mouths make the place still more gloomy. Not a human being was in sight, and not a sound broke the silence save the echoes of the horrible dogs growling in the valley of the Jews above. The only living thing near us were a few jackals leaving their lairs amongst the tombs as the shades of evening began to deepen. About a thousand excavations have been counted near this spot, and the whole cliff face is pierced with a multitude of rock-cut tombs. Here was situated "Tophet" of the Bible, once a pleasure-garden of Solomon's watered by Siloam, but afterwards the scene of the ancient horrors of the rites of the idolatrous Israelites, and defiled by the offerings to Baal and the fire of Molech.

"Molech, horrid king, besmeared with blood  
Of human sacrifice and parents' tears."

The statue of this king of idols, or rather of abominations, the chief deity of the Ammonites, was of brass, with the body of a man and the head of an ox. The interior was hollow, and fitted up with a furnace, by which the statue was made red-hot. The shrieking, writhing little children who were destined for sacrifice were then placed in its arms, while drums were beaten to drown their cries. These fearful rites were first established by Solomon, who built a "high place for Molech" on the right-hand side of the Mount of Olives, which became so notorious for its horrors that it was justly considered as the very type of hell, and the name of Gehinnom, in Greek "Gehenna," was given by the Jews to the infernal regions.

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At the mouth of this Gehennam was the "Potter's field," bought to bury strangers in ; the large tombs were made a vast charnel-house, and filled with bodies and mouldering bones. This is the "Aceldama," the field of blood, bought with the "thirty pieces of silver, the price of Him whom they of the children of Israel did value."

It is strange to see how these acres of graves mingle with every view of Jerusalem ; indeed the whole city is enwreathed and encompassed, as it were, with a great army of the dead. From the gates above the valley six hundred thousand bodies of those who had died of starvation were thrown during the siege, and long before Titus stormed the city, in the belief that the salts of the earth would consume them. And not so many years ago, all those who died of the plague were thrown into one large receptacle called the tomb of St. Onofrius, where skulls and bones and even bits of clothing may still be seen.

Passing by Birket es Sultan, or the pool of Gihon, a large shallow basin, we found ourselves on the high ground outside the Jaffa Gate, glad at last to get out of the vale of Hinnoum, with its horrible associations, where one still fancies that one hears the agony of the mothers and the shrieks of the innocent little ones sacrificed by Solomon and the inhuman fiends he made his wives. I have often since been haunted by the horrible cruelty of the sacrifices, which I never realized until reading of them on the very spot where they took place.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### JERUSALEM—(*continued*).

The Mosque of Omar—Dilapidated and wretched aspect of the interior—The “Holy Sepulchre”—Its Christian guardians and the protecting Turk—Its chapels and relics—The holy fire—Via Dolorosa—Pool of Bethesda—Palace of Pilate—House of Dives—Pilgrims’ khan—The Haram—Mount Moriah—Cradle of Jesus—Golden Gate—Solomon’s bridge—Wailing place of the Jews—Thirty thousand Jews in Jerusalem—Their character and condition—Knights of St. John—Irritation of the Turks at Christian exploration—Turkish government of the country—The Armenians and Abyssinians—Tomb of David—Cemeteries of Zion—Site of the encampment of the sons of the Prince of Wales.

WE arranged to visit the Mosque of Omar and the vast building known as the “Holy Sepulchre” next day. The latter is approached through a square like the cloister of a church, but filled with a number of pedlers and dealers in rosaries, beads, mother-of-pearl crosses, and other relics, who pestered us in their guttural voices to buy their wares.

On entering the building we noticed a raised divan, on which was seated a dignified old Turk, who salaamed courteously as we passed, in agreeable contrast to the frowning

scowls of the priests and monks who were incessantly passing to and fro, and evidently looked on us as heretic intruders.

The inside of the church, though covering what those who worship there believe to be the most sacred spot on all the earth, is in the most painful state of dilapidation and dirt; even in the olden days it can hardly have been in a state more disgraceful to Christendom than it is now. To think that for fifteen hundred years this has been the chief point of attraction to Christian pilgrims, and to see it left in the state it now is! The principal part of the building is the rotunda, or dome, built over the holy sepulchre itself; it never could have been a handsome or solid piece of work, and is now almost in ruins. A double gallery surrounds it, supported by rudely-painted pilasters hung with oil-paintings representing scenes from the Bible and imaginary portraits of saints. The bases of the pillars had been numbered during some repairs, and the large chalk-marks have never been effaced. All looks coarse, rough, and unfinished.

However, in spite of a natural shock at such neglect of a place believed to be so holy, one could not but feel touched by the scene. The sepulchre stands directly below the dome, enclosed by a high chapel of polished marble containing two small chambers. The first is said to mark the spot where the angel rolled away the stone from the door; you pass through it, and stooping under a low doorway stand before the tomb of our Lord. It is a small chamber with a raised couch at one end, covered with a marble slab, above which hang forty-four silver lamps kept always burning through night and day.



A ledge above the slab is decorated like an altar with flowers and vases, and the appearance of the chamber is like that of many little Roman Catholic chapels in France or Italy. In spite of all the outward tinsel and gaudy trappings, the least sensitive imagination must feel impressed and almost awestruck to think that this may be the actual place where our Saviour was laid ; nor can the most sceptical remain quite unmoved and cold as he sees pilgrim after pilgrim approach and reverently kiss the marble stone, devoutly muttering their prayers as they gently press to their face the hands that have been laid upon the sacred stone. The actual vault is said to be below, but not a vestige of rock is visible.

The tomb and the rotunda are common property, but the Greeks, Armenians, Latins, Syrians, and Copts divide the rest of the building, and have each a church of their own, where they all chant and sing with their usual energy, doubled in the hope of drowning each other's voices. The limits of each are clearly defined, and all hostile encroachments are disputed with an animosity which does not always stop short of blows. What can the Mahomedans think when they see such unseemly displays, and only know Christianity as thus presented to them ; especially as their interference is often necessary to pacify disputes, not seldom to separate belligerents !

I thought I saw no real devotion except amongst the very poor ; the bitter animosities of the different sects come out on all sides ; wrangling, fighting, thieving, and jealousies are well known, and the strangest thing of all is how each party regards the Turk as his best and only protection against the

other. Indeed the noise, untidiness, and greed are fatal to all religious sentiment, and one turns almost with relief to the Moslem guardian of peace.

All the holy sites are collected under this one roof. They number, I believe, no less than thirty-three, including the sepulchre itself and Golgotha ; but all the natural rock is covered with marble, and the different chapels built over each separate spot make it useless to try and get a clear idea of the topography of the place. The church of the Greeks is the handsomest, rich and showy, and gorgeous with gilding and pictures. In the centre a short column rises from the marble pavement, marking, as they assert, the exact centre of the earth, thus taking literally the prophecy, "I have set Jerusalem in the midst of the nations," an assertion which is devoutly believed by the pilgrims of their faith. The chapel of the Syrians is the poorest of all, possessing nothing but a plain wooden altar, but close to their part of the building are two ancient tombs cut out of the rock, natural and quite unadorned, and interesting as showing that this was at least a place of burial at some time.

One of the relics that interested us most was the plain old sword of King Godfrey de Bouillon of Jerusalem, the brave old crusader. If authentic, no sword could tell of braver deeds, and the sight of it stirred within us memories of Baldwin, and Tancred, and Princely Saladin, and Richard of the Lion Heart. It rests now with the spurs of the chivalrous old warrior in the Latin chapel where the Christian kings who succeeded Godfrey were crowned. The monk in charge

allowed Andrew to handle the sword, and he confided to me that it was strangely small for a warrior who could cleave a camel in two at one blow ! Alas, what a pity it is that with every tradition in Jerusalem there should be mingled some suspicion of its authenticity !

The holy fire is the most shocking imposition of all, a sheer desecration, and perhaps the most offensive delusion to be found in the world. What can one think of the religion, of the man even, who, standing by the very tomb of our Lord (as he professes to believe), perpetrates so desperate an imposture, and actually makes the humble followers round him believe that the fire which he kindles with his own hand comes down from heaven ! No words are equal to describing my opinion of such a lie enacted in such a place ; it is surely not too much to say that the authors of such profanity have no right to the name of Christians. The Greek Patriarch enters into the Chapel of the Angel, and takes out a composition he has made, which, like phosphorus, lights without burning, and passes it through a hole in the marble, at which the poor ignorant fanatics crowding round light their tapers and spread the flame from candle to candle, carrying it home even to the remotest ends of *Holy* Russia ! Surely it is time that a nation calling itself civilized should put a stop to such a barbarism. One forgives them the tinsel, the tawdriness, even the fighting and wrangling, but the *imposture* in the presence of what they believe to be the holiest spot on earth is a wickedness which other Christians ought not to suffer. Indeed, as I think Dean Stanley observes, there is so much

that is offensive, and even repulsive, connected with this spot, that it is almost a relief to be able to doubt its identity with the sepulchre of Christ. Though our countrymen own not one inch of the holy places in Jerusalem, they have what is better still, their belief in the Mount of Olives, the Sea of Galilee, the sites of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, the fields and the flowers, and the holy hills which cannot be changed or removed, but stand fast for ever.

From the Holy Sepulchre we passed to the Sorrowful Way, the Via Dolorosa, crossing the court again with all its clamorous sellers of so-called relics. To get rid of them I bought some of the roses of Jericho, looking like bunches of withered twigs which had been squeezed with a rough hand ; but the curious thing about them is, that no matter how old they are, they expand and blossom the moment they are put into water. They grow in the sand, on the hot barren plains round the Dead Sea, and their botanical name is *Anastatica Hierochuntina* ; they are interesting also from the fact of their having been added to the blazon of the noblest families both in England and France, when the head of the house returned from pilgrimage or from a crusading campaign.

In front of this court no Jew dare pass ; the excited pilgrims would rend him to pieces before assistance could be given ; this is understood by them, and all the neighbourhood of the Holy Sepulchre is carefully avoided.

The Via Dolorosa is a narrow lane that runs zigzagging from St. Stephen's Gate to the church of the Sepulchre. There are what is called eight "stations," at each of which

the pilgrim stops to pray, and the tradition is that our Lord passed this way from the judgment-hall to Calvary. We turned round sharp angles and under archways, along gloomy buildings with miserable shops on either side, through streets in whose squalor and unpicturesqueness it seemed impossible to realize the splendours of the ancient capital. On arriving at the gate of Stephen we turned aside to look at the pool of Bethesda, as the spot is still called, though now no more than a dark square fosse into which all the rubbish of the adjoining barracks is thrown. The place was silent and deserted by all living things save a couple of mangy dogs prowling amongst the *débris*. These waste places in the midst of a great city give it an indescribable air of desertion and loneliness.

Beyond the barracks is the Serai, or palace, said to have been the palace of Pilate, and here properly the traditional Via Dolorosa commences. An arch crosses the street called the Ecce Homo, as the monks say that it was from the windows above it that Pilate exclaimed to the multitude, "Behold the Man." A French convent, les Filles de Zion, is built close to it, where the nuns sell pressed flowers gathered in the spring from the neighbourhood of the city, very tastefully arranged and the colours beautifully preserved. Beyond are shown the spots where our Saviour was scourged, and where He greeted Mary with "Hail, mother!" Amongst the dark, dull, prison-like buildings there is an old Saracenic house built of gray and red stone arranged pattern-wise; this is said to have been the house



of the rich man Dives, and perhaps the dogs who lie beneath the archway are lineal descendants of those who licked the sores of Lazarus. At least I can see no reason why one supposition should not be as probable as the other. We turned up a lane to see the remains of a fine khan which the Empress Hélène, wife of Sultan Selim, built for the pilgrims visiting Jerusalem. It is still rich and beautiful, though sadly neglected, with marble columns and numberless chambers and halls, in which soup and *bourghou* (a pilaff of crushed wheat) are still given away to the poor, though the funds are gradually diminishing. A few steps further on is the old cotton bazaar, an empty vaulted passage, with deep recesses on either side, into which filth of every sort seems to be promiscuously thrown. Holes and passages have been hollowed out in the walls, and here criminals hide from justice and beggars from the bitter cold of the winter nights. It was startling to hear voices calling from out the darkness, and to see a shrivelled arm and skinny hand stretched suddenly out from what seemed to be but a dead wall.

To step from this gloomy infected passage into the beautiful and spacious Haram, encircled by massive and lofty walls and graceful colonnades and arches, was an indescribable relief. The green enclosures are dotted with trees and fountains, carved pulpits and prayer niches and cupolas; in the centre stands the great Mosque itself, glistening in the sunlight with the beautifully interlaced Arabic characters round the cornices and windows, and a thousand gorgeous

hues reflected in the encaustic tiles which overlay the exterior, while aloft the graceful dome and golden crescent crown the whole. The interior is even still more beautiful; fanciful and intricate patterns adorn the walls, the windows are filled with stained glass of the very richest and most brilliant colours; the dome and cornices are gilt, and the tiles, mosaics, and arabesques make it look as if lined with the softest Persian needlework. Two rows of columns encircle the centre, forming a double corridor supporting the dome which is above the sacred rock. This is enclosed in a metal screen of lattice-work, between which and a low marble wall the visitor is allowed to walk without touching the stone. The effect of the dim religious light upon this gorgeous interior and on the bare rough rock below is singularly beautiful.

This is the sanctum, the holy of holies, of the Haram, which gives the name Kubbet-es-Sukkah, Dome of the Rock, to the whole building. It is the highest point of the hill, the crown of Mount Moriah. Here it was that Abraham offered his sacrifice, here was the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite which David bought, and on which Solomon built his temple; to the Jews the holiest spot on earth. Below it is the "noble" cave, into which the blood of the sacrifices flowed from the altar, and thence by a conduit into the valley of Siloam. There is still an open drain above Siloam, and we could see the black pollution pouring down the rocks into the pool below, making us more than ever disinclined to bathe our eyes in it, as suggested by Mr. Bernard!

Another great mosque stands on the platform at its southern extremity, much more like a Christian Church than the Holy Sepulchre itself. It is called El Aksa, and is built over vaults in which are shown the foundations of the temple, and a large hall supported by rows of massive pillars called the stables of Solomon, in which no doubt the knights of Godfrey kept their horses, as the holes pierced in the masonry of the pillars through which the halters were passed can still be seen. One of the most remarkable objects in this mosque is a magnificent pulpit made at Damascus. It is wrought entirely of cedar-wood, with small raised panels inlaid with intricate arabesques of tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl most finely marked. The entrance to the mosque is of painted wood, and is the largest and loftiest door I have ever seen.

A curious vault lies close to the underground hall, which Moslem pilgrims greatly venerate on account of a horizontal stone niche which they call the cradle of the Lord Issa (Jesus). The roof of the vault is supported by a single pillar, short but of prodigious girth, with a curious capital of leaves wrought in a stiff row round it. The masonry of the exterior wall of this part of the platform is very wonderful; the finely-closed joints, the finish of the bevelling, and the beautiful smoothness of the faces of the stone are all so perfect that one understands on seeing it the expression, "that our daughters may grow up as the polished corners of the temple," and the allusion to our Saviour as the "chief corner-stone."

Before leaving the Haram we went to see the Golden Gate in the eastern wall. This is now much sunk below the level of the soil, and is seen better from the outside, where the two smaller arches, profusely decorated with wreaths of leaves and various mouldings, are more distinct. A fragment of column projects from the exterior wall, and the Turks have a strange belief that Mahomed will take his seat here on the day of judgment, and direct affairs in the awful valley of the Kidron below. A line, finer than a hair and sharper than a sword, will reach from this stone to the tower on the Mount of Olives, stretching across the valley of the dead. This is the line Es-Serat, and Mahomed will superintend the passage over it of all who have ever lived upon the earth. The good will cross in safety, but the bad will fall into the Gehenna below, the terrible gulf so thickly sown with departed Jews. The Moslems have this passage in view when they pray, "O make my feet not to slip on Es-Serat, on that day when feet shall slip."

Traces may still be seen of the bridge that Solomon built across the valley of the Kidron, uniting the temple to the Mount of Olives, and over which in grand procession the high priest passed to sacrifice the red heifer on the latter place. There was another bridge, but not so lofty or so magnificent, crossing the then deep valley of the Tyropœan to the cliff of Mount Zion, and connecting the temple with the palace. Surely one can understand the wonder of the Queen of Sheba as she saw the magnificent temple wall, a marvel of masonry, the lofty bridge on double arches to

Olivet, and the noble ascent by which Solomon went up from his palace to pray. Jerusalem without the Haram would be a poor place indeed, for it is this grand platform, with its ancient associations and present picturesqueness, which gives the chief, if not the sole material charm to the city.

One of the most interesting points in the temple wall is the Wailing-place of the Jews. A long narrow court runs in front of the lofty wall of the Haram, and the bevelled stones are still in fine preservation, though the joints are much worn, and in some few places have been misplaced. Here the Jews assemble every Friday from four to six o'clock to bewail the fallen temple and the bygone greatness of Zion. It is a strange scene; aged men with long gray hair stand in front of the wall, repeating the words of the Psalmist: "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? wilt Thou be angry for ever? shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?" Pale and careworn and haggard they look, as they stand rocking their bodies to and fro in illustration of the text, "all my bones shall praise Thee." A little in front of them stand the women, with their faces buried in the rents and crannies of the old stones, and weeping in bitter misery. The walls were literally wet with tears, and they pressed their lips against the stones, sobbing all the time as if their hearts were breaking; truly a sad and touching scene. Some few were seated on the ground, old withered "bodies," with large



spectacles on their noses, and reading the Lamentations and Psalms out of volumes printed in large type. Those who had no books would crowd round their luckier neighbours, each trying to hold a corner, weeping and wailing and reciting the verses, while the little children gazed up wistfully into the familiar faces in wondering doubt as to what it all might mean. I dare say many came here to bring their private troubles and sorrows, and "lay them before the Lord" with tears and sobs; but whatever may be the cause of their emotion, the effect is real enough.

"Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;  
Mourn—where their God has dwelt, the godless dwell!"

I am told there are thirty thousand Jews in Jerusalem,—Spanish, Roman, Italian, Polish, German, Russian, and Syrian,—and that their numbers are yearly increasing. Squalor, dirt, ignorance, fanaticism, and love of money are, I fear, their prevailing qualities, and no one seems to have a good word for the "poor Jew." They live almost entirely on alms, seldom condescending to work; their richer brethren in Europe send yearly large sums of money to the rabbis for their support, or they would fare but badly. We saw hundreds every day creeping about the streets with cringing gait and subservient manner, timidly looking up as we passed; small, dwarfish men with greasy locks falling on each side of their faces, which is their manner in Palestine of interpreting the old law about not squaring the corners of their beard; clad in dirty gaberdines, slippers, and furry caps, or

else the old black wide-awakes which one associates with the Jew in England. Such poor miserable creatures, that it is impossible to be angry with them for their avarice, their perfect shamelessness when convicted of falsehood, and their cringing servility even to their oppressors. What can be done for such a race? They won't work, they cannot even be roused up to resent the grossest insults!

And yet these despised and persecuted outcasts are God's chosen people! Theirs was the land, and theirs it will be again; the land which their forefathers possessed they shall possess, "although desolation and destruction and the famine and the sword" have come upon them.

It seems hard to account for their physical degradation, unless it is caused by their mode of life. The Jewish quarter of every city is always the filthiest, and in Jerusalem their houses are dark and damp and mouldy, badly ventilated, and still worse drained. Here their district lies between Mount Zion and Moriah, the very worst and dirtiest part of the Holy City, in which the plague never fails to make its first appearance. They are for the most part wretchedly poor, and, as I have said before, prefer depending for their subsistence upon the contributions of their brethren in different countries to working for their own livelihood. The rabbis are much to blame for this, as they do all they can to keep them in a subservient state, and have complete power over the distribution of alms amongst them.

Some of the women are pretty, with clear fair skins and good eyes, but they marry when mere children, as may be

seen by the shaven heads, covered with the black skull-cap, which mark all married women. Some of these young creatures seemed hardly more than eleven or twelve years old, and yet they had babies in their arms. The old women have a strangely respectable look, poor little wrinkled creatures with "decent" rags folded round them, and old blue or yellow or green shawls covering their heads and shoulders, looking as though they had seen better days. We were struck with their manifest superiority in cleanness to the men ; but most have a hectic look, with a bright red spot on each cheekbone. A small colony lives beyond the Jaffa Gate, and these are better off, some of them earning an honest living by driving *arabas* between the coast and town ; others live in a row of cottages built by Sir Moses Montifiore close to the lower pool of Gihon.

Whenever one comes upon traces of the knights of St. John, there a door opens for us into romance. The very name suggests valour, courtesy, and charity ; soldiers, priests, and servants laying aside the gown for the coat of mail, or exchanging, if need be, the cuirass for the white cross on the breast. Nearly opposite to the Holy Sepulchre is the hospital of the knights. You enter by a picturesque Gothic gate filled with emblematic sculpture ; an old cicerone lives under a kind of shed hard by, and takes you round the excavations ; for the church, palace, and hospital were almost entirely covered with earth, and the site was called the Muristân by the Moslems. It is strange to think that for nearly four centuries peasants drove their ploughs over this

surface without a suspicion of what lay beneath. Windows, arches, cloisters, and vaults in Gothic style have been laid bare to view, and one can now get a very good idea of the group of buildings that once occupied the square. Here the knights lived and fought to the very last, and when Acre fell, a shattered remnant sailed for Cyprus ; subsequently they settled in Rhodes, and when driven thence by the Turks, found their last refuge in Malta, and nearly every Englishman is aware of the fine works which they founded there.

Saladin is said to have once lived in this deserted palace, and though the excavations have now been discontinued, it is to be hoped that they will some day be renewed, and further discoveries made. A good deal of irritation has been lately caused throughout Palestine by Captain Conder of the Royal Engineers having been forced to desist from his good work, and much talk about the narrow-mindedness and churlishness of the Turks is raised. But I think we are hardly just. Suppose a number of Turks were to commence digging under Westminster Abbey, and go on till they began to overturn all the tombstones and slabs on the floor, and the Dean and Chapter were in momentary expectation of seeing the turbaned head of a Moslem appearing through an aperture ; what a sensation there would be in England, and how summarily we should treat the explorers ! It strikes me that the Turks have just as much right to view the works of Captain Conder, Sir Charles Wilson, and Colonel Warren under the Haram with the same distrust as we would any one who came to excavate under our favourite Abbey. The

longer I live in the East, and the more experience I gain, the more I see how harassed and bullied the poor Turk is, and with what injustice his acts are often misrepresented in England. Look at the number of nationalities he governs, and the variety of languages and religions under his sway ; look at the Druses, Maronites, Jews, Greeks, Bedouins, Arabs, Syrians, and think that over all these cowardly races the Turk acts as a policeman. In spite of Turkish misgovernment, Syria and Palestine have never been so safe as now, and our guides, who were all Christians and haters of the Moslem, had to confess that every year brigandage is less and less known, and the thievish Bedouins kept at a further distance. Travellers may go to Mar Sâba and Jericho now with perfect safety, and indeed anywhere in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. Damascus in the same way has become secure, and the road to Palmyra is also free from danger and the extortions of the cowardly Arabs. Since the Turks have conquered the wandering tribes in the neighbourhood of these towns, travellers have been always able to move about with safety, and instead of grumbling at the bad government, we ought rather to feel grateful to the Turks for what they have done in the teeth of so many difficulties. For even Englishmen, I am ashamed to say, have done their best to impede the efforts of the Turkish Government to compel the Bedouin chiefs to submission. Indeed Lady Anne Blunt, in her book on the Bedouins of the Euphrates, has told us openly how her husband, after accepting weeks of hospitality from the Turkish governor of Deyr, Huseyn



Pasha, did his best afterwards to warn the Bedouins against all overtures made by the Turks, and pointed out how fatal to them would be the policy of submitting to their rulers' wishes. There are not a few now in the East who go so far as even to associate Mr. Blunt's name with the Alexandrian massacres, declaring that Arabi and his rebels had assurance from him of the sympathy of England, and confounding the names of the Egyptian and Englishman in a manner that must have surely reached England, though one tries to put down such wild rumours to Arab gossip, and as unworthy of credence.

The "Hotel Méditerranée," where we had taken up our quarters, is situated on the borders of the Armenian part of Jerusalem, and within a few minutes' walk of their Church. The latter is in a fine building containing their convent or hospice, and is said to be one of the richest communities in Syria. It is dedicated to St. James, and is certainly very gorgeous; the doors are inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, and the columns and walls are loaded with gilding and pictures. From the roof are suspended a profusion of ostrich eggs, with silver chains and hanging lamps. The mosaic pavement in the chancel is very fine, but we thought their most curious possession was a quaint bell which hangs in the cloister outside the church. It is made of two sounding-boards, which, struck by a metal mallet, give out a deep sonorous sound which can be heard at a great distance.

The Abyssinian community live in a very different manner

to the rich Armenians. Their habitation is on the roof of a building called the Church of Helena, where a solitary mulberry tree affords them some slight protection from the sun. We found about thirty of them squatted beneath it, cleaning the wheat which was to serve them as their sole food for the year. Little cells with sloping roofs are built against a wall, each with a mat, a small stool, and an iron pan, and in these consist all their worldly goods. They are very poor, and live in the most frugal manner, yet even they possess a few feet of ground in the Holy Sepulchre which they devoutly believe in. I never saw a darker-coloured race of people ; they were literally as black as coal.

Thence we went to a curious place called the Cœnaculum, or tomb of David, on the southern brow of Zion. It is a large chamber used as a mosque, though Christians are allowed at stated times to hold service there. It is the reputed room where our Lord's last supper was partaken of, and here the Latin monks continue the practice of washing the pilgrims' feet on Maundy Thursday. Below it is the tomb of David, but the Moslems allow no one to enter its sacred precincts, and Christians are obliged to content themselves with a facsimile, which is shown in a room off the Cœnaculum.

Beyond it are the cemeteries of Zion, a bare neglected plot of ground, full of broken tombstones and dislodged stones, the scene of much wrangling and frequent appeals to the Moslem on questions of boundary and infringement of appropriated ground. Armenians, Greeks, Moslems, and Latins are buried almost side by side, and the graves of each are equally un-

cared for. A number of camels were grazing on the yellow thistles that grow amongst the stones, and goats and kids were making themselves at home among the tombs. These cemeteries of Jerusalem haunt one everywhere.

In the afternoon we rode round the northern part of the city walls by the Damascus Gate, or gate of the column, the finest of the five now open in Jerusalem, and very imposing with its turrets and battlements. Not far off is the grotto of Jeremiah, a large cave where he is said to have written the Lamentations; beyond is a deep well close to the walled-up gate of Herod, and nearly opposite stands a clump of olive trees surrounded by a stone wall, where Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales encamped a few weeks ago—the same spot, I believe, as the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught occupied when they visited Jerusalem. The two young princes seemed to have charmed every one by their unaffected boyishness, and their unselfish consideration for and attention to all around them in the midst of their own merriment. Their love for their parents seems to have touched every one's heart; the wish always was, to see and to do all that "their father" had done. Wherever he had gone they wished to go, and what he had seen they must see. It was a happy coincidence that Mr. Moore, the English Consul in Jerusalem who accompanied the Prince of Wales round the Holy Land, should have done the same for his children.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### JERUSALEM—(*continued*).

Greek convent of Mar Sâba—Preparations for visiting it—A “gentleman !”—Difficulties of the journey—Site, appearance, and age of the convent—No female allowed to enter—View from an adjacent knoll—Valley of Roses—Rachel’s tomb—Source of the ancient water-supply of Jerusalem—“Gardens of Solomon”—Urtâs—Bethlehem—Grotto of the Nativity—Incongruous scenes and surroundings—Study of St. Jerome—Shops of the town—The inhabitants—In Jerusalem again—After-dinner amusement—Tattooing—Street Scenes—News from Alexandria—Departure—A night journey—On the road to Jaffa—The Bedouin—Lady Anne Blunt’s experience of eastern hospitality and the authoress’s—Jaffa again—Voyage to Beyrout—Scenes on board—A terrible night—A happy deliverance—Beyrout—Altercation with Greek boatmen—A serjeant-major who saw nothing—Turkish treatment of the Greek refugees.

ONE of our excursions in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem was to the convent of Mar Sâba in the wilderness. It belongs to the Greeks, and no lady has ever been suffered within its doors, but permission for visitors of the other sex can be obtained from the secretary of the Greek Patriarch. The day before our visit we sent David, our dragoman, to ask for this permit. Three times the dragoman called on this gentleman, but he was either at his meals, or otherwise engaged, or not at home. Late in the evening David applied

again, for the fourth time, and, as he was still refused an interview, begged that the secretary would at least write out the pass, for which we would call at daylight the next morning.

Accordingly, at 5 a.m., David went again to the convent, and after waiting half an hour, was admitted by the porter, who told him he had received neither a pass nor any message for us. David insisted on being taken up to the secretary's room, and rousing him up, begged that the permission might be given, as there was a lady of the party, and the heat would soon be too great for her to start. The courteous secretary called out that he was a "gentleman!" and not to be disturbed till his usual hour, and that if the English people could not wait his convenience, he would not give the pass at all. In vain David alternately scolded and implored; the *gentleman* would not condescend to scribble the three lines necessary, and we had actually to wait from 5 a.m. till 9 before we could start. I have related this at length, as it is a sample of the kind of tyranny these people exercise when they get a little power; all these half-bred races prove themselves invariably to be more tyrannical and autocratic when they can get the chance than the Turks have ever been. I don't know if the man expected a *backsheesh*, but we treated him as a gentleman, and my husband had sent up his card, as we had done in other places when a favour was requested; however, politeness proved in this case, at any rate, a mistake, and a *medjidé* would probably have done the business in half the time. The



heat was sickening, not a breath of air came down the pent-in valleys, over which eternal silence and solitude reigns. For three hours we pursued our way through bare naked chasms, and over hideous ridges and plateaux where the glare from the white chalk and limestone rocks became almost intolerable. It was three hours of real misery, and the ugliest ride I have ever taken in my life. We had followed the glen of the Kidron nearly all the way, through a ghastly, treeless, grassless, breathless ravine, where of course not a drop of water was to be seen. The only human beings we met were a few of the Mar Sâba monks on their way to the Jerusalem market, and some Bedouins with their black tents pitched in a glen below us, the sombre colour of the tents looking blacker by contrast with the gray stones. Above their encampment was a walled enclosure like a fortress, and in this is stored the corn they manage to grow in small oases amongst the rocks.

The road seemed interminable and the heat made us feel as if we were suffocating in an oven; we could hardly sit erect in our saddles as we wound round spur after spur till it seemed as if we should never reach our destination. At last we commenced ascending a sloping shelf of rock, over which the horses' feet slipped and slid in a most alarming way. The banks below became very precipitous, and perforated with caves, in which the followers of St. Sâba lived before the convent was built. The precipices above the river are very curious, resembling natural stairs cut in the face of the rocks, or the seats of an ancient amphitheatre.

The entrances to some of the caves were closed by masonry, which was carefully loopholed.

At length the nearest tower of the convent rose in sight, and soon we came in full view of the pile of massive walls, battlements, and staircases, with the splendid buttresses that support the building on the edge of the precipice. The convent is so built that it is hard to tell which is masonry and which is solid rock. Every advantage has been taken of the natural caves, in front of which façades have been built or cells made, and the whole forms a labyrinth which none but the inhabitants can tread.

We stopped in front of the huge wall, which is topped for six feet above with loose stones, so that at the first attempt to scale it the mass of rock would fall and crush the assailant. No woman, they say, has ever been inside these walls since the convent was built, thirteen hundred and ninety years ago!

Andrew and David entered by a small iron postern-gate, and I was inhospitably left alone! I confess to an indignant feeling as I saw the door shut in my face, and the tears even rose to my eyes; it seemed so lonely to be left there, the only living thing in sight, for even the horses had been pulled in after their riders across the stone threshold. Andrew did not wish to leave me there, professing himself quite contented with the outside, but I begged him, as we had come so far, to see all that was to be seen, and tell me what it was like.

Presently I saw a rising knoll, where I thought I could get a peep into the interior, and I scrambled up to it. I

was not disappointed, for from the edge of the cliff I could see over the walls and watch the monks passing to and fro ; very dirty and uninteresting they looked, and I dare say there is not much hardship, after all, in ladies being denied admittance. I could see their chapel, where the body of St. Sâba is buried ; a rope extends from the roof to the upper part of the convent, and on this a number of small bells are hung, so that at the slightest touch an alarm could be given ; the sound would reverberate amongst the rocks and caves, and re-echo from the opposite ledges, thus easily arousing the sleepest of monks.

Close to where I stood was a large square-shaped tower, and in this ladies are allowed to find shelter ; you have to ascend to the interior by a ladder, which is taken away at night. Inside there is only a bare whitewashed room with a raised ledge of stone at one end. Miss Martineau and Ida Pheiffer both slept here, and I doubt if in all their wanderings they ever looked upon a drearier scene or one of sterner desolation.

I could see the monks peeping at me as I peered down into their court, and I thought to myself what arrant nonsense was all this fuss about women. These monks go daily into Jerusalem, and are constantly mingling with the Bedouins, so that their opportunities for seeing and speaking to the forbidden sex are frequent enough in all conscience, and the plea of extreme holiness which bars their doors against us sounds very much like extreme nonsense.

When Andrew reappeared he declared that after all there

was little to see. He had been conducted to a large room with divans round it, where he had been given coffee ; after this he saw the church, and another place full of bones and skulls of martyred saints, and a number of cells that had been occupied by famous monks. Before leaving he had bought an olive-wood rosary for me and a few walking-sticks for himself, notably a balsam from Jericho and an oak from Hebron. Our ride home was no pleasanter than the journey out, but the horses went more willingly when their heads were turned to their stables. The convent is certainly a curious building, and interesting if only for its situation, but I doubt whether the visit is worth all the annoyance it apparently entails.

We had still Bethlehem and the pools of Solomon to see, and for these we started on the following morning, leaving the Jaffa Gate soon after sunrise. The air was deliciously fresh and exhilarating, and the atmosphere so bright and clear that the smallest objects were visible from a great distance. We thought we had never seen Jerusalem to such advantage ; and the blue sky, the bright dresses of the early market people, and the patches of cultivation on the irrigated ground, made even the gray hills of Palestine beautiful.

On leaving the gate we rode past the school-house of a new German colony which has settled on the verge of the plain of Ephraim, called the Valley of Roses now. Further on we came to a well in the centre of the road surrounded by rough stones ; and here it was that the three wise men, after being dismissed by Herod, stopped to draw water, and looking down

the well, saw the guiding star mirrored in it. We continued our way "over the hill country of Judæa" till we reached Rachel's tomb, which, though comparatively modern, is said to occupy the true site of the grave. It is covered with a dome which Moslems, Jews, and Christians all agree in honouring. "And Rachel died, and was buried on the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem." It is strange that thirty centuries of time have not been able to sweep away this memory from the hearts of Rachel's posterity.

Away to our right on the hill-side was Beit Yalla, with a Greek and a Latin convent conspicuous about the village. Close to the tomb the road divides, that on the left going to Bethlehem, and the other straight on to Solomon's pools. The way was atrocious, over rocks full of holes and jagged points; indeed the stoniness and desolation of the country around is indescribable, and it was not till we had rounded the hill that we came to a blade of grass, or even a prickly shrub. We found ourselves then in a broad valley, near the centre of which rises a square building of Saracenic origin, half khan, half castle, and now occupied by a man who is charged with the superintendence of the water. The true spring of the ancient water-supply of Jerusalem rises a few yards east of the ruin, in a vaulted chamber of solid masonry, from which it runs by an underground channel to a fountain near the first of the three pools. The guardian was absent, and we could not get the key to enter and explore these vaults and passages; but some women from a neighbouring village called El Kader were washing by the water, and they gave us



a drink from a copper vessel attached to a long chain which was let down into the fountain.

A little lower down the valley are the three tanks, said to have been built by Solomon so as to insure a constant supply of pure water for the temple. The pools are so arranged that the upper one is higher than the top of the next, and so on in a descending grade with the second and the third. They were partly filled with water, which looked green and stagnant, and the bottoms of the tanks were covered with a thick coating of mud.

Directly below them the valley narrows, and the surrounding country becomes again bare and sterile till you reach what are called the "Gardens of Solomon," or the valley of Urtâs, or Etham, for it is called indiscriminately by any one of the three names. It is no doubt the place where "Solomon made a garden and orchards, and planted them with all kinds of fruit," and where, as Josephus tells us, "he drove in the morning, sitting high in his chariot." "He made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon, lined with gold, and with a canopy of purple silk supported by pillars of silver, and in this chariot he used to go out every morning, clothed in a white garment, and drive to his garden, for he had laid a causeway of black stones on all the roads that led to Jerusalem, on which he could drive his chariot with ease and swiftness." The historian goes on to tell us of the young men who were with him clothed in Tyrian purple, and who wore long hair sprinkled with gold-dust till their heads sparkled with the reflection of the sunbeams on the gold.

Both Andrew and I heartily wished that the causeway of black stones still existed, for the road was so bad that our horses had considerable difficulty in picking their steps along the path. This part of the valley is admirably cultivated. The little village of Urtâs is built amongst the rocks on the steep hill-side, and below it is the narrow strip of garden ground, looking from a distance like a winding river of verdure as the fruit trees grow in a mass of greenness and freshness between the two high banks of whitish stone. The road runs along the ruined aqueduct until close to Bethlehem ; it seemed even barer and drearier till we reached the terraces covered with figs, olives, and vines that sweep round the rocky spur on which stands the town of Bethlehem.

This is indeed the brightest and most thriving-looking place we had seen in Palestine, and we heard that it was daily increasing in prosperity. Every man, woman, and child is employed in either chipping stones, mixing lime, or carrying water ; girls as well as boys were at work, and every one so busy they did not even raise their heads as we passed.

The town is singularly picturesque, not only on account of its rugged situation, but also as the scene of Rachel's burial, Ruth's story, David's boyhood and kingly consecration, and, lastly, our Saviour's birthplace. Strange to think that here, within the grasp of the eye, has been illustrated almost the beginning and the end of the Old Dispensation. The church at Bethlehem is said to be one of the very oldest in the world ; it is believed to have been erected by Helena, but was much added to later by the crusaders. It stands in

the centre of an enormous pile of buildings consisting of Latin, Greek, and Armenian convents and chapels, but itself looks bare and neglected, with its double line of Corinthian pillars, faded mosaics, and rough ceiling of cedar-beams, in which innumerable sparrows have made their nests. All the care and decoration seem to be bestowed on the modern chapels of the different religious communities. Below them is the grotto of the Nativity, which you reach by a flight of stairs from the new Latin church of St. Catherine. It consists of a long narrow oblong cave, with a small recess scooped out at the farthest end, above which sixteen lamps are always kept burning. The floor is covered with a polished marble star encircled by a belt of silver, on which is inscribed the words, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." An altar stands above the recess, and a double row of silver lamps of all sizes and shapes hangs from the roof throughout the whole length of the cave. The walls are covered with crimson damask and a kind of stamped leather presented by the French, which was no doubt beautiful once, but now, as is the cloth, sadly torn and stained. In another recess in the grotto is the manger where Christ was laid; but the original one was taken to Rome, and has been replaced by a marble trough. The walls of the recess are covered with tasteless hangings, flowers, and lamps, and designed to represent the front of an altar. The contrast between the mean appearance of everything and the great events said to have been enacted within is as striking here as in the Holy Sepulchre, and

springs, no doubt, from the same cause. Envy and uncharitableness were as apparent here as there. The priests of the different churches cannot even come by the same corridor to kneel on this to them most holy ground, but each must have a different way of approach. Even here a Moslem guard is required. We saw a sentry calmly eating a handful of apricots, while his gun leaned against the altar of the grotto, and gazing round with dull curiosity at the scene in front of him; and we heard another chanting a Turkish song at the top of his voice, and found him sitting on the steps of the Greek altar, and beating time to his tune with his heels on the pavement! We saw several small caves where are the tombs of St. Eusebius, of St. Paula, whom Jerome calls the mother-in-law of God, and that of her daughter Eustachia, and also the place where the little children murdered by Herod were thrown. Each boasts an altar covered with handsome tiles, but much imagination is needed to give any particular importance to the scene. Far more interesting is the large square chamber beyond them, which is said to have been the study of St. Jerome, where for thirty years he fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied, and finally died, as represented in Domenichino's picture, which so wonderfully depicts the devotion and resignation of the saint in spite of his weakness and attenuated frame. Carpaccio has also painted the death-bed of the "Dalmatian saint," the Father of the Church, but with a strange ignorance which makes him die surrounded by wealth and luxury, as though in a Roman palace instead

of a Syrian cave. The original grotto has been roofed with stone, and neatly whitewashed, and has the usual altar at one end ; but it is now robbed of all reality, like everything else in the Holy Land. It is no use trying to *think* here or in any other holy site in Palestine ; all attempt at reflection must be reserved till one gets home. Human envy, hatred, malice, and bad taste so compass one about, that one feels only irritation and disgust, while longing for thoughts more in keeping with the sacredness of the spot.

We had entered the grotto and caves by the Latin part of the building, but we left by the Armenian, which opens into the town in front of the church, and soon found ourselves surrounded by shopmen begging, beseeching an examination of their rosaries of olive stones, and olive-wood crosses, book-covers, paper weights, and so on. In other shops you may buy, if you are inclined, mother-of-pearl shells engraved with religious subjects, the favourites being Leonardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' and Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross.' The accuracy and fineness of the work is wonderful when one thinks of the low price asked for the articles ; but little as I paid in the shops, on leaving Bethlehem I met a man who offered me double the quantity, and precisely the same quality, at one quarter of the price ! He had been given them by his master in lieu of wages, and was willing to part with them for a trifle. A French lady who had travelled from Alexandria with us, and whom we met here for the second time, showed me a number of white rosaries that had been blessed at the Holy Sepulchre, and which she



assured me were the *ne plus ultra* of fashion for the *première* communions of little girls. Nor are beads the only things that get blessed there. Many pilgrims carry their shrouds with them to Jerusalem and have them thus sanctified, while the poorer sort buy ready-made ones, which may be seen hanging up in the shops, and take them to Jordan to dip them in the holy stream. These things may seem childish enough to us, but to me there is something very touching in the devotion and real faith of the poorer class of pilgrims. The inhabitants of Bethlehem are a race apart, and marry chiefly amongst themselves. They are said to be the descendants of the crusaders and Bethlehem women, who to this day are renowned for their beauty. Many have blue eyes, and carry themselves gracefully, wearing a high head-dress similar to that worn by the Turcomen women. It is a kind of high fez stiffened inside till it stands out like a crown; a narrow roll of cloth is fastened round the top, from which hang rows upon rows of silver coins and chains, and a white veil is loosely thrown over all. The height gives them a dignified look, and the weight forces them to walk in a firm and upright manner. Their dress is a gown of dark-blue material, or sometimes of parti-coloured stuff, made in one piece from the shoulder to the feet, and in such a dress was Ruth probably clad when she went to glean in Boaz's field, which lies close below the village. The houses are very strong and substantial, built entirely of stone, with roofs supported on a four-groined arch. Many of them have marble floors, and some of the richer inhabitants have been

known to charter a ship and bring their own marble from Italy ; but poor or rich, all live alike, and feed on the same simple fare. Want of water is the great drawback to Bethlehem, and those who have not wells of their own have to pay dearly for the use of their neighbours'.

Our stay at Jerusalem was drawing to a close ; we had seen all the holy places in the neighbourhood, and unless we caught the Austrian-Lloyd boat at Jaffa, we should have to stay another fortnight in the place, for all these steamers only touch twice a month at the different ports, and are moreover, so badly timed, as to arrive within a day of each other. We had found a happy resting-place in the midst of our wanderings, and had gathered, I think, a very good general idea of the country from what we had seen, and probably had been saved more disenchantment by not going further inland. We had been very comfortable in the hotel ; the German landlord was cheery and good-tempered, and had done his best to oblige us.

Our chief amusement after dinner was to sit in one of the dining-room windows facing the Jaffa Gate and watch the continual stream of people passing to and fro. Nowhere else in the world, I suppose, does one see so many nationalities and costumes, such a mixture of the East and the West, and such a strange conglomeration of all that is civilized and uncivilized.

One evening before our departure Andrew had his arms tattooed by a man called Francis Marco, a well-known tattooer in Jerusalem, who has testimonials from a number

of distinguished clients of both sexes and many countries. He had a large variety of models, crosses, coats of arms, dragons, and various other devices, and ended by making my husband look like a red Indian from shoulder to wrist. I was satisfied with "Jerusalem" in Hebrew letters, and while the process was going on would sit at the window watching with wondering eyes that everlasting flow of people. First would come an English schoolmistress escorting a number of neatly-dressed little girls, followed by a group of Jewish rabbis in fur caps and gaily-coloured dressing-gowns. Then a string of camels would block the way, their long necks waving mechanically over the heads of the people; and then, in continuous procession, beggars, halt, and blind, and lame; Jesuits in thick white gowns, Persians in high caps, effeminate-looking Syrians with white stockings and spring-side boots; Bedouins with only a rough shirt on, and black *kufiyeh* round their heads, bound with a rope of camel's hair; Pharisees, as the Jews with ringlets are called, walking with the more European-looking Sadducees; Turkish women shrouded in white or seated cross-wise on a donkey; lepers with maimed hands or feet, and cripples pulling at the skirts of the passers-by; swarthy Abyssinians and Franciscan friars; Armenian priests and fair-faced Jewish maidens with fair complexions; consular *cavasses*, Turkish soldiers, Greeks in European clothes and Turkish fez; Algerians wrapped in white burnouse, and nearly naked Africans; Russian peasants in fur-lined coats and high boots, Sisters of Charity, English ladies, Germans with the never-failing pipe,

Yankees looking like Yankees, missionaries in orthodox black, a few stray tourists, charity-children in blue uniform, howling dervishes with axe and cocoa-nut shell, Maltese women in black faldetta hoods, prancing Arabs, flocks of goats, mangy dogs, donkeys laden with wood or skins; all a glow of colour, a confusion of movement, and a bewildering scene of ceaseless motion, like the figures in a kaleidoscope. It was really a strange sight and study, and, if we had not been accustomed to the East, would have filled us with astonishment.

Every evening our landlord would bring us fresh news, imaginary or real, from Alexandria. We had been the first travellers to bring the news of the "rising" to Jerusalem, for telegraphic communication with Port Said had been stopped; so, at least, we supposed, for a gentleman in our hotel had paid four hundred francs for a telegram there and back, and had received no reply, though he had waited six days. The absence of news, the false rumours, and the painful uncertainty, made people all the more anxious, ourselves amongst the number, for Andrew feared lest the disturbance might prove the forerunner of grave events.

We left Jerusalem at eight o'clock on the night of the 17th June, a day sooner than we had intended, but we were getting so impatient for news that we could wait no longer. Mr. Cook's agent had engaged a Jew to drive us down to the port, who declared that Saturday being his sabbath, he dared not leave till after sunset, when he would be free to do what he liked.

We arrived outside the gate at seven o'clock, and found the carriage, but no driver. The sun had set, and the fleeting twilight soon deepened into night, so dark that we thought with dismay of the hills before us, as we had hoped to get over the worst part of the country before the night had actually set in. At last a man was found who agreed to go the first part of the journey with us, and the Jew would follow on horseback by a short cut, for he dared not be seen with Christians so soon after his sabbath. Jewish fanaticism is really frightful, and exceeds that of the Moslem; it is fortunate for the world at large that the Jews are a timid and cowardly race, otherwise it would sometimes fare hardly with their neighbours.

For an hour we drove along the Jaffa road, and then came to a stop, surrounded by hills, and in an unknown country. We waited and waited, with the night so dark around us I could hardly make out the white ears of the horses. This long delay, and the shuffling excuses that were made about our starting, began to look very suspicious. Andrew wanted me to sit in the bottom of the carriage, to rest my back, he said, though I knew all the time it was that I might be safer in case of attack. He kept a sharp look-out, turning at every sound, till at last the ring of horses' hoofs was heard, and our driver appeared. He was surly and cross, and vouchsafed no answer when Andrew reproached him for the delay. However, when once really off he seemed determined to make up for lost time, for we dashed down and "sprang" up the hills at a terrific pace. The road wound before us



like a faint white ribbon, which could be easily made out in the surrounding darkness. We stayed half an hour at the little Wady 'Aly inn, where a trough of chopped straw was set before our smoking animals, while we and the driver had some Turkish coffee. The stars were now bright in the heavens, and though there was no moon, we could see distinctly on either side of us. The Turks certainly keep good guard on this road, for we were continually passing patrols of mounted zaptiehs, and any robberies without their knowledge would have been impossible. I got very drowsy during the latter part of the journey, and not even the jolting could keep me awake. There is nothing more painful than the longing to sleep while forced to keep awake. The jackals were laughing and crying all round us, and now and then the melancholy hoot of an owl would echo through the night. As morning dawned we arrived at Ramleh, but our driver halted there but a very few minutes. It is wonderful how the horses can keep up the pace, being in such poor condition, but they seem wound up like machines, and rarely break down, though working for twelve hours every alternate day and night.

All the market people were going into Jaffa, and for several miles the road was lined with beggars, seated in the sand, and calling out for alms. Every one who passed threw them an apricot or cucumber, or something of the sort; and some of them had quite respectable little piles of fruit and vegetables beside them, the blind sweeping in with long sticks all that fell before them. At the entrance of the town we were

blocked in by a herd of about three hundred camels, young, untrained animals, and in the care of half a dozen Bedouins mounted on dromedaries. We were told that one of these men was a great sheik, but he looked in no wise cleaner or less ragged than his fellows. The Bedouins seem to have few friends; their hand is against every one, and every one's apparently against them. Their only religion seems to be *backsheesh*, and even hospitality in the true sense of the word is unknown amongst them; for, on arriving in an encampment, the sheik always expects a present, and his wives and the other women have no scruple in pestering you for trifles. Even Lady Anne Blunt confesses that her party had always to carry cloaks and shoes as gifts for those who entertained them, and that, in common with all barbarous nations, ingratitude is one of the marked characteristics of these sons of the desert. She applies a French quotation to them: "*La nécessité ayant fini, l'ingratitude rentre dans ces droits,*" which I fear is not only applicable to the Arabs, but to every other nation in the Levant. In reading her book I was much struck with the difference of the hospitality she seems to have received to that we found when travelling amongst the real, genuine, primitive Turks of Asia Minor, who only can be regarded as veritable Turks, still uncorrupted by the vices of the Levantine Christians, who have done such harm to their brethren in the larger towns. Our travels led us amongst people quite as unacquainted with Europeans as her Bedouins, yet hospitality with them was a matter of course; we were taken to their houses, and

ourselves and our horses attended to and welcomed without a question being asked, or the smallest reward expected; any kind of payment, indeed, being invariably refused. I know of nothing more touching than the way in which we were treated by these poor people. Their courtesy and consideration were as marked as their hospitality; the moment we had been "welcomed," and received the cup of coffee, we were always left to our own privacy, and often our hosts would take leave of us on the night previous to our departure, to show that no "present" was expected on the morrow.

But to resume. We arrived at the "Hotel Jerusalem" in time for breakfast, and found Mr. Bernard there to meet us. He told us that there was a regular panic in Alexandria, and that every Christian was leaving the town, warning us, moreover, that we should find considerable difficulty in getting berths on board the steamer. It happened to be the same one that we had made the voyage in from Varna to Constantinople, and was, as we knew well, one of the smallest of the Austrian-Lloyd Company. Our French friends were also going to Beyrout, so we agreed to drive down together to the shore and see what kind of accommodation was to be had.

The scene on board was strange indeed. Not an inch of deck was visible, even the bridge and the boats were packed as tight as they would hold. Fifteen hundred human beings, we were told, were on board, and we could well believe it. They appeared mostly to belong to the

poorer classes, and as in the East even Europeans have little furniture in their houses, except carpets and cooking utensils, the refugees had been able to carry away with them all their household belongings. These were strewn about everywhere, on the decks, in the hold, and even in the boats, and whole families of men, women, and children were camped amongst them, and we had to make our way to the cabin over their bodies. The scene in the saloon I shall never forget. The passages, the sofas, the floor, and even some of the tables, were covered with men and women in all kinds of dress and undress; they lay there exhausted with the heat and the miseries they had endured on the voyage, and for three days, we were told, they had hardly moved from the spot where they had first flung themselves down, and I must say I never saw a more unprepossessing mass of suffering humanity. Andrew lifted me on to a spare table, from which I never moved till we landed at Beyrout. At first the closeness of the air made me feel giddy and ill, but as that wore off I soon forgot my own troubles in the strangeness of the scene around me. The poorer people above were contented and happy, and orderly to a certain extent, but down below it was a very Pandemonium. My fellow-passengers seemed not only to have lost all energy, but all self-control, for they were crying and scolding and shouting at each other in their hideous language, bemoaning their fate and abusing Arabi; indeed, the more sea-sick they got, the more they abused him, and horrible as the scene was, it was impossible to refrain from a smile at the childish vituperations cast on his

head. The poor little children, about forty of them, hungry, wet, and neglected, were crawling about everywhere, adding their shrill little trebles to the din, while their mothers lay on the sofas in their draggled finery, sighing and fanning themselves, or scolding their husbands. Poor little neglected things, I was truly sorry for them! One little year-old baby lay the whole night on the cold oilcloth-floor, crying its little heart out, and no one paying the least attention to it; it was too far out of my reach for me to be able to do it any good, and amongst so many no one could tell which was the mother. No less than five births occurred on board during the short voyage, and one death. Indeed, one of the little ones was born just outside the cabin-door, in the passage leading to the deck! The men were even more repulsive than the women; they lay like logs, most of them on the floor, groaning and looking ghastly white, though they managed to stow away occasional plates of sardines, olives, onions, and caviare, with long strings of macaroni, apparently the only food on board.

I can hardly bear even to write of that terrible night. Every bone in my body was aching; I had thought the *araba* on the Jerusalem road a bad resting-place enough, but it was heaven compared to the seat on the slippery table, on the rocking steamer, with dreadful odours all round me. I got a deadly feeling of nausea, and when people have since expressed surprise at my being able to rough it as we did on the journey through Asia Minor, I always tell them that the worst discomfort I have known, the most veritable *roughing*,



has been in some of the steamers that have borne us through our "Summer Seas."

I fear I may be thought very "hard" on the refugees, but there was really so much selfishness displayed, such a want of self-respect, dignity, and even decency, amongst them, that I could not feel softened or sympathetic. Besides, all this panic seemed so cowardly, so unmanly; they acknowledged that only a very few people had been killed, and that all was quiet for the present, and also that there were numbers of ships at hand to succour them in the event of another disturbance, so that there seemed hardly sufficient cause for so tremendous a scare. They were right to send their families away, no doubt, but I could hear of no real reason then, nor have I since, for the men, young and old, being the first to fly, except the undeniable fact of their abject cowardice, and to this alone must one attribute the stampede between June 11th and 30th.

All night long the misery lasted; no one even tried to sleep; every one talked their loudest, till the heat seemed actually increased by their voices, and the poor little weary undressed children lay neglected and feverish, kept awake by the babel of their parents' tongues. Every now and again Andrew would call out "Soos!"\* to them, as he does to his zaptiehs, and his clear voice, rising even above that din, would impose a few minutes' silence, only to be broken again when they thought he was asleep. The husband of our French friend, a fussy little good-natured man, who could

\* "Silence!" in Turkish.

only keep exclaiming "Quel horreur !" tried to copy Andrew, and it was too much for my nerves, already strung to a pitch almost beyond endurance, to hear his squeaky little piping tones ; I burst into a peal of laughter, which was very near to tears, but which mortally offended the poor little man, and made me feel very repentant next day. Andrew behaved even worse, for instead of staying to explain away the incident, he bolted like a shot through the doorway where he had taken up a position, and even now we never repeat the word in our own circle without an irresistible inclination to laughter. The word, so far as it regards the zaptichs, is ruined for ever, for Andrew never gets it out without a quaver in his voice, which sounds to me very like a suppressed attempt to hide an inward remembrance.

With what delight we hailed the first view of Lebanon and saw the houses of Beyrout may be imagined ! It was feared that the first rush to land would endanger the equilibrium of the steamer, and sailors were stationed to keep the passengers back. But all fear of that was soon put aside, and the difficulty was how to get the passengers to leave the ship, for the greedy Arab and Greek boatmen, seeing the state of matters, refused to land any one unless paid exorbitant sums. We made no attempt at a bargain, but on arriving at the hotel, handed the man ten francs, eight times more than his fare. He demanded sixty, and forcing his way into our bed-room, tried to lay hands on our things, vowing he would put them back on the ship. I was looking out of the window, and saw nothing of what

had happened, except that the man was gone, and Andrew was saying it was very disgraceful such a state of matters should be allowed. I heard afterwards that he had put the man out rather more quickly than he had come in ; and that the lesson had not been lost was evident by the humility with which he appeared next morning to beg for five francs instead of the ten we had first offered him. This scene puts me in mind of an anecdote I heard my husband tell at Malta. He was in the orderly room one morning alone with the sergeant-major, when a Maltese tradesman forced his way in with an account against a brother officer which he said had not been paid. Instead of stating his case civilly, he began to bully and bluster and call names. Andrew ordered the man to leave the room and make his complaint in a proper manner ; he only, however, became more insolent, so my husband, losing all patience, gave him a sound beating and sent him down the stairs, the man vowing that he would have damages. Andrew turned to the sergeant-major, who had stood at attention all the time, and said, "Sergeant-major, you saw nothing?" "Nothing, sir, *nothing*," respectfully replied the loyal sergeant, and nothing more was heard of the matter !

A fortnight later, on our return to Beyrout, we found that the behaviour of these ruffianly boatmen had been brought to the knowledge of Rustem Pasha, the good governor of Lebanon, and he at once put a stop to it in the most energetic manner. A guard of soldiers was sent on

board every ship, with orders to see that new arrivals were not subjected to any insolence or extortion. At the Custom-House other soldiers were stationed to see that the refugees' baggage was passed without examination, the registering of their names and occupation being all that was required of them. In many hundred cases quarters free of charge were provided in the khans and serai, and every facility given them to go to the Lebanon villages. Nothing could exceed the kindness and consideration shown to them by the Turks, and it was with feelings of intense disgust that we noticed how little gratitude was shown in return. It is well known now, and has been much discussed in the papers of the Levant, how different was the treatment of the refugees in Cyprus, where at first, not only were all the rigorous laws of the harbour and the Custom-House enforced with the strictest exactitude, but the Greek Cypriotes behaved to their fellow Christians with a greed and want of sympathy which will never be forgotten by the inhabitants of Alexandria and other towns in Egypt. These people were their own countrymen, shared their own religion, and talked their own language, and yet they let slip no chance of making all they could out of the misfortunes of their fellow countrymen. This has been so strongly commented on, in and out of the island, that I will say no more on the subject, but it struck me as a strange sample of the Hellenism and patriotism we hear so much of.

## CHAPTER XX.

### DAMASCUS.

Beyrout—Lebanon as a background—On the diligence to Damascus—Discomfort of the conveyance—Scenes on the road—A garrulous young Greek—A midnight conversation—Stora—Distant view of Hermon—Abana—In the “Hotel Dimitri” at Damascus—A specimen of the architecture of the town—First impressions of the place unfavourable—Antiquity and site of the city—The river Abana its very life—Bazaars and markets—Donkeys—“Abou Antikua”—Silversmiths’ bazaar—Bargaining for bracelets—Pleasure of wandering through the bazaars—The Great Mosque—The khan As’ad Pasha—Arab soldiers—Characteristics of the Arabs—The street called “Straight”—Naaman—Selim Ayoub—Sir Richard and Lady Wood—Beauty of the city as seen from the village of Salahiye—Contrast between Death and Life—Justifies the saying of Mohammed.

**B**EYROUT is undoubtedly one of the most prosperous and thriving towns in the East, and there is a peculiar brightness about it that cannot fail to strike every traveller on his first arrival. The grand mountain of Lebanon forms a noble background, with its numerous villages and convents, its bold precipices and wooded gorges, its ruined castles and its vineyards, all within bound of the eye. Beyrout indeed, with the “goodly mountain” behind and the “great sea” in front, has every reason to boast of being



one of the most beautifully-situated towns in the world. We spent most of the day walking about the streets and making purchases, chiefly in old silver, for after all our travels I have come to the conclusion that here, and in Corfu and Damascus, the best, both in designs and quality, is to be got.

At 6 p.m. we walked to the Place des Canons at the top of the town, a hamal following with the small amount of luggage that we had been able to take with us from Jaffa. The diligence for Damascus was ready to start; it takes about fourteen hours to do the journey, leaving Beyrout at six o'clock every morning, and reaching Damascus the same night; and a most fatiguing journey it is, for though the road is very good, the diligences are exceedingly uncomfortable. They are modelled after the old French coaches, with *intérieur*, *coupé* and *banquette*, the latter not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest seat, for there one can see the country round, and is above the dust, but both it and the *coupé* are generally engaged for weeks beforehand. We were going in the mail-diligence, a smaller kind of vehicle which starts every evening with the mails. It has only four seats, and there for fourteen hours we were fixed bolt upright, with the windows rattling and jingling round us, and the coach jolting and shaking in a far worse way, if possible, than our Jaffa *araba*.

We had a tolerable view of the country for the first two hours, going along at a good pace past the pine woods planted outside the town by Ibrahim Pasha to keep the sand-dunes from encroaching further on the plain. From Hamsu, near

the tomb of Franco Pasha, we began to ascend, getting lovely glimpses of the different villages embowered in orchards, and the terraces and vineyards running high up among the cliffs. We went up by a series of zigzags along the ridge or spur of the mountain, with pine trees bordering the road, leaving the promontory of Beyrout like a verdant basin below us. Beit Miry, and Zahleh, one of the largest villages on the Lebanon, were pointed out to us, and Aley, the summer resort of the consuls and richer Beyroutines, was visible on our right. It was refreshing to see once again patches of snow after the arid heat of Palestine. Every hour we stopped to change our horses or mules, and these constant pauses made the journey seem longer and more wearisome than it would have been could we have gone straight on, as we did to Jerusalem. The slow, careful pace made us long for the reckless driving of our old *arabajis*, and we would willingly have run a little more risk for the sake of faster progress. It was a wearisome, wearisome drive.

One of our fellow-passengers was a young Greek clerk in the post office, who unfortunately discovered that we could speak French. He immediately insisted on shaking hands with us, and did not conceal his delight at having some one new to *faire la conversation* with during the night. With dismay we saw that he really meant what he said, for at the next station he invested in two candles, which he lit up and held, one in each hand, for the next four or five hours. After the expenditure of the two francs I had not the heart to be too unsociable, and really at first did my best to be polite.

The candles guttered in the draught, and the wax kept pouring over his knees, but in spite of hints, and even entreaties, he stuck to them, and we had the misery of the glaring lights as well as the other discomforts to sum up at the end of the journey. Gradually an overpowering drowsiness got the better of my wish to be amiable, and I could not answer him any more. Andrew had given it up long before, and was too much engaged in protecting his overalls from the drops of wax to pay any attention to the conversation. Finding that neither we nor the Arab in a further corner would keep up the ball any longer, our sociable friend commenced to sing, and at intervals, during the kind of stupor I fell into, I could hear snatches of a refrain which he repeated without ceasing till daylight. The constant stoppages and bitter cold woke us up repeatedly to aching bones and numb feet, and in spite of the long spell of heat we had recently gone through, we longed once more for the sun to warm us.

At midnight we arrived at Stora, or Stoura, where the coach stays for half an hour. It boasts a kind of inn, which belongs to the Diligence Company, who rent it to a Greek ; but the glimpse we got of it was not tempting, and we preferred to warm ourselves by walking up and down the dark road. A swift mountain stream rushes behind this inn, and a grove of poplars rustles and moans in the wind which comes sweeping down the Lebanon gorge. This is the summit of the mountain as far as the road is concerned, and thence we descended at a better pace into a plain bounded further on by the ridge of the Anti-Lebanon. The country

seemed very desolate except for the stations, round which there are generally a few hovels, and a building, half khan, half stable, where some rough muleteers and drivers sit smoking. We met several patrols and long strings of covered waggons, the drivers of which evidently prefer travelling in company.

As sunrise dawned we came in sight of Hermon, covered with snow and towering above the intervening hills. On looking back towards Lebanon and the plain of Bukâ'a we were struck by the soft and brilliant colouring, as exquisitely blended as the hues of an old Persian rug. We stopped at a small station not far from Dimas, a village surrounded by vineyards. A small stream ran close by the khan, and here all the passengers, and even the driver, descended to make a rough toilet preparatory to our entry into Damascus. Thence we continued our journey through ravines and gray bleak-looking hills, over the desert plateau of Sahra, a stony, desolate region, till suddenly, as if by magic, we found ourselves on the brink of a wide *river*, whose cool appearance and rushing sound was music to our ears. It was strange again to see a real river, leaping into life, and dashing over its rocky ledges in masses of snowy foam. Trees lined the banks, and beneath tall poplars and walnuts sparkling with dew winds the Abana. Conical hills, white as the snow on Hermon, rise from beyond the tangled mass of greenery, and the contrast between the verdant beauty below and the gray barrenness above is very striking. Little villages peep out from thickets of white roses and honeysuckle, and orchard

after orchard grows along the hill-side. From Dummar the road runs on through the glen, which is narrowed in by the rugged white cliffs, through which the water, shooting out from under thickets of willows, is tunnelled to irrigate the higher parts of the Damascus plain.

At length we emerged from the ravine, and crossing the river by a wooden bridge, realized with delight that we were at last in Damascus.

A guide escorted us from the diligence office to the "Hotel Dimitri," the only one at present in Damascus, though fortunately the "Hotel Victoria," a new one, will be ready by next spring. We walked through several narrow streets, bound in by mud-brick walls, and stopped in front of a small door a few feet above the level of the pavement. This opened into a quadrangle, the centre of which is occupied by a tank, in which, as we heard, "Rob Roy" floated his canoe when here. It is surrounded by orange trees, and doves and tortoises were disporting themselves in the water which overflowed from a marble fountain near. Around us was a wilderness of rooms, balconies, and staircases, all glowing in the rich sunlight, and conveying a cheerful feeling of brightness and welcome after our long and weary journey. Our landlady was a Levantine Greek, who managed the hotel with her sister; but everything was left to the care of a couple of Arab servants, to whom cleanliness was unknown, and a later experience greatly belied the first impressions of the hotel.

The house is a fair specimen of the architecture of Damascus, where most of the buildings resemble each other,



save that some are far more richly decorated than others. There is always the large open court with a bubbling fountain in the centre, generally surrounded by oleanders, balsams, or lilies, in china pots or painted tubs, and by a few shady trees. The floor is paved with coloured marbles, and rooms open out of the court on all sides, one of which is always set apart for receiving guests. It is divided into two raised parts, round which are divans covered with the silk of Damascus shot with gold or silver thread, and a few tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl make up the furniture. The floor is covered with mats and Persian rugs, and the walls inlaid with marble mosaics and gilding, small recesses like open cupboards being let into them, in which are arranged Persian bowls and brass trays; the ceilings are of wood, most elaborately gilded, carved, and painted. In the centre is a fountain of running water, served by pipes, and scattered about are generally a number of high wooden pattens, which are used to keep the feet from off the cold marble.

Every house is plentifully supplied with water, for, the streets being on a somewhat lower level than the river, the fountains are kept always full without the intervention of pumping appliances.

When Madame Dimitri's hotel was new it was doubtless a fine building, but the marble had got stained and chipped, the flow of water was not properly regulated, and worst of all, the richly-painted wood-work had become a receptacle for myriads of "Norfolk-Howards," who made sleeping

beneath it a perfect nightmare. I used to watch with horror the two Arabs going from bed to bed in the morning, and collecting (generally in Andrew's tumbler!) a black harvest from the mosquito curtain. We tried hard to believe that the fact of our being in the oldest city in the world ought to make up for all minor annoyances, but in honest truth our first impression of Damascus was one of disappointment. The streets are undoubtedly duller than those of any Oriental town I know of. The traveller arrives with great expectations, expecting that so renowned a city will look *grand* at least; but the crooked narrow ways look at a first glance to be mere lanes of mud walls, so much so that many travellers have declared the whole town to be built of mud. In vain one tries to get a vista through them; one can never see more than a few yards at a time. The pavements are lined with big rough stones and full of holes, and above stretches an awning of torn matting and old rags as a shelter from the sun. The houses and mosques all look falling into decay, and are sadly in want of repairs. But by degrees one comes to understand that the mud is only plaster over well-built stone walls, and in places where they are broken, or the mud has peeled off, one can see the solid goodness below; and in the same way the miserable little door which forms the entrance to every house hardly prepares one for the wealth of marble and decorations within. The number of tanks of running water, the fountains and streams, give sparkle and life and verdure to what would otherwise seem but a dreary scene indeed.

These fountains are as perennial as the town itself, for Damascus is undoubtedly the oldest city in the world. When Abraham crossed the desert, three thousand eight hundred years ago, it was already standing on the banks of the Abana, and from that day to this it has held a first place among the capitals of Western Asia. Yet it is a city with few monuments of its past, or much promise for its future. It is the boast of the Mussulman that Damascus has never been ruled by an infidel since the day the soldiers of Mahomet first entered it. Undoubtedly the river Abana is the life of Damascus, for its reputation lies more in the glory of its groves, fields, and orchards than in the actual city itself, and as long as the river flows, no matter how Damascus may suffer from pillage or fire, it has ever arisen, and ever will arise, from its own ashes, with new prosperity.

My first wish was to examine the bazaars, and though Andrew was getting pretty well tired of them by this time, he agreed to accompany me for the first day at least. Near our hotel is the Sûk-el-Khail, or horse-market; twice a week it is filled with mares and foals and droves of horses surrounded by armed Circassians, but though we visited it many times we rarely saw a good animal. They all seemed small and weedy, and though sometimes showing good points about the head and carrying their tails well, I saw none that could for a moment compare with my own beautiful Arab "Birdcatcher." They were all, too, in wretched condition, and some so disfigured with branding that they could

never have been used for anything but pack carrying. Bedouins were sometimes in charge, but the principal horse-dealers seemed to be Circassians, who were, in fact, very rarely to be seen in the streets except on the days of the horse-market.

Some of the donkeys offered for sale were very fine beasts. The best are the sleb or gipsy tribe; the others are called "Bagdadees," though they really come from El Hassar, on the Persian Gulf; both require a warm climate, and if taken to mountainous regions very often die. I met a lady later on, at Aley in the Lebanon, who had bought a beautiful snow-white sleb donkey in Damascus; she called it "Zariffa," and it was as docile and affectionate as a dog. It had belonged to an old Turkish woman, who had brought it up with her children; she was very poor, but vowed that she would sooner starve than part with "Zariffa" to a Christian, as "she knew it would be ill-treated." She was firm in her refusal, and several months elapsed before the lady could get hold of the donkey, which indeed she only did by means of an intermediary sale through a Mahometan merchant. Since then "Zariffa" has been to Kyrenia and all over Cyprus, and has proved herself to be as useful as she is beautiful. A belief in the cruelty of Christians to animals is, I am sorry to say, very prevalent among the Turks of the East.

A large covered bazaar leads to the Sûk-el-Erwân, where curiosities, old arms, embroideries, porcelain, and of course a great deal of rubbish, is sold. The principal booths are

grouped together in a block near the entrance, and there are about twenty of these little open stalls full of every kind of so-called *antika*. Embroideries seem to have disappeared from Damascus, and the old arms are only interesting to lovers of that particular form of antiquity. There were swords with velvet scabbards and hilts inlaid with turquoise and coral, spears tufted with ostrich feathers, inlaid guns, silver-handled knives, and Dervish axes. Brass-work is everywhere: trays, bowls, coffee-pots, lamps, tables, and every imaginable shape of vase. Some are inlaid with silver, and look like Russian Niello work; but the prettiest of all is a modern manufacture resembling Cloisonné enamel. Flowers and scrolls in brilliant colours are laid on the brass, and though coarse it is very effective; the more delicate shades, such as rose and turquoise, are most expensive and rare. You may buy, too, large copper basins with Arabic inscriptions, but these are for use, and not for ornament.

There is an old Turk who lives in the quarter known as the Meidan, and who goes by the name of "Abou Antika," or the father of all antiquities, who has a famous collection of curiosities; every little boy in Damascus knows the house, and we were taken to it without difficulty. He and Andrew got on famously together, sitting at opposite ends of a divan, each with a narguiley and a cup of coffee, while I rummaged about. Though we spent many hours there, I succeeded in finding few things that I cared for. Perhaps it was a bad time of the year to see Damascus in all the glory of its famed bazaars, and the tourists had anticipated me; or it may be



we have travelled so much that we have become hard to please ; at any rate I saw very little I cared to buy, and most of my purchases were of modern manufacture. The East has been sifted so often that there are few really good things left (unless on private sale), and after much experience I firmly believe that more, better, and less expensive things can be bought in London than in either Constantinople or Damascus.

The most curious of the bazaars is the silversmiths'. It is a large, gloomy-arched area, where hundreds of men are busy at little raised platforms, with iron pots full of simmering silver. The owners squat on little stools before their fires, and keep stirring or heating the metal. All the ready-made articles are stowed away in small inlaid boxes, though a few of the Armenian dealers have introduced the European fashion of displaying the goods in glass cases ; but with these latter it is very hard to deal. Silver ornaments are sold by weight, and the best quality is four and a half piastres a drachm, though *beshalik* (one-fifth) silver can be had as low as two piastres. Some of the prettiest silver things I have ever seen are made here, in the identical patterns that one sees in Regent St. or Piccadilly, but at half the price, and the workmanship is as good and durable as it is fine. On entering we saw two Bedouin women, mother and daughter, approach a dealer, the old woman taking off a pair of broad bracelets. He weighed them and offered her seven *medjidés*. Not being aware that we had noticed the transaction, and on my going up to his stall and taking

them in my hand, he immediately said they were worth *sixty medjidés* ! I turned to the woman, and, much to the man's discomfiture, tried to make her understand that I would buy them. He interrupted the conversation, talking eagerly to her in Arabic, and evidently trying to persuade her to have nothing to do with us, for she looked in doubt from me to the man, and lingeringly at the money I held out, which was more than three times what he had offered her. I borrowed a pair of weights from another dealer, and put the money in on one side, and the bracelets on the other, and showed her that they weighed exactly twenty-seven pieces ; but, with true Bedouin greed, the more I offered the more she asked, and though she was on the point of taking only seven medjidies from the dealer, now she refused twenty-seven from me. In dealing with Arabs it never does to appear anxious to buy anything, for they are so suspicious that they at once begin to think there must be more value in the article than they imagined ; often they will refuse to sell it to you at all, and yet next day will part with it to some one else for a far smaller sum. I eventually got my bracelets for two more *medjidés*, but had to walk away first as if I had ceased to care for them, when the old woman soon came after me, making signs that I was to put them on. They have the Turkish hall-mark on them, and I valued them as being genuine Bedouin ornaments, which may have been for generations handed down from mother to daughter.

I liked wandering through the cool shady bazaars, which

are a real place of refuge during the summer months. But they want picturesqueness as much as the streets do, and though at first they seem a labyrinth that one never can get out of, by degrees one learns to find one's way about, and gets to know exactly the whereabouts of the silks or *kufiyehs*, the camel or goat's hair stuffs, spices, perfumes, ancient brasses, tiles, narguileys, old armour, saddles and housings, harness decked out with cowries and other shells, preserves, confections, mish-mish, or apricots dried whole, or, what is still stranger, apricots stoned and mashed into a thick paste, which is dried in sheets a yard or two long, and sold in rolls, looking like dried leather; this is called *kumreddcen*. Kemeyes, or white truffles, are also brought in from the desert, and dried and preserved.

The silk divan-covers of Damascus are very good, and extremely durable, as they neither fade nor fray, but to modern eyes, accustomed to the new delicate colours, these crimsons, greens, and purples, with their old-fashioned designs, seem less artistic, and are less admired than formerly. It is the same, too, with the gold and silver woven stuffs, which are sold in small squares, of little use to Europeans.

The great Mosque stands in the very centre of the bazaar, hemmed in on all sides by alleys, covered lanes, and shops; one is constantly catching glimpses of it as one winds about, and coming into contact with parts of its walls. Peeping through the gates one gets a view of the cloistered quadrangle surrounded by Corinthian pillars, with a beautiful fountain

in the centre, round which the poor and wearied rest as well as pray. The coolness and shade make it a delightful retreat for those whose homes are too distant to seek for protection from the midday sun. It was once the Christian cathedral of the city, and, strange to say, the emblem of the Cup can still be seen on a large door embossed with brass and surrounded with Arabic inscriptions. The head of John the Baptist is still believed to be in existence in the crypt.

Some of the bazaars are lofty stone buildings, and many new ones have been built since Midhat Pasha set fire to the old decayed wooden ones. He gave fair warning to the merchants, telling them that they must either repair or move their quarters ; but no good coming of his remonstrances, with his usual energy he one night set fire to the worst of the houses, and on their site large and commodious modern bazaars have now sprung up.

One of the finest buildings is the khan As 'ad Pasha, which you enter by a splendid doorway with deeply-recessed sides, closely set with slender marble columns, while overhead is an arch ornamented with finely-carved stalactites and pendants. The interior is lighted up by nine lofty domes supported on square piers ; these domes are pierced by windows, beneath which is a large marble fountain. Here some of the principal merchants have their counting-houses. One of them, called Donato, is the best worker in brass in Damascus, but he seldom has any articles in stock, as he sends them all to Paris as soon as finished.

Several days passed thus ; we sauntered about quietly, studying the town and the people, and enjoying ourselves in a quiet, uneventful manner. We felt we had nearly come to an end of our travels, and could enjoy the present without doubts and anxiety for the future. In due course we had seen the outside walls of the old castle, visited the serai, and watched the wretched Arab soldiers drilling there ; Andrew said he had never seen such a badly-drilled, slovenly set of men, and the officers appeared even worse than the privates, some of them marching in front of their regiments in yellow slippers, and hardly two were dressed alike. They all looked as if they had some African blood in them, and were wanting in the sort of rough manliness that characterizes the real Turk. I had seen a good many pictures of Arabi Pasha, and it had struck both Andrew and me that these engravings seemed to represent a type more than an individual. There were dozens of these men who might have sat for the portrait quite as well as Arabi. We saw over and over again the same kind of slouching figure and plebeian look, the same puffiness of face and form, the sallow complexion and small shifting eyes. No man with that type of face could be brave or chivalrous, and time only will show if the avaricious peasant now at the head of the Egyptian troops belies his physiognomy or not.

We walked through the street called "straight," which Mark Twain amusingly describes as "straighter than a corkscrew, but not as straight as a rainbow." We saw the



reputed house of Ananias, and at the north end of the city the spot whence Paul was let down over the wall at the dead of night. We visited a number of tombs, amongst which is a mausoleum of the Christians who were massacred in Damascus just about twenty-one years ago. We heard a great deal about Naaman the leper, for the site of his house is occupied by a leper hospital, some of whose inmates we saw, and it is no wonder that the little Jewish maiden should have been moved by her master's sufferings, and longed for his cure. We had also received and returned visits from our friend Selim Ayoub, who possesses one of the show-houses in Damascus. Business had taken him to Cairo on the day of the Alexandrian massacre, and he told us that our Greek acquaintance had gone to Odessa, where he meant to set up business till all was quiet again in Egypt.

Selim Ayoub's was not the only private house we saw in Damascus, for we met kind friends in the hotel, Sir Richard and Lady Wood, who knew every one in the city, and took us to some of the finest Jew, Greek, and Moslem houses. A description of one would be a description of all, for they are all built in the same style, varied a little to suit the different tastes of the owners.

Before leaving we took a drive to the village of Salahiye, beyond which one gets the finest view of the town and plain. Passing out of the Damascus Gate, we drove over a paved road, with gardens and orchards separated from each other by a wall made of large sun-dried cakes of mud. These

huge bricks are three or four feet square, and several inches thick, and are unlike those used in any other country. A network of little canals and channels of water extend over all the cultivated part of the plain, but as we neared the hill on which Salahiyeh stands the verdure ceased, and gray became again the prevailing hue. We passed deserted cemeteries and rock-cut tombs, occupied by herds of goats, and then stopped the carriage to view the plain. Perhaps the sterile desolation around increased the beauty of the scene below, but we certainly sympathized with the Arab poet who likens Damascus to "the mole on the cheek of beauty, the plumage of the peacock of Paradise, the brilliant neck of the ring-dove, and the collar of beauty." It is beautiful from the mountain, even to English eyes accustomed to luxuriant vegetation of their own country. Around us was a wall of dreary mountain: Hermon on the right, dark and craggy, with its snowy peak towering above all; to the south the distant hills of the Hauran; and eastward the pass up which the road to Palmyra winds, joining the sterile Anti-Lebanon ridge, upon which we stood. At our feet lay a level plain of yellow sand, in the midst of which spreads a great green lake, thirty miles in length, of garden and orchard and far-reaching groves, rich in summer foliage and blossoms, wrapping the city in eternal verdure. The stream is divided into tiny rivulets, which meander over the ground, sparkling in the sunlight, and spreading richness and beauty along their course. In the midst of this the city rises, oblong shaped,

shining with a delicate dazzling white, shooting up its tapering minarets and graceful domes, looking like a city of pearls gleaming out of an emerald sea. What place in all the world could illustrate more forcibly the contrast between fertility and desolation? It is like the contrast of Death and Life, and one can realize Mahomet's feelings when he refused to enter the town, exclaiming that man can have but one Paradise, and his was fixed above!

## CHAPTER XXI.

### BAALBEK.

Panic among the Christians in Damascus—Negotiating for places in the diligence to Stora—Sharp practice of two refugee Greeks—Stora—Bargaining for a conveyance to Baalbek—Plain of Buka'a—Curious cultivation of the sides of the Lebanon—Noah's tomb—Arab politeness!—Distant view of Baalbek—The tricks of drivers—The wrong hotel—Start for the source of the river—The country people—The spring—Sir Richard Wood's property round Baalbek—Temple dedicated to Venus—View of Lebanon—The Temple of Baal—Its original magnificence and beauty—The six columns of the Temple of the Sun—The Temple of Jupiter—Exquisite beauty and delicacy of the sculpture—Journey to Aley—The "Hotel Victoria"—Finely situated 2800 feet high on the slopes of Lebanon—The village of Aley—Country around—Reflections on the outbreak in Egypt—Return to Beyrout—A deck passage—Insolence of the steward—Final reflections.

AT four o'clock on the morning of June 25th we left the hotel, and had a dark walk, through narrow streets full of sleeping dogs, to the diligence office. To our dismay we found that every place was booked, not only for that morning, but for the next five days. The Christians in Damascus were all leaving for the sea-coast, and the panic of Alexandria was spreading through Syria. The only wonder was that there had been no rising here, for the scare amongst the

people, and their obvious fear of the Moslems, was quite enough, I should have thought, to have roused the latter into acts of violence. The cowardice, the *abject* cowardice, of these people is beyond belief, and the only thing that astonished me was that the Mahometans did not take advantage of it ; but they looked on calmly, ignoring the state of matters, and seemingly too dignified even to express the contempt they must surely have felt. We asked what would be the cost of a private carriage to Stora, where we meant to change for Baalbek, and were told five pounds—a pound for each seat in the carriage. There are plenty of carriages to be had in Damascus, but unfortunately a French company have the monopoly of the road, and allow none but their own to travel on it, so that they can charge what they like. In the same way, though you may only wish to drive to the first station, you must pay full fare to Beyrout, unless there happens (which is very rare) to be a spare seat the last moment. We had not taken our places beforehand, thinking that at this time of the year there would be few passengers, and that we should thus save half the fare, and pay only to Stora instead of through to Beyrout. We had forgotten all about the panic, and indeed had no idea that the Greeks and Maronites lived in such terror of the Moslems. One of these brave refugees, hearing that we wanted places, could not resist the chance of making a profit out of our difficulties, and told us that he and a friend would give us up their places if we would pay them double the fares. It was a great bit of extortion, but we had really no choice, and so paid him the



money—£4 10s.—that he asked. The crowd about the diligence took the matter up, and when my husband paid the money over, they all set up ironical cheers, and as we drove off a number of little boys and idlers were following the Greek, hooting and shouting. Altogether I think we had the best of the bargain.

The drive to Stora was hot and dusty, and the glare terrible after we had passed the Abana. For seven hours we suffered in silence, and were thankful on arriving to think we had not to go on to Beyrout. We asked the innkeeper how much he would charge for a carriage to Baalbek, a distance of about three and a half hours over the plain. After a great deal of bargaining, we got one for sixty francs, not finding out till later that a diligence runs three times a week between the two places, and that the charge is only a *medjidé* for each person (3s. 6d.). But both hotel-keepers and dragomen of course do their best not to let the traveller know of this, as it is better for the interests of both of them that he should engage a private carriage or take tents. I had asked both at Beyrout and at Damascus if there was no easier way of going from Stora to Baalbek, and every one had urged on me the necessity of tents; these, however, we had been firm in declining, and were much astonished when we heard of the diligence service.\*

The conveyance, when it arrived, proved to be a sorry kind

\* I think it is a pity that Mr. Murray gives no assistance to travellers on these points. We found his books on all the countries we had been through very pleasant reading, but useless for *practical* purposes. All travellers complain of the thorough revising that is required.

of waggonette without springs, and with two old worn-out horses that hardly went out of a walk all the way. It appears that this road also belongs to the French company, and I fear that till railways are made, or a strike takes place amongst travellers, neither better carriages, faster horses, or more reasonable fares will be introduced.

On leaving Stora we turned off the Damascus road on to the plain of Buka'a, the heat of which no one would willingly encounter by day during the summer; but we had only the choice of staying at the dreadful Stora inn or braving the sun, and of the two evils we preferred the latter.

The sides of Lebanon are covered with vines, which are cultivated in a curious way. The stalk is allowed to grow as thick as a man's arm, and bent over so as almost to lie on the ground. They look as if a mighty wind had swept over the surface of the earth and permanently bent them with its irresistible force. We passed several villages, the largest of which was Mu'al-lakah, situated on the plain, at the entrance of the gorge of Berdûng. A mile above it is Zahleh, a Maronite village, and the largest on the Lebanon. Several European families and American missionaries have settled in the neighbourhood. Further on we drove through Kerak-Nûh, where the tomb of Noah is shown, seventy yards in length. It is probably part of an old aqueduct. The whole plain is finely cultivated, and the fields were full of harvesters. It was strange to see the men and women, in the costumes of the Bible, stacking their corn on the backs of kneeling camels, while strings of the same animals, laden with the yellow

barley, were slowly winding along to the primitive threshing-floors. The whole scene was strikingly Eastern, and the intense heat and quivering haze made us feel as though we were back again in Palestine. We changed horses half-way at a khan, a wretched place. I asked the Arab driver to get me a glass of water, and he fetched a gourd, which he filled at a well close by; but just as I was stretching out my hand for it, he lifted it to his own lips, and taking a long drink, coolly handed it on to me! Thirsty as I was, I indignantly refused it, telling him in Turkish what I thought of his manners; but I do not think he understood a word of what I said, for Turkish is as unknown to these Arabs as English. The old croak about bad government is very frequent among the middle-class Arabs, who, like the Greeks, never lose a chance of abusing their rulers. They used to look considerably astonished when I told them that all this abuse reflected only on their own head; for I don't believe in the whole of Syria there are more than five Turkish officials, the Turks having, with singular impartiality, allowed natives to hold nearly all the public offices.

Towards five o'clock we sighted the six famous columns of Baalbek and the mighty walls below them, but we were so overpowered by the heat that we had no energy left for enthusiasm. Close to the village we passed a small ruin, a Moslem chapel, as we were told, built of fragments of granite columns rifled from the temple, while a sarcophagus set on end serves for a prayer niche. The little town is beautifully surrounded by trees and gardens, and it was

indeed refreshing to hear once again the rush of water, and see plentiful streams flowing over, below, and along every street.

The driver stopped opposite a small house with "Hotel" written in large letters above the door. This was quite at the entrance of the village, and not knowing of any better place, we remained in it. We found out later that there is a very fair hotel with a regular *table-d'hôte* in the centre of the town, and that the one we were taken to was kept by a relation of the innkeeper at Stora, who of course arranges with the drivers of the carriages to take travellers to his friend's house. However, as we were only going to stay one night, and the landlord seemed civil and obliging, it did not much matter.

We had a fine view of the ruins from our bed-room window, and as they were only a few yards distant, we could study their appearance at our leisure. The first view is disappointing; the mass of masonry looks like a great fortress, and the six columns stand out like tall chimneys. It is all so enshrouded by fruit trees and tall poplars that one can see nothing of the plan of the buildings till actually within, so we determined to make no attempt at examining them till the morning.

Our landlord brought us a dish of apricots, hot bread, and *yaourt*, or, as the Arabs call it, *lebben*, and the Germans, *dicke milch*; it is made of milk, which is a little thickened and turned, and in the East thought more wholesome than sweet milk in any form. An hour afterwards we started for the

source of the river. It rises here, is joined on the plain of Bukâ'a by several small tributaries, and flowing southwards becomes the Litâny. We had to walk through the town, which boasts of a small bazaar, where, however, little else than eatables are sold, and past the Turkish barracks, outside which is placed a headless statue in a sitting position. The presence of a Moslem force here has done much good in keeping the robber-chiefs in check, and people go to and fro to their vineyards and barley-fields now without the slightest danger. We left the clean little town, and followed the widest of the many streams we had crossed ; it led us through verdant meadows starred with flowers, and past hedges of wild roses, clematis, and elder-bushes. The day's labour was over, and all the inhabitants had turned out to enjoy the coolness, as we had. Families were seated in groups, busy eating apricots ; even the dogs and the household lamb had accompanied them. Crowds of men in Turkish costume were smoking narguileys, their women apart dressed in white, with veils drawn over their heads ; little children were dabbling in the stream, and every one seemed happy and contented. It was a truly Oriental picture, touched by the sun, and enlivened by the swift current, which dashes full into the town. The water rises in a large circular basin surrounded by masonry ; beside it is a roofless mosque, and the foundations of other buildings. The spring is cold and pure and very sweet, and the Moslems have a proverb about it—"The waters of Baalbek never leave their home," alluding, I suppose, to the plentiful supply in the town, and the small quantity that winds down



the plain. The people appeared to be very friendly, and many little children addressed us with "Good morning, sirs." Travellers were evidently no unusual sight, and we were left to stroll about in peace. Sir Richard Wood possesses a good deal of land round Baalbek, in fact all the gardens to the west of the temple belong to him, and I am told that other Englishmen are endeavouring to buy property in the neighbourhood, for the plain of Bukâ'a is thought one of the most fertile spots in Syria, covered as it is with vineyards and cornfields, to make glad and strengthen the heart of man.

We felt so refreshed and rested by the delightful coolness after the glare of the plain, that we could not resist taking a peep at a little gem of a temple which we passed on our way home. It was dedicated to Venus, and is shaped like a star-fish, the seven columns surrounding it being placed in a circle. It is richly sculptured within and without, and the creepers and trailing vines barely cover the delicately-carved capitals of the fluted columns. It stands alone in a garden, but some wretched hovels have been built near it, and heaps of rubbish allowed to gather round the walls. The trees so enclose it round that, like its greater fellow, a good view can only be had of it when one is almost within the circle of its columns.

The air grew quite chilly towards evening, and we could well believe our guide, who told us that people were sometimes frozen to death in winter, when the snow lies four feet deep on the ground. The view of Lebanon was very fine; it rises ten thousand feet above the plain, and in the clear

atmosphere seems startlingly near. The great ridge forty miles in length, rosy-coloured in the setting sun, the sweep of green vineyards below, the rich red earth and the golden barley, the sea of verdure around the town, the red lights on the columns, and the flaming sky above, made up a picture I can never forget.

At sunrise next day we rose to see the temple. The morning was clear and sparkling, the sky as blue as a turquoise, and under that intense azure, and in that splendid sunlight, the ruins were more impressive than in the twilight of the previous evening. Their imperial dignity requires no excessive wealth of ornamentation; and when upon this platform there stood fifty-eight of these noble columns instead of the six now remaining, this must have been one of the most tremendous buildings in the world. Baalbek, indeed, stands supreme; the wonderful elaboration and delicacy of the work, combined with the massive greatness of the walls, make it a wonder that closely rivals the Acropolis itself. It seems a mixture of Phœnician massiveness, Egyptian antiquity, and Roman magnificence. Formerly the whole building was called Trilithon, or the "three-stoned," from the three huge blocks at the west end, the most gigantic masses of hewn stone that are to be found in the world. But in spite of its magnificence and beauty, one shudders to think of the ferocity and cruelty which made the worship of Baal infamous throughout the world. Here the horrors of the valley of Hinnoum were enacted over again, and the ruin that has fallen on the temple is surely a righteous judgment for the

iniquities and abominations that will for ever be associated with its name.

Baalbek has been so frequently and so ably described that a very few words only are necessary to record the impression made on us by its graceful majesty. So enormous and ponderous were the materials used, that the puny hand of modern man can do little to injure them, and it may be hoped that many future generations will see the ruins as they may be now seen. As Southey writes—

“Time has not harmed the eternal monument ;  
Time is not here, nor days, nor months, nor years—  
For sure these mighty piles shall overlive  
The feeble generations of mankind. . . .  
A mighty mass remains ; enough to tell us  
How great our fathers were, how little we.  
Men are not what they were : their crimes and follies  
Have dwarfed them down from the old hero race  
To such poor things as me !”

We made our way across the stream, and along aqueducts to the east side of the temple, where the portico and courts stood. Traces still remain of the lofty flight of steps by which the worshippers ascended to the magnificent entrance, with a square hall on either side. This led through a court, surrounded by columns, to the great quadrangle, across which a double colonnade led to another flight of steps, which gave access to the platform on which stood the Temple of the Sun. The columns of this temple are said to have been the loftiest in the world, looking even more than their real height from their extreme slenderness ; there are only six remaining, but they are the chief beauty of Baalbek. To

the south of this, and on a lower level, is the Temple of Jupiter, a larger building than the Parthenon, though it is hard to realize its size without actual measurement. The ceiling between the outer row of columns is one of the most exquisite pieces of stone-work ever executed. Figures carved in medallions, stone roses standing out from their stems, fruit and flowers hanging in all the freedom of nature. The carving is very bold and spirited, and the invention endless. The *cella* is still more beautiful. Once over the doorway stood an eagle with outspread wings, but this is hid now by a square mass of stone placed to support the weight above, which was gradually settling down, and only the tips of the wings are visible now. The inside of the building is surrounded with borders of the most exquisite sculpture, fruit, flowers, and leaves, interspersed with animals and little Cupids. To get a better view you have to crawl through a hole hardly a foot square, beneath the doorway, and then ascend a rude stairway inside the masonry, which brings you to the roof of the building, or rather to the top of the wall on which the roof formerly rested, and you are then on a level with the sculpture, which amply repays you for the trouble of the climb. If one turns from this minute and delicate work to study the foundations on which it stands, the temple justifies its repute as one of the wonders of the world. Every stone of the platform is gigantic, but three blocks are especially famous: one is sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three, and a third very nearly the same; in height and thickness they are each thirteen feet. Strange to say, they

are placed on the top of stones considerably smaller, which raise them about twenty feet above the ground. Underneath the platform are vaults of great breadth, built with enormous stones neatly jointed together. The whole building was converted by the Saracens into a fortress, and the ruins still bear a military impress.

Before leaving Baalbek we visited the quarries, where the famous stone, sixty-eight feet long, still lies unremoved. Close at hand are the rock-hewn sepulchres, and the remains of the old wall, from whence one gets a fine view of Lebanon, the "Goodly Mountain"; the "White Mount" of ancient poetry, with its perpetual snow, its fertility and beauty in such strange contrast to the "firmament of fire" below it.

We arrived at Stora on our return journey at ten that evening, and fortunately found an empty return carriage waiting there, but, seeing our difficulty about getting places in the mail or diligence, the driver demanded full fare to Beyrout, though we intended only going as far as Aley, on the west face of Lebanon.

We travelled all night, arriving about 3 a.m. at the little station near Aley. No one was at hand but an old caretaker and a zaptieh, and the bribe of a franc induced the latter to show us the way to the hotel. It was with considerable difficulty we effected an entry at that early hour, but repeated knocking at last gained us admittance. The "Hotel Victoria" is finely situated on a brow of Lebanon, 2800 feet high, whence terraces slope in undulating lines towards the plain. These are covered with vineyards, and a



few olives and mulberries, varied by an occasional fir tree. The country round the hotel can hardly be called beautiful, for the absence of trees gives a bare look to the rocks, though the undergrowth of broom, white roses, and ferns along the terrace walls make up to a certain extent for the absence of shade. The air here is exceedingly pure, and our appetites soon testified to the healthiness of the situation. Close to the hotel are the houses of the English consul and consul-general, and that of Rustem Pasha, the hospitable governor of the Lebanon, and a few of the richer Beyrout merchants. Riding, lawn-tennis, and the Pasha's band are the great attractions, and from Saturday to Monday generally every available room is occupied.

The village of Aley is five minutes' walk from the hotel, but consists only of a few square stone houses inhabited by peasants. Pietro, our landlord, had made great preparations, expecting many refugees from Alexandria to pass the summer in Aley ; but these Arabs and Greeks, no matter how rich they are, seldom care to spend their money in hotels, preferring to hire empty houses, where they can live at ease, and in the privacy of their own walls enjoy themselves in their native fashion, and only put on European manners with European clothes when they take the air in the afternoon.

We heard that people were leaving Beyrout as fast as they arrived there, and even the inhabitants themselves were departing for Smyrna or Greece, so that we were likely to have the same kind of passage to Cyprus that we had from Jaffa to Beyrout.

Here we stayed a quiet week, resting after all the fatigues we had gone through, and Andrew delighted with the fact of there being no bazaars. We enjoyed the fresh butter, milk, and splendid figs of the Lebanon ; the latter come from a village called Suyte, and are the largest we had ever seen. The only change that varied the restful monotony of the days was pleasant chats with English friends. Naturally the disturbance in Egypt was the all-engrossing subject. It was painful to hear the bitterness with which many spoke, and their belief in the hopelessness of any real good coming from our intervention. It is the fashion now in England to make heroes of our enemies, and I am surely not alone in wondering what can be the use of a war and all its bloodshed and heart-breakings, when after all is over we are told that the very men who have entailed such fearful misery on thousands of innocent people are in nowise responsible, and must be treated in a generous and lenient manner. If the guilty are never to be punished, there will always be danger of a recurrence of what has now happened in Egypt ; and if the Khedive had not possessed such a weak, vacillating character, he would long ago have shot the self-seeking wretch who has been the mainspring of every act of ill-feeling towards Europeans for the last two years. Arabi Pasha is a cunning, avaricious peasant, and his very ignorance has pushed him on to acts which a man better versed in civilized matters would never have ventured on. Like all Arabs, he is an arrant coward, striving to hide his weakness by bullying and cunning. If ever a man has earned a felon's death it is the late leader of the rebellion in Egypt.

Time alone will show what is going to rise out of all this, but a great deal will no doubt depend on what attitude the Turks may take. We have done them so little real good, that it is no wonder Englishmen should feel bitterly the change that has occurred in the way we are regarded in the East. Popular as ever with the people, we find ourselves unable to obtain the least favour or even consideration from the ruling class, who think shrewdly enough that the time for fair words and good advice is over, and that if we really mean well by them, we ought to give some more substantial proofs of our friendship.

The poor Turk has a great deal of shrewdness about him, but no cunning; and even when he gets the better of you, there never remains that sore feeling of disgust which the wily trickery of the Levantine raises in every honest heart.

On the morning of July 4th, long before the sun was up, we had ridden the seven miles to Beyrout, and calling at the Austrian-Lloyd office, were told that not another ticket could be issued for that day's boat, as every berth had been engaged for the last month! At last we managed to get two "deck passages," and were promised our meals in the saloon on extra payment. On going on board, however, the steward in the most insolent manner refused to allow this, and we should inevitably have starved had not the agent fortunately turned up at the last moment, and peremptorily ordered the man to do as he was bid. There were other English travellers on board to whom this fellow was equally impertinent, and we all made a formal complaint against him. This, I hope, will

be my last experience of these boats for many a day to come.

We laid our wraps on deck and were able to have a last farewell look at Syria. I had a raging headache, the forerunner of a lurking fever to come out later, and it was therefore with dim eyes that I saw the last view of land. I felt, now that our travels were ended, a strange longing for them all to come over again. We had experienced much pleasure and happiness, and passed many bright and sunny hours, and now, as we were leaving the East, even after so short a sojourn, one turned to it again and again with a feeling which I cannot explain. It was sad to think of the days that were gone, to return no more; that had passed away as the misty distance now sinking beneath the last soft ray of the dying sun. I can only say as Frederika Bremer said of *her* travels, that at all events memory had made me queen of all I had passed through.

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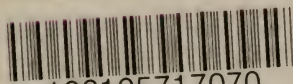
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